THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Beginning

Trimmed With Red—By Wallace Irwin

Empire Red Tubes Last as Long as the Average Car Itself

Sometimes there is such a thing as "the best"

Many men set "the best" as their goal. They seek out worthy materials for their work. They gather skilled craftsmen and hold before them high ideals. By sincerity and painstaking they climb near—often very near—to "the best."

He who attains the final "best," however, is he who, having all that the others have—integrity, skill, courage—has, over and above these, a hidden advantage all his own. A formula, a method, a device, a knack maybe, which fate has given him and denied to the rest.

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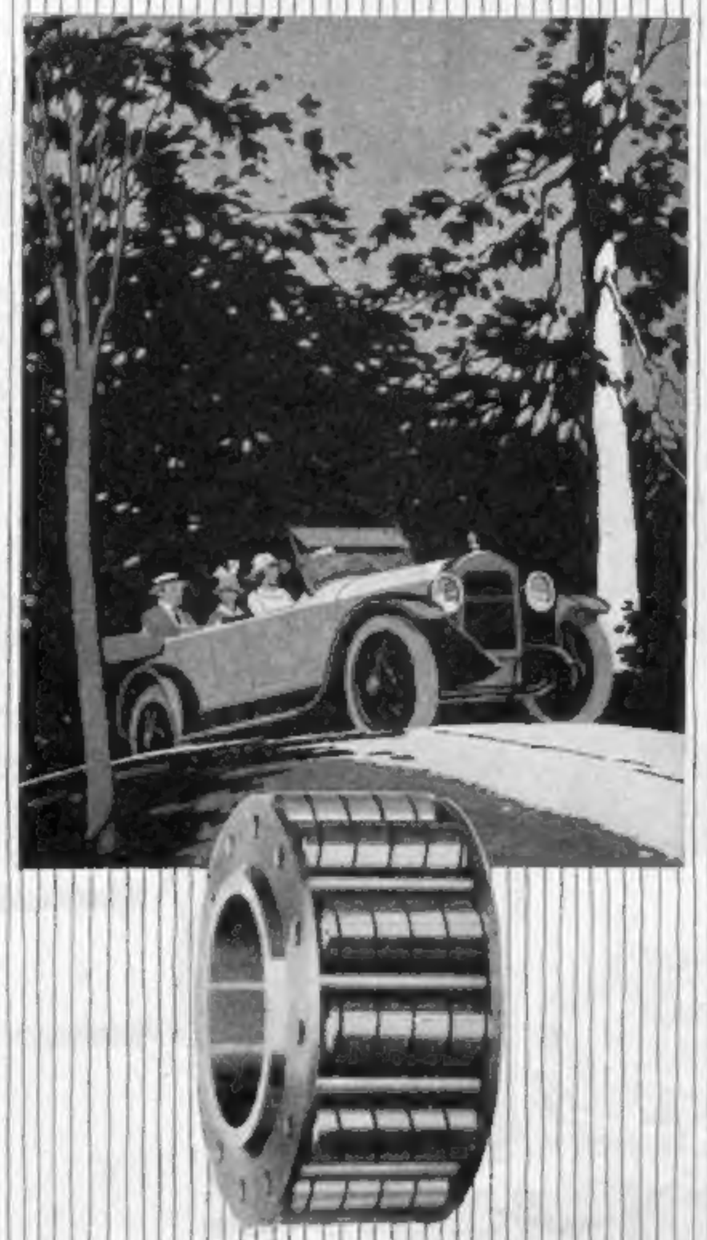

-Quietly overcoming friction

HYATT QUIET BEARINGS

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TRIMMED WITH RED

By WALLACE IRWIN

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

ONE of those sweetish winters which the press refers to as Open had smiled and smiled into a latterly month, and now the human animal was beginning to rub its eyes and complain in the voice of one who has been cheated of his discomforts. More specifically, it was mid-morning in mid-March at a favored corner of Long Island where a well-bred road passes by a haughty quarter mile of stuccoed wall and seems to apologize for anything so nearly approaching intimacy. Possibly you have motored over that road or walked it behind a wheelbarrow; if so you have murmured "Mrs. Bodfrey Shallope" softly, lest you disturb the great, and wondered how much it cost to build that wall between Mrs. Shallope and humanity. But on the mid-March morning when, in so far as we are here concerned, history was born the well-bred road must needs grovel upon its sandy bed in apology for an unheard-of breach of etiquette.

Mules!

Should not the soul faint, the spirit hold its breath, at the association of unassociable ideas? Mules and Mrs. Bodfrey Shallope! Yet mules they were; no science, Christian or heathen, could deny that horrid fact. Clatter! clatter! clatter! long-eared, slim-legged, sharp-hoofed, a hundred and twenty of them, two abreast, came swinging round the curve with all the exuberance of so many buck privates just out of uniform; wholesomely gaunt and stoically care-free they jogged along while numerous mounted attendants spoke to them frequently in the language of mules, thus shocking high heaven and all but stunning Mrs. Shallope's head gardener, who peered through the iron grill of the gate and prayed that Mrs. Shallope wasn't up yet, or if she was, wasn't looking out of the window.

Emily Ray, who had thrown on a cloak but was bareheaded against the soft winds, came laughing down the drive, a little strand of hair blowing across her nose. She was laughing at the outraged expression of the head gardener's broad back, and at the forest of ears filing by beyond the gate, and at certain dramatic possibilities offered by the impious situation.

"Mules!" groaned the gardener, touching his hat as she came near.

"Aren't they, though!" she smiled, as if to flatter him on his keen knowledge of natural history. Then more seriously: "Did you count them?"

"No, miss; but they're cutting the road up something dreadful!"

As the last clattering pair, duly sworn at, went jogging by Emily Ray put her small strength against the heavy gate, which being unlocked deigned at last to swing sufficiently to be squeezed through. Once out in the open she looked first to the right, where the comic cavalcade was already being swallowed by distance, then to the left, where the well-bred road lay again flat and civil. The glance of her pleasant blue eyes was at once guilty and expectant, but her generous mouth still held its fun-loving smile.

An electric horn uttered, somewhere round the bend, three terrific shrieks. She peeked swiftly through the gate to see that the gardener wasn't looking, then tiptoeing into a stiff-legged dance she brought her hands together.

"Gosh!" she said aloud. "Then it *is* Oliver!"

The most loathsome of all road monsters whirled into sight, something of shining scarlet with a turtle-back body and spider-web wheels. It seemed impossible that such a projectile could stop without a terrific explosion and havoc for miles round. But Emily waited with the faith of little children. She had seen Oliver do it before. Faith was justified, for the roguish brute skidded on its front tires, uttered a great sigh and stood, purring softly, less than two yards from the maiden by the wayside.

"Why don't you get a red car?" asked this same maiden, experiencing the sunshine which Oliver Browning's chubby features always brought to her.

"I thought of that," he told her with his best look of schoolboy innocence. "You don't get anything really red any more. It must be those German dyes."

He got himself out of the tomato-colored racer, stepping rather gingerly on a left leg which, according to a consensus of medical opinion, would always be a trifle stiff. Of about medium height, pink-cheeked and amiable, Oliver Browning offered a poor figure, you would have said, for a glowing romance. There was no earthly doubt that Oliver was a fat boy; comfortably plump, even in Emily Ray's partial eyes. She could have hugged him at that moment, but the beetle-browed gardener was again passing.

"I see you got them!" she jubilated, but was not too jubilant to note how smart he looked in his new homespun suit with the sporting plaid.

"Did you notice it?" he grinned.

"I thought I saw a mule or something," she conceded. "Oliver, did you get them all?"

"A hundred and twenty, and ninety-two of 'em A1. Bought the whole batch in New York, sight unseen—a canceled government contract. Found 'em braying round a remount station far away from Missouri. Here they are; there they go!"

Oliver, who made this speech with a trace of a Virginia accent, delivered his lines in a manner of great calm and business acumen. Plainly he was thrilled.

"You really did it!" She adored him with her shining eyes.

"Well, didn't you get my note?"

"Yes, Oliver."

"Well, didn't I say I would?"

"You certainly did. It's like being a general in a great army. You said thirty thousand of them!"

"Forty," he corrected.

"And you'll keep 'em all in a large concentration camp until cold weather, then ship 'em to France."

"You've got it pretty straight," he conceded, leaving the impression that she was only a girl after all.

"Oliver," she almost whispered, yet eying him with that practical look of which she was capable, "you'll be rich."

"I will not."

"Oliver, you're one of those mules."

"Am I?"

"You never see anything you don't want to see. How on earth can you sell forty thousand mules at ever so much profit per head without getting rich?"

"Green & Plevort, Mules," he explained cryptically.

"Are they?"

"I'm only a buyer for 'em." Then turning upon her with a hurt expression: "I've been

"Emily, How Rich Have I Got to Be?"

out of uniform four months. Don't you think that's doing pretty well?"

"Oliver, dear! You'll always do pretty well. You're——"

"Emily, how rich have I got to be?"

"What do you mean?" she asked in the voice of a girl who knows perfectly well.

"I don't want you to be worried about servants or bills or clothes. I want you just to concentrate on me. A girl like you doesn't go with two rooms and a kitchenette."

"What are you doing, Oliver?" she asked him with a quizzical smile. "Announcing our engagement?"

"Why not? It's got to be announced some time."

"Do you think I'd spoil my romance by a lot of money matters?"

"Of course you wouldn't. And that's why I must feel flush before we're married."

"Mule!" She said it scoldingly, but her head was going round with the consciousness that Oliver had proposed to her and, as far as she could find out, she had accepted him.

"I don't mean this palace effect here," he said rapidly, gesturing toward the Shallope version of marbled grandeur. "But to marry you out of this, on my salary, would be like taking a baby out of a warm crib and dumping it into a snow bank. It may be a hard life here, but you've got the surroundings that—that go with you, Emily."

"I don't have the least say in the matter, do I?" asked Emily Ray, pouting but proud as Punch at this manly domination.

"I'll be buying mules for myself the first you know——"

It was quite in keeping with the mule motif that Oliver should have brought a crumpled envelope out of an inside pocket and from this produced a small brittle square of photography.

"I thought maybe you'd keep it," said he, blushing. It was a crude, unmounted snapshot, but the girl laughed appreciatively. Undoubtedly the likeness was good. A plump and merry soldier boy stood laughing in the foreground, while over his shoulder stared the long solemn face of an army mule.

"That was Pandora," he explained, "just before she crippled me for life."

Emily had never before realized that happiness could depend on mules; but suddenly truth flooded her like a great light. She continued to study the photograph, but her mind was not with the Expeditionary Force. Standing as they were close together in an angle behind the gatepost it was only natural that he should have kissed her; and being only natural, he did. So again the well-bred road received its shock.

"How am I going to see you?" he was asking with furious earnestness.

"Aunt Carmen's getting very difficult," she informed him seriously.

"I don't mind her. I'll come anyhow. I'll——"

"No you won't, Oliver. Not unless you want me to pack up and come to New York and go back to work in the department store."

"No," he decided for her, "you've got to stay with Aunt Carmen, and I've moved to New York. What does she say about me?"

"She doesn't know who you are or where you come from."

"Is it possible?" he asked, looking almost stately in his access of pride. "Is it possible that she has never heard of the Brownings of Charlottesville?"

"She hasn't heard of anybody," explained Emily soothingly. "She was born in New York. Please don't be a mule, dear. And now I've got to run."

"But if I can't come here and you can't come to New York——"

"There's my cousin, Rosamonde."

"Mrs. Vallant?"

"Yes. She's a nut, but she's a dear. Next time I'm in town I'll have her ask us to lunch or dinner or something. And you can't tell how Aunt Carmen's going to jump. Oh, Lord!" A glance at her wrist-watch caused this prayer. "It's half past eleven, and if I'm not on deck——"

"You can always get me through Green & Plevort," sang out her chubby lover.

She paused a moment on the drive to watch him scuttle away with the air of an automobile bandit who, having executed a bold daylight robbery, is merrily off with the spoils.

Servants, tradespeople and week-end guests—those, in brief, who are privileged to penetrate that quarter mile of stuccoed wall which divides the Shallope from the non-Shallope—have been aware of one peculiarity in the widow's marbled edifice: The front, a blazing pile of spotless stone, which combines the glories of Italy, France and Spain with all the suavity of a Mexican table-d'hôte, is not on architectural speaking terms with the back, which was originally, and still is, a frame building of American farmhouse design. People sufficiently familiar with Mrs. Bodfrey Shallope to call her Aunt Carmen—either to her face or to the back of her worldly old head—are not surprised to see that the old frame house is getting the worst of it.

Two Cold Eyes Glared Up at Her as Though Calculating the Day When He Would be of Sufficient Size to Swallow Her Whole

Away back in the antediluvian it was inherited by Bodfrey Shallope together with several flourishing farms in the region of Maiden Lane. And Carmen Ray married Bodfrey after his divorce from Andalusia Clark, who afterward married Emmett Ballymoore, the rubber man, commercially speaking.

To follow the Biblical sequence necessary in describing Long Island relationship, it was written that Bodfrey should rule over Carmen but four and twenty months. As a violent end of the chapter Carmen slew Bodfrey, alcoholic poisoning and late hours being the means chosen. So she lived unhappy ever afterward and from time to time built Parthenons, Trianons and Marathons, all in frosty marble, across the front of the ancestral Shallope home, now being elbowed down the slope and having but one claim to distinction—a well-established belief that its garret was of solid oak, built to repel the short-range bullets of Hessian invaders during the Revolutionary War.

When Emily Ray got back from her stolen kiss by the gate she took a side path and entered the old Shallope frame building. Here was a little sun room where she could have her own desk with her own stationery and a chance to think her own thoughts. She should have been answering letters for Aunt Carmen this morning, but the pen never got so far as the inkwell for the very good reason that it was being used as something pleasant to chew on. The chewing brought many thoughts, rapid, distracting. Why was it that her appearance offered an invitation to a second look as she sat there wasting Aunt Carmen's time? Without being obviously pretty she managed to be lovely. Complexion fair, eyes blue, nose slightly snubbed, no visible birthmarks, height five feet eight inches—possibly Bertillon is a greater descriptive artist than Shakspere. Oh, yes! There was her hair too. It was brown and heavy; rather too heavy to conform with the prevailing mode. Aunt Carmen was always hinting that Emily would look better if she would cut her hair off halfway down the braid and wear the rest close to her head as people do nowadays. Aunt Carmen was never satisfied unless something beautiful was being cut off. For instance, there was Oliver Browning.

It had been a little less than a year since Aunt Carmen acknowledged Emily's existence; and acknowledging, had offered the selfish shelter of her wing. It had never mattered two straws how, what or where Emily was so long as she had kept her poverty out of New York. But Rosamonde Vallant had discovered and identified a pretty girl behind a glove counter at Beltman's Fifth Avenue shop as none other than Findley Ray's cheerful orphan, and it was then that Aunt Carmen had swooped to the rescue in time to save embarrassing questions. Her own niece, a Ray, selling gloves! Upon the supposition that ladies don't sell gloves Emily had been spirited away to the Long Island estate, where she was to learn, after a few weeks, that ladies may do other and equally humble things under the auspices of the rich. For it became obvious, after a term of it, that Aunt Carmen had discovered in Emily a Little Miss Fixit, a combination social secretary, adviser, keeper and buffer for the world. For the wine of early years had bred gout in Aunt Carmen's jeweled fingers, and a lifetime of arrogance, self-indulgence and flattery had turned Carmen in her old age into a monstrous eccentric, beset by the enemies she had been industriously making these forty years, and almost pathetically clinging to a nimble mind able to take some of her well-deserved troubles off her shoulders.

It was in keeping with Emily Ray's normal common sense that she should prefer the sumptuous tyrannies of her aunt to the genteel drudgery of Fifth-Avenue salesmanship. She was luxurious at heart—all the Ray women, so far as she knew, were as confirmedly luxurious as they found it possible to be. This morning, chewing the nib of her pen as she gazed beyond heavy chintz draperies across a rolling sward which Italian gardeners were raking and making ready for spring, she was valiantly defending herself and her weakness. Of course Aunt Carmen was correct in her constantly dingdonged assertion that the Ray women always married well. She was something of an old fool, as her intimates were aware, but she would have been no less a fool in a less luxurious environment. During this year of splendid hardships Emily had not been unaware of its advantages. Not to have to travel twice a day in a brain-splitting subway, standing while Germanic gentlemen reading Bolshevik literature occupied the seats; not to be fined every time you were late to anything; not to be obliged to lie in quaint attitudes during sleeping hours in order to avoid loose springs in a boarding-house bed—these were worth sacrifices. It was satisfying, too, thought Emily, to be able to wear the sort of gowns she had once admired on other people, and to flirt and talk and dance in magnificent surroundings where the young men, if not sized to Ouida's standard of aristocracy, were at least well behaved.

Aunt Carmen was right. And Emily owed her everything in the world. Then she thought again of Oliver Browning.

An animate shadow somewhere near her elbow reminded her of a human presence, and she turned to find that Mrs. Shallope's butler was standing in the telepathic attitude which perfect butlers have when commanding attention. He was a bald, elderly man with cock eyes and a nose that jutted so abruptly from his face as to suggest some cantilever plan of construction. He had the square, neat side chops of his profession; in fact, he was a man so well butlered as to leave nothing to the imagination. Being one of those who must humanize all things Emily had refused to take Mr. Owley as anything either subnormal or supernatural. Merely another item in this social masquerade.

"Good morning, Owley."

"Good morning, miss."

"What have you on your conscience now?" Emily dropped her pen and turned to face the automaton with whom she had formed her peculiar friendship. The ghost of a smile rippled the discipline-seared countenance.

"If you will pardon me, miss, you will remember 'ow 'Amlet mentions that conscience doth make cowards of us all."

"My word, Owley! How you talk! What have you been doing? Murdering people in the pantry and hiding the bodies in the wine cellar?"

"You will find the 'ouse, miss, in perfect order," he replied with just a touch of a rebuke in his voice.

"Then I shouldn't worry if I were you," she assured him in her kindly, amused tone. "What happens outside your profession is nobody's business but your own."

"You think so, miss?" His colorless cock eyes opened to an expression approximating hope.

"I'm convinced of it. Won't you sit down, Owley?"

"Thank you, miss." Owley had taken gingerly hold on the back of a chair and had half eased himself into it, when evidently he caught sight of a passing parlor maid, for he straightened himself to the correct ramrod pose and apologized: "If you don't mind, miss, I'll stand. But I do wish I could agree with you, miss, on what you say about responsibilities."

Emily had gathered, from previous talks, that Mrs. Shallope's butler had opinions of his own. But never before had he opened up like this.

"I should like to hear your ideas on the subject," she invited, settling herself back for an interview.

"A butler's office, looking at it one way, is a moral and a public trust like that of a minister of the gospel. Is it not Martin Luther who says: 'To go against one's conscience is neither just nor right'? But what troubles me, miss, is this: 'Ow many consciences 'ave I got? If I carry my conscience round with me, as I should, shall I carry it as a butler or as a man of the world?"

"Well, I should say offhand that your conscience as a butler ought to be pretty good, since you are the champion butler of Long Island."

"Ah, but miss, that is the trouble. I am not a butler essentially."

"No?"

"Absolutely not. In private life I am at times a real-estate operator; at others I am a motorist and country gentleman; at still others I affect the opera and take Mrs. Owley to dance at fashionable 'otels. Mrs. Shallope, you see, pays me a very liberal wage, and from my savings, several years ago, I was able to acquire some property which was condemned by her estate at Esterberry where the subway is coming in later, and I was able to turn a pretty penny in small lots. At Esterberry I am known as Mr. Plunkett, president of the Plunkett Villa Sites. Then I have acquired through McCosh, Mrs. Shallope's chauffeur, a second-'and racing runabout which I have 'ad nicely painted and which I often take out for tours or runs along the Speedway. On such occasions I register as 'Arold 'Athaway, the name being romantic, in a manner of speaking. Then in New York, at dancing and dinner parties, I am Mr. Jackson of Long Island, the name being suggestive of a solid gentleman taking his ease ——"

"Owley, you old fraud!" cried Emily, more amused than shocked. "How can you bear to lead such a quadruple life? Suppose I should tell Mrs. Shallope."

"You wouldn't, miss." Owley said this with perfect confidence.

"Why wouldn't I?"

"You're a young lady of experience in the world, miss."

"Thank you, Owley. And wouldn't you call Mrs. Shallope and her friends ladies of experience in the world?"

"Oh, miss!" Old Owley covered his sly mouth with a knotty hand as though to smother an unseemly smile. "'Ow could they know anything of the world? It requires imagination, miss, and philosophy—knocking about a bit. And what 'arm am I doing playing a part, as they say? I pay my way, shilling for shilling, and what I learn as Mr. Plunkett of the Villa Sites or 'Arold 'Athaway of the Speedway all goes down to experience, making me a better butler, as it were."

"But there's your conscience, Owley."

"To be sure, there it is. But 'ere's the question with me: Is that conscience pagan or Christian? According to the philosophy of Nietzsche, you might say, I am an Immoralist. And Marcus Aurelius says quite frankly: 'Fashion thyself to the circumstances of thy lot.'"

"And Emily Ray says"—here Miss Ray pursed her lips, which were a shade puritanical—"that it isn't just right going round giving false names. Why can't you do everything you do under the name of Owley?"

"Well, miss, if you'll pardon the remark, I wouldn't take the same zest in my adventures. Besides, Owley isn't my name."

"For heaven's sake! And what is your name?"

"Bird, miss—Samuel Bird. I use Owley for the hours when I am in service."

"Well, you are a complex!"

"Yes, miss."

Doubtless the Complex would have gone into further explanations had not a bell rung, signaling him to bow himself out of the room. Emily resumed her writing with an added zest. A moment later the bearer of many cognomens reappeared.

"Mrs. Shallope asks, miss, if it is convenient for you to come to her room."

Emily found her aunt sitting at an oval mirror in an oval dressing room the walls of which were paneled in delicate greenish brocade between slender ivory pilasters. The oval carpet that covered the floor was of an old French design and the windows were hung with mulberry. Aunt Carmen was engaged in her favorite indoor pastime, which consisted simply of being waited on. A personal maid was anxiously arranging the great lady's coiffure, and a browbeaten seamstress, who had come out for orders from a New York modiste, was gathering together garments contemptuously rejected, and preparing to depart. When Aunt Carmen was in one of her moods departing was always a pleasurable occupation.

She was a flabby, haggard woman, whose stringy biceps showed unlovely below the sleeve fringe of her dressing sacque. On her neck, slightly below and behind her ears, two small scars glowed angry red. These were from wounds inflicted two years ago by a beauty surgeon who guaranteed to reduce sagging chins; the chins sagged again after a time, but the scars remained. Emily caught a flash of her eyes in the mirror. They were still beautiful, tempestuous and gypsy black, very like those of Emily's cousin, the frivolous Rosamonde Vallant. Aunt Carmen was scolding vigorously; obviously the closing paragraph of a long tirade.

"Thompson, you can do my hair without pulling it, I know you can. You've snatched half of it out already with your clumsy fingers. I haven't any hair to lose. If I want to tear my hair I'll do it myself. Heaven knows, I have worries enough sometimes to want to snatch it out by handfuls. Where in the world are you putting that comb? Horrors! Take it out! I look like the Queen of Sheba!"

Her quick black glance caught the reflection of Emily in the mirror, whereupon she jerked round so rapidly as to pull the comb from Thompson's patient fingers.

"Emily darling," she said in the sweetest possible tone, "come here and kiss me. Where have you been?"

"I was answering some letters, and Owley said ——"

"To be sure. I've missed you dreadfully. If it wasn't for you, dear, I sometimes think I should be murdered in my bed."

"There, aunty!" consoled her ambassadress, laughing and embracing the lean shoulders. "If there's an uprising, you know, we can all lock ourselves into the Fort."

Aunt Carmen, it might be explained, had explicit faith in that oak-ribbed garret in the old wing, where she insisted Revolutionary Shallopes had barricaded themselves.

"It's no laughing matter, my dear," complained Aunt Carmen. Then turning with sudden ferocity upon the browbeaten seamstress: "You still here?"

"This peignoir, madame ——"

"Take it away! This is no packing room. Take it back to New York and tell Madame Bleriot never to send me such trash again."

The miserable wretch slunk out of the presence, whereat Aunt Carmen turned her machine gun upon the unprotected Thompson.

"You've done sufficient damage for the day, Thompson. You may go."

"Thank you, madam." Thompson said it as if she meant it.

"You know, Emily," said old Carmen in a hushed voice, as soon as her maimed victim had fled, "it's wonderful how a spiritual belief sustains one. If it weren't for my Religion of Love I should go raving mad."

The room was now cleared for dialogue, and Emily, sensing trouble, seated herself on the edge of a painted chaise longue. Snatching impetuously at a drawer of her dressing table Mrs. Shallope brought forth a torn shred of newspaper and handed it over to her niece.

"What do you think I ought to do about that?" she wailed.

Emily read the article, which covered a long column of print, and she was at first puzzled to guess why Aunt Carmen should be called upon to do anything. "Forum of Freedom Advances Views" was the top headline, with subsidiary announcements that "Mrs. Andalusia Ballymoore Speaks for More Sympathy Between Classes," and "Walter Syle Defines Bloodless Revolution." Subsequent paragraphs, rapidly slipped over, gave the impression that a great many illustrious names in New York society—mostly feminine—had come together in the Fritz Hebron ballrooms to voice a protest against Prussianism in American affairs. The blend of socialism and society was quite baffling to the girl, who handed the paper back with the comment:

"The Mad Hatter is giving another party. It must have been wonderful!"

"Don't be so superficial!" snapped Aunt Carmen; then added plaintively: "It's that Ballymoore woman again." In confidence Aunt Carmen always referred to the first wife of her late husband as "that Ballymoore woman." "They wouldn't take her in the Red Cross because she was pro-German. Up to the time of the armistice she was socially dead. And now see what she's doing! Chairman, if you please, of the Whangdoodle Forum! And everybody listening to the voice of the prophet. Emily, what shall we do about it?"

"If I were you, Aunt Carmen," spoke the young oracle, "I shouldn't do anything."

"Shouldn't do anything?" The old voice rose to a querulous pitch. "When she's done everything within her power to

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"What Do You Think I Ought to Do About That?" Mrs. Shallope Wailed

FILM-FLAM

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

MY IDEA of a mental dud is someone who writes to a motion-picture producer that Harold Hankinson, dashing clubman in Reel Four of The Love Dragon, goes into a telephone booth with mauve spats and comes out with tan spats; or that Muriel Mullins in The Girl Who Should Have Known Better does not in the big cabaret scene wear the same hair net in which she fled her aunt's palatial flat ten minutes before to face the cruel world alone—alone; or that John B. Hardtack, the multimillionaire in Dollars to Doughnuts, smokes through six reels a ten-inch cigar that never grows shorter.

I have wished to write picture producers in my own behalf, though I think mine is a valid grievance. Pent in a picture palace for thirty minutes I am conscious of a great need to smoke. I think to myself it would be a help if only someone on the screen would smoke. Then I must watch the juvenile lead—that maddeningly beautiful lad with the wealth of varnished hair, the pearly teeth, the pouting red lips, the baby stare—select a priceless cigarette from a jeweled humidor, gracefully light it, take one good whiff and carelessly toss his treasure into a Ming celery dish of the Fourth Dynasty so he can do some male soubrette stuff with the spoiled society girl who is going to get him into trouble.

Why should he be let to harrow the feelings of every smoker present? Doesn't he know that every one of them at that moment would like to impair his perfect dentition with one good wallop? Why not a law compelling every screen actor, under penalty of having his head shaved, to finish every cigarette down to the last quarter inch and register hearty regret when he must drop it?

Little things like this are going to make or break moving pictures in the near future. This and a few other little things would cause the audience—or the optience—to quit noticing that Hilary Highball's beard stopped growing the moment he was cast away on the desert island; or that Merry Little Sunshine, the tenement brat, goes into the Dutchman's for a bucket of beer for poor mother, who is so ill, and comes out with a different wig on.

Nowadays Real Writers Get Real Money

Wise Fans and Discounted Climaxes

BUT just a moment! Can we justly blame these critics? What else have they to think about at a moving picture? They know all the plots, all the characters, all the director's tricks. After two hundred feet of any picture they could find their way blindfolded along the remaining four thousand eight hundred feet to the fade-out of the lovers. Perhaps it is small wonder they have taken up this side line of diversion to while away the hour. I suppose it becomes a sort of mental golf. I suppose further, if picture plays continue what they are, that shrewd producers in desperation will be catering to just this element. They will knowingly commit those errors which a writer in this weekly not long ago assured us they now strive to avoid. With each film sent out will go its bogey score to incite the fans, and there will be medals for those who do better than bogey by ferreting out errors not intended. I have always said there was a future for motion pictures if the business could be handled right.

If this device should fail to avert ruin—and I freely offer it here—something else will have to be done. Perhaps something in the way of giving picture patrons a good show. Producing managers seem to have thought of everything else. They now give a high-priced tenor, a symphony orchestra, an organ recital and wonderfully cunning photography, but the play itself is what it was when the music was provided by one nonchalant pianist who needed only to play the Hearts and Flowers waltz, a bit of chase music and Mendelssohn's Wedding March. But in those days a photograph that actually moved was a thrilling novelty and people in front had no time to notice that the villain had miraculously changed from lace to button shoes while dragging off the heroine to a fate worse than death.

Now it is a wise old picture audience that nightly assembles. They know screen folks as Darwin knew animals. They know that none of them ever dies a natural bed death save the careworn mother of peerless Pansy, who is slaving in Hannigan's Fried Pork Palace to buy her medicines. They know mother is going to pass when the doctor comes in with his kit. He doesn't need to shake his head and pull up the sheet. They know that Pansy now doesn't care what happens to her and that it will—nearly. They know that all other persons die deaths of violence, when they die at all; chiefly by gunshot wounds. So much for the mortuary statistics of filmland.

They know John B. Hardtack, multimillionaire, as well as they know the installment collector. If they see a richly furnished drawing-room they know it belongs to someone who is rich; but if it is too richly furnished and has then had some more furniture from another set crowded in, including a five-gallon jar of goldfish, they know it is the den of old John Hardtack himself. They know his grizzled hair, his square jaw and his upper lip, that falls like an awning over the ten-inch cigar. They know the concrete moose on his front lawn. Grim old John B., called the Poison Oak of Wall Street, who owns all the railroads! If he has a son or daughter they know he is a good man at bottom. But if he has no family, or is the guardian of a beautiful ward with perfect teeth, aged eighteen, they know he has already stolen the girl's money and means to marry her to a scoundrelly business accomplice whose help he needs because the fellow has secretly bought up the paper-cup privilege for all day coaches. All to-day's audience needs is a start on this picture.

They know as well as the director that Tom, Nell's childhood sweetheart from Lodgepole, Nebraska, will invent a cup made from artificial paper and put John B. where he won't be annoyed by reporters.

If to a modest but happy little home in the Bronx a young husband brings his boyhood friend to dinner, they know friend is a viper who will lead the young wife to ruin in the next three reels—or would but for the timely mumps of her little one. They know that no picture husband has ever brought home a strange friend who didn't start trouble. He starts it right at dinner, too, even if they have a lace tablecloth and ripe olives. Nothing can stop the devil.

If the hero is a train robber they know he is playing the game square—a good honest thief who has taken it up to buy his dear old mother a new kitchen cabinet; and they are glad to see him get the rich city gal, tired of the empty-headed Eastern fops who wouldn't have the red blood to stick up a train.

If a particularly awkward tenderfoot comes to join the robber band, doesn't everyone know he is a detective who can outride and outshoot every actor on the lot?

If Patricia van Schuyler has a note from her mother, the New York society leader, asking her to come at once to the back room of a notorious dive in the toughest part of town, she starts at once, though people in front know this to be a trap set by the wealthy banker whom she has repulsed because his hair is thin, and that she will be rescued from the foul den—just in the nick of time, by heaven!—by Clarence Gashwiler, whom she has always, and with every apparent reason, considered a human cauliflower. Gee! But won't Clarence hurl those gangsters round, breaking their arms and legs and coming out with only his cravat rumpled!

And don't these people know vampires? Those crimson-smiling females in daring gowns, of whom we see all that is worth seeing and much that is not? Haven't they beheld decent families all ruined up by her, beginning with Chinless Chester, the youngest, who slays himself in her purple-plush boudoir! But she only laughs and laughs—oh, so cruelly—rings for the janitor to take it away and begins on his brother, who is married to the dearest, sweetest woman in all Hollywood; but little cares the hussy for that.

And pretty soon this one has spent all his money and mortgaged his gravel-roofing concern, so mother sends father to beg the creature to please move into some other street—and don't we know too well what will happen to father? The next time he comes he has mortgaged the old-home bungalow. So they pry grandfather out of his wheel chair and send him over to plead for father, and the very next day grandfather is caught trying to sneak out with the silver and it looks bad for the family. But love again conquers all, for the vampire uses a wrong complexion wash and spoils her face, so son goes back to his wife and father goes back to mother and grandpa goes back to his grandma and the pianist breaks into Keep the Home Fires Burning. Children of ten to-day know their vampire as they know their third reader.

Full well also they know what will ensue when the little mountain pink, Sour Mash Sal, saves the young aviator from the infuriated moonshiners of Polecat Mountain, who mistook him for a revenue officer. They know every turn of the gripping drama of the big woods. They know when to expect the big fight in the frozen drama of the north, where strong men battle for supremacy. They know that the cabaret dancer is pure in heart—even better than she should be; they know cowboys are honest; they know that a gambler is honest if he wears a red-plush vest; they know that the young preacher who comes to convert the mining camp is a nasty scrapper, once he starts; they know that a Mexican will commit murder and arson for two dollars; they know that gold is found in the old mine in time to save the hero from going to work; they know that district attorneys spend their days going about to the offices of villains to sentence innocent heroes to ten years in Sing Sing; they know that every working girl will have a sable coat in the last reel—if she remembers her mother's dying words; they know that a débutante consenting to meet an elderly roué in the private room of an unsavory roadhouse at midnight does so to procure the papers that will clear her dear father's name and not for anything like what a cruel world might think.

The Beginner's Guide to Movie Morals

THEY know that an unmarried man more than thirty-five is a fiend in human form—if his hair is getting thin on top or if he appears in evening dress. If an unmarried man stays out of evening dress and has thick hair he may be thirty-five or even forty-five and still be right, for he is then an inventor. No inventor has ever been wicked. And they never worry about little Lucy, the light of Catnip Farm, who takes up with the city-chap artist though long betrothed to honest Sam Silo; not even when the hound lures her up to the city under promise to make a lady of her and drugs her fifth highball. Don't they know Sam will follow the pair and treat the skunk rough?

They know that the Japanese are a proud and sensitive race who would rather take out their own works than suffer the least aspersion of their honor. They are familiar with the certainty that Back-Alley Berenice will wed the handsome young society man, Leo Braunstein, directly it is proved that she played the game square and that her bad bad brother was the real burglar. They know that the young wife who goes to the studio of one of her former fiancés to be painted in something less than an evening gown is innocent in the sight of heaven, no matter what the neighbors say. They know that a workingman who takes one glass of whisky is lost—body and soul; but that the wine-cupped young millionaire is saved by going "out there" where a man can win to the clean life.

That dear out-there motif! What would screenland have done without it? Out there in the great clean spaces where men are men! Out there where God gives a man his chance! Out there beyond the town's corruption where the game is played square! It is a bit surprising, too, because out there consists of a brief vista of street lined with saloons. And you don't stay in the street either. The great clean space where men come to know consists of a roomy saloon with a dancing floor and gaming tables. And I am tired of that saloon. I long to edge into the crowd at the bar and ask why we should spend all our money in one place, and offer to buy if they will come across the street. But there I am held, though I would like to see a new set of characters.

There is young Hubert Hardtack, whose father, old Poison Oak, has sent him out there to make good; and Hubert will, too, believe it implicitly. He is already doing it. We get close-ups of him at the faro layout with stacks of checks reaching up to his sports collar. And there is the handsome gambler with his tragic face of cast-iron; and Mag, the dive-keeper's wench, who loves the gambler but knows it can never be.

Mag is a hard case, yet she has a heart. She is thickly incrusted with grease paint, but outside of that—or inside of that, as you might say—she is all right. Does she not save the beautiful Chicago society girl from the loathsome advances of the dive keeper and get shot in the chest and die in the arms of the lovely gambler, whose face is still as cast-iron as ever?

And now curly-locked Nan romps in—cherished idol of the camp—in skirts of soubrette length, to take home her poor old father, who can't stand his liquor like he used to could; and Nan is insulted by the Eastern villain who has followed the beautiful Chicago girl out there to get her father's mine away from him. But Hubert Hardtack rises from the faro table, tosses the villain into the air so that he descends and is impaled on the antlers of the elk's head mounted back of the bar, and coolly goes back to his game, though not before mischievous Nan has slipped him her telephone number.

And there is the fellow of base extraction who has been holding up the stage; and the athletic—but you wouldn't think it till he starts—preacher who is trying to hold services next door; and a bevy of dance-hall girls who are not pure in heart like the cabaret girls of New York but drink their red liquor straight and smoke cigarettes; and throngs of jolly cowboys at their hearty bar sports.

Just Try it on Your Own Poker

I COULD name some more, but this will give you an idea of out there in the great clean spaces. It is the only bit of out there shown on the screen, except a sunset fade-out for the entwined couple when love has come into its own.

Picture addicts of to-day know every soul in the place and just what will happen. And when the big fight breaks—for no evening in this resort ends peacefully—and the combat area widens to comprise all present, with guns spitting and the wounded toppling, I don't at all wonder that the blasé people in front notice that the calendar on the wall says December while it is June outside, and that Dopey Dan, the piano player, has changed his shirt since the row started.

As I have once asked: What else have they to think about? Even superhuman feats of strength and agility no longer fool them. See the handsome gambler grasp a stout iron poker at either end and bend it to a horseshoe to hang about the neck of the scoundrel who spoke rough to little fairy Nan. If you think this is not hard take it home and try it on your own poker. A mechanical engineer assures me it couldn't be done by any human being that has ever walked the earth. Anyway, this canny audience giggles, for it knows the poker is a false poker. Or see the honest train robber drop from a third-story window into the saddle of his waiting bronco. The drop is about thirty feet. But the observers are bored. They know a man dropping that distance into a saddle would die a cruel death and break the back of his faithful steed. I know a rising young screen actor who blushes not quite unseen, and he can walk up the side of a church, vault a medium-sized barn, chin himself with his little finger and never thinks of mounting a horse save by a feat of levitation. He tells me that once in a gripping drama of love and hate he seized a big emotional opportunity and dropped into the saddle of his waiting bronco from a height of four feet. And he was laid up for four days, and the S. P. C. A. made him trouble because the bronco sustained bronchitis or something just as bad.

Which shows he is too stingy to hire a good director. That other director could have him make a forty-foot drop into a saddle with never a twinge of lameness. And no wonder that other audience merely tried to notice if the hero had stopped to have his hair cut between leaving the high window and nearly reaching the saddle.

But isn't this enough of cheap box-factory humor at the expense of a great art? Certainly it is! We are down to cases.

I lately watched two pictures. The first was an illustration of the prevalent tendency of picture producers to film a story instead of a play. If you should happen not to recall the difference, Mary and her Lamb is a story, a charming story but devoid of drama; while the dramatic values of Little Red Ridinghood are tremendous. And this first picture had a little—but a very little—more drama than Mary and her Lamb.

Hero betrothed to beautiful girl. But he plays polo, and that, of course, leads to drink, so girl breaks it off. Hero sees that drink is his curse. Tells his lawyer not to give him another cent of his fortune for a year because he is going out there to make good. He goes to Los Angeles, where girl has also gone to visit her aunt. Gets a job in the same house washing auntie's five dogs—to show girl he can be a man.

Girl wooed by villain. He looks all right but he is forty, wears evening dress and his hair is thinning. Oh, can nothing be done to warn our innocent young screen girls that an unmarried man more than thirty-five who wears evening dress and has thin hair is a moral leper? Not while picture directors have anything to say about it. Hero works hard in his dog laundry, for, of course, girl would never dream of hinting to auntie that he is really Clifford G. Coldslaw, the young millionaire clubman of New York.

Auntie says she must go to her country place. Girl stays behind. Los Angeles is countrified enough for her. Villain still woos. For twenty-five minutes we have had pure narrative. Now we get drama. Hero comes halfway down the central staircase and listens while villain plots with accomplice. This is drama because the scoundrels never once glance up to see him overhearing them. True, it is not an original situation, because somewhere at some time I am certain I recall a play in which the hero overheard the villain plotting. But let us be glad even of this, for the evening wears on.

Auntie telephones from her country place that she is ill and girl says she must go to her. Villain says he will take her in his car. Hero, knowing the plot, hooks on behind. Even if he hadn't overheard the plot he would have known as well as we do that when a young girl receives a message to hasten to the bedside of a sick relative it is a vile trap.

No one surprised when car stops before a neat bungalow, which is not auntie's country place but the villain's foul den. He takes girl inside and she sees in a flash that he has brought her here for no good purpose. She says: "I loathe—I despise you!"

And the undercurrent of bitterness in this speech makes him a perfect demon.

Merciful heaven! Can nothing save a pure young society girl from this fiend in evening dress? Where is hero? Well, Cliff got bumped off nine miles back because the director already has cold feet and knows he must stop at nothing. Surely help will never get here until too late—too late!

No! Thank heaven! The boy is here! He breaks a window, he leaps into the room. A moment more and all might have been lost, but here he is. The villain shoots at him. Not being in the audience he thinks maybe you can kill a star. Thrilling combat between strong men for a good woman's love. Who wins? Don't be silly!

Saved by a Simple Cloudburst!

HERO with girl on to auntie's country place. Safe at last! And the director has worked hard, but still he is sore vexed. Receiving for production a story that even those magazines catering exclusively to the unbrowed would have turned down with hoots of scorn, he has done what man could. He has had a technically correct villain; the girl was a pippinese; the hero a nice attractive chap not offensively beautiful, indeed with that blobby human sort of nose that most of us have to muddle through with; auntie was expensively gowned and used a lorgnon as all aunts must; and the dogs were always sure of a laugh.

Still the director knows he has pulled a bloomer. He must have a sensational finish to make people forget it. And about a dozen years ago he had seen a performance of The Fortune Hunter, in which at the final curtain the clasped lovers stood in a garden at evening unconscious of the gentle rain that fell upon them and the good old silvery-haired father came out and held an umbrella over the fond pair. So he said "Good!" And now he put his clasped lovers in a garden; but he knew that no common shower would make the audience forget, so he turned on a cloudburst. The lovers, standing under Bridal Veil Falls, never stir as the deluge pours off their faces. As there is no silvery-haired father in the cast, auntie's butler comes on and raises both hands, palms out, at the wholly incredible spectacle.

Then I recalled a learned barber I had once met in the heart of the Los Angeles film district. He was a moving-picture expert and told me that the director was the person most important to the success of this art. He was warm, indeed, in his praise of directors thereabouts. He said: "Yes, sir, now I want to tell you, some of them directors has got very imaginary minds."

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Come With Me to the Film Quarter and Linger Outside One of the Factories as the Noon Whistle Blows

LOOKING BACKWARD

Men, Women and Events During Eight Decades of American History—By Henry Watterson

I

I FIRST met General Grant in my own house. I had often been invited to his house. As far back as 1870 John Russell Young, a friend from boyhood, came with an invitation to pass the week-end as the President's guest at Long Branch. Many of my friends had cottages there. Of afternoons and evenings they played an infinitesimal game of draw poker.

"John," my answer was, "I don't dare to do so. I know that I shall fall in love with General Grant. We are living in rough times—particularly in rough party times. We have a rough presidential campaign ahead of us. If I go down to the seashore and go in swimming and play penny-ante with General Grant I shall not be able to do my duty."

It was thus that after the general had gone out of office and made the famous journey round the world, and had come to visit relatives in Kentucky, he accepted a dinner invitation from me, and I had a number of his friends to meet him.

Later on he took desk room in Victor Newcomb's private office in New York. There I saw much of him, and we became good friends. He was the most interesting of men. Soldierlike—monosyllabic—in his official and business dealings, he threw aside all formality and reserve in his social intercourse, delightfully reminiscential, indeed a capital story teller. I do not wonder that he had constant and disinterested friends who loved him sincerely.

PHOTO. BY THE ROYAL PHOTO COMPANY, LOUISVILLE

Mr. Watterson's Library and Work Room at "Mansfield"

It has always been my opinion that if Chester A. Arthur had been named by the Republicans as their candidate in 1884 they would have carried the election, spite of what Mr. Blaine, who defeated Arthur in the convention, had said and thought about the nomination of General Sherman. Arthur belonged to the category of lovable men in public life.

There was a gallant captain in the army who had slapped his colonel in the face on parade. Morally, as man to man, he had the right of it. But military law is inexorable. The verdict was dismissal from the service. I went with the poor fellow's wife and daughter to see General Hancock at Governor's Island. It was a most affecting meeting—the general, tears rolling down his cheeks, taking them into his arms, and, when he could speak, saying: "I can do nothing but hold up the action of the court till Monday. Your recourse is the President and a pardon. I will recommend it, but"—putting his hand upon my shoulder—"here is the man to get the pardon if the President can be brought to see the case as most of us see it."

At once I went over to Washington, taking Stephen French with me. When we entered the President's apartment in the White House he advanced smiling to greet us, saying: "I know what you boys are after; you mean ——"

"Yes, Mr. President," I answered, "we do, and if ever ——"

"I have thought over it, sworn over it, and prayed over it," he said, "and I am going to pardon him!"

PHOTO. BY THE ROYAL PHOTO COMPANY, LOUISVILLE

A Corner of "Mansfield"—the Kentucky Home of Mr. Watterson

II

THE two leaders who came to the front after the War of Sections and who for many years dominated the Democratic Party were Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, and Allen G. Thurman, of Ohio.

They were alike yet unalike. Bayard was by nature an aristocrat sprung from a line of aristocrats. Thurman was by birth a commoner of a dignity and reserve inclining toward the aristocratic. Each in his way among his familiars prone to good fellowship, both were to the many rather exclusive and inaccessible. As he grew older Bayard became the victim of advancing deafness. It had been inherited, and he grew exceeding sensitive. As he could not hear he would not listen, and talked as a kind of self-defense. Thus he aged before his time and appeared stiff and formal, his natural bent in his younger days altogether genial. The result was painful to his early friends and the occasion of acrid remarks by the critical who wanted to be ill-natured.

Thurman, like Bayard, failed to attain the capital prize in the political lottery. The "Old Red Bandanna"—a nickname following his habit of taking snuff and of using a silk handkerchief of that character—received frequent votes for President in national conventions. But he could never reach the nomination. He was put up for Vice President on the ticket with Cleveland in 1888, the year of defeat. When, in 1893, Cleveland "came back," Thurman was left out in the cold; Bayard, who, in his first administration, had been Secretary of State, being in his second sent as Ambassador to England.

I remonstrated with Mr. Cleveland in 1885.

"I have never met Judge Thurman," said he.

"I am sorry to hear that, Mr. President," I answered. "Judge Thurman," I continued, "excepting Lamar, is a better man than any you have about you." He simply grunted, which was his way when he disapproved.

The biggest man of the Democratic group at that time most visible to the public eye was Joseph E. McDonald, of Indiana. He had a large brain, a warm and honest heart and a wealth of experience. But he was clearly not a favorite of fortune. He possessed too generously the gift of befriending other men.

An illustrative incident happened during the Arthur Administration. The dismissal of Gen. Fitz-John Porter from the army had been the subject of more or less acrimonious controversy. During nearly two decades this had raged in army circles.

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DOMESTIC-HAPPINESS STUFF

By ROB WAGNER

SOMEONE once said to Turner, "Sunsets never look as you paint them."

And the master replied, "No, I paint them as they ought to look."

You see, Turner was an artist and artists have only an academic interest in truth. In contemplating the dope sent out daily from Movieland one might address a similar question to the publicity chaps and receive a like reply. For the bell ringers of the movie stars are also artists and their function is to entertain rather than to inform.

However, nearly every epigram has its contradiction, and I shall invoke that old one about truth being stranger than fiction, for the truth about the cinemaleptics is—oh, so much stranger than the pretty fictions purveyed in their alleged behalf. This does not mean that all movie truths are interesting. On the contrary, some of the most widely published ones are very stupid. I have just been reading a come-on boost booklet by our unimaginative Chamber of Commerce in which it hopes to excite the rivalry of other cities with such facts as these:

"Eighty-five per cent of the world's moving pictures are manufactured in Los Angeles!" "Thirty thousand people are engaged in the industry!" "The annual output is valued at $200,000,000!" Then follow wonderful statistics showing how the films, spliced end to end, would reach the nebular hypothesis—or words to that effect. "Manufactured," "output," "industry"—these are terms of percenters rather than æsthetes.

The hungry fans are determined upon the truth, as my overwhelming mail conclusively shows; but not such cold stuff as that. They are more interested in knowing whether Gloria Gladsome actually does use toilet water on her oatmeal, or whether Harry Loveless really believes in dream messages or shaves with ketchup, than in any vulgar figures, however superlative and dizzy.

But even in his statistical statement I find our respected Chamberlain of Commerce indulging in a dash of art, for he unblushingly assumes an attitude of unctuous merit because Los Angeles now ranks as an art center with Paris, Petrograd and East Aurora.

It is true the arts are a measure of civilization and are most fully expressed in the great cultural centers of the world; yet isn't it strange that we find the largest of them growing to health and maturity way off in the nethermost corner of these United States? But this does not mean that the photodrama is the fruit of a ripened Los Angelenic culture. On the contrary, the local Angels knew nothing of this sudden child of the gods until it was sent out here by the doctors to grow up in the sunshine. Fortuitous circumstance of climate and scenery is responsible for making Los Angeles the moving-picture center of the world! Really our boostburgers should be burning incense to the gods rather than throwing Cecil Brunners at themselves.

Minnehaha Drives Mrs. Ford Through a Set in a Well-Known Car. Above—Even the Daughter of a President Catches the Spirit of Make Believe

And what of the news and feature stories the happy bell ringers send out? I know from my letters that much of the domestic-happiness stuff has a downright depressing effect upon the readers. What earthly chance has a girl in Brockville, Ontario, if her soul mate of the screen turns out to be an ordinary common man, tied forever to some kind-faced Jane who won't let go? Many a romantic thrill has petered out in the sirupy syntax of a domestic-happiness feature story. And my, the truth would have been so much more readable!

And think of the blow to one's poesy when the hero, who we have come to believe actually sleeps in his chaps and spurs, is photographically shown in sport shirt and silk hose, abandoning his splendid proportions to the undulations of a hammock, and attempting to read a profound treatise on hyperbolic paraboloids. Somehow, we didn't believe Harry LeGrand was that sort of a boy—and he isn't. He never lounges in hammocks, and his mentality would not crave paraboloids—however hyperbolic they might be.

If one really believed the stuff the publicity fellows send out the colonist specials would be jammed with men from the East who would admire to live in a town where bathing girls capered through the principal streets, and movie queens lolled ravishingly about the parks with their Pekingese poodle pets. No, dear folk of the rising sun, our stars do not shine among the rose geraniums, surrounded by their doting relatives and great Danes. What they really do is a lot more interesting and snappy, and I am going to record it. I shall tell the truth of Movieland, let the slips fall where they may.

I am really writing this story in the interest of the poor working girl—that is, the poor working girl who has to square off the questions the fans propound. I am merely one of some thirty or forty secretaries who are called upon to answer a ton of mail a week, and to tell the truth about Gloria Gladsome as nearly as we dare.

First, as we say in the pictures, let us alibi our location so that we may mentally environ our characters as they appear upon the screen. What are the physical aspects of the stage upon which our actors strut their cinematic appearances? And more important still, how do they deport themselves after the final cut of the day's mimicry?

Contrary to the general belief, few studios are now located within the borders of Los Angeles proper, for their growing needs have demanded room—acres of it—and this

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John Jacob Astor Plays the Part of One of War's Heroes

Serving Tea at the Girls' Studio Club

LOVE

By LOUISE DUTTON

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

Danny Called Every Other Evening and Came to Dinner on Sunday and Took Joan to Drive

JOAN was going to marry Danny to-morrow.

She sat on the broken-springed sofa under the window of her tiny downstairs bedroom and tried to believe it, and held Rose's hands. She held them stiffly and awkwardly, as a New England girl holds her best friend's hands in the rare times of stress when she holds them at all. Rose was Joan's best friend. She had come straight from the station to Joan to-night, and into Joan's room in spite of Aunt Ellen and old Hannah, the cook, keeping guard outside. She had left her husband and her two babies and the September sessions of dance and bridge clubs in her New York suburb to come home to Carter's Falls and be Joan's matron of honor, but she looked like the bride, this dear little Rose, so blond, so blue-eyed, so young, with her big hat and short trim skirts, though she was twenty-eight, like Joan. Joan wore for the last time her old red eiderdown wrapper and underwear mended, patched and mended again with small exquisite stitches to save her trousseau things. Her hair hung in two great, soft, untidy black braids over her shoulders and her eyes were night-black in the lamplight. Sunshine and shadow and the long and short of it, they used to call her and little Rose in high-school days. It was of such things—of such little things—that Joan thought to-night.

Joan Carter was going to marry Danny Price to-morrow. The dark little garden under her low-silled window would be there to-morrow night and Joan would not. All up and down the narrow sparsely lit street in front of the house, the main street of the town, they were talking about it—talking and talking. By the flickering light of the hand lamp on the marble stand beside her bed her room was changed and empty. Her trunks were gone; everything was gone from the big square closet except one dress and her suit, blue serge as usual, but an out-of-town tailor had fitted the coat, though Joan and a seamstress had managed the skirt. The dress, a dim mist and flutter of ruffles, white, so white, was a wedding dress—her wedding dress; she was going to marry Danny.

No, Joan could not believe it. She could feel nothing.

Her heart was a little cold lump inside her. But Rose in her gay, empty voice that seemed to come to Joan out of a past irrevocably lost, like voices of dead children, had just said something that Joan heard; it touched the cold thing that was Joan's heart, though it could make it no warmer.

"Dear, I know," Rose said. "I'm an old married lady now, but I know how you feel to-night."

"Do you? I don't," Joan said. Joan's voice was quite quiet and low, though it was hard to keep it so—hard to meet Rose's blue baby eyes. "Supper will be over at the Franklin House. You must go."

"Show me your veil first. I can't wait to see it."

"You have waited," said Joan, "ten years. Rosy, you were here last summer when I announced my engagement. They would not talk much to my best friend, but they would talk. They always talk. Tell me just what they said. What they say about Danny and me."

"Say? Why, Darby and Joan. That's what they call you. You were going together first year in high school when our crowd first paired off." Rose, embarrassed, slipped into old phraseology, old-fashioned already even in Carter's Falls, where the manners and customs it named persisted still. "He never had another girl and you never had another fellow."

"No."

"You've been engaged—why, years! We all knew you were engaged, though until last summer you wouldn't say so, even to me."

"No."

"Sweethearts." Rose's tiny patent-tipped boot kept time to the unforgotten tune. "Your solo. The High School Quartet. Remember? Well, you were always sweethearts. And I hadn't even met my Bill. I was wasting my time. We all were, but you. You are the only girl in the crowd that's married the first boy she went with."

"I am the last girl in our crowd that's married."

"I—I know," Rose said. She had risen now and slipped with little nestling motions into her coat with the modish, tapering silhouette, her fluffy, premature furs. She looked like a picture out of the fashion magazines from which Joan's trousseau was copied, though Joan's poor little trousseau did not. Joan stood with both hands on Rose's shoulders, looking down into her sweet shallow eyes.

"What else do they say about me?"

"Nothing. What else could they say?"

"Oh, nothing! Good night, Rose. Rose, dear."

"Good night. Sleep tight." It was their ancient formula, whispered when two small, white nightgowned girls who had talked half the night without permission went to sleep at last, cuddling close in the winter cold. And suddenly Rose threw both arms round Joan and held her tight, as that little girl had done.

"Sleep tight. Dream right."

"Joan, what will you dream to-night? It will come true—what you dream on your wedding eve."

"I know what I shall dream. I know."

"Joan, this isn't good night. It's—good-by. We'll rehearse at nine. I'll help you dress. I want to fix your veil. I'll drive with you to the church, but so will Aunt Ellen. I shan't see you much at the reception. I'll have to be in the kitchen. Hannah'll cry. I shan't see you alone again until after—after—oh, Joan, are you happy?"

"Rosy," whispered Joan, "I'm tired."

"But you love him? You do love Danny?"

"Yes."

"Then it's all right," Rose said. "That's what I wanted to know. That's why I made them let me come in. I had to know. I had to ask you to-night. Joan, I'm only a little fool. I always was. That's why the boys liked me best. But you're different. You're wonderful. You are, Joan. Like a star in the dark. I want you to be happy. And you will. No matter what you have been through, you will—if you love him."

It was still in Joan's little room. Rose's sweet, toneless voice had stopped. There was no place for it here, no place for Rose. This small dun-colored room, empty and ordered as a nun's cell, held only its own secret memories, its vanishing dreams. Joan drew back from Rose. Deliberately, moving with stiff slow steps, she went to the window and stood looking out at the garden. It was moonless and starless to-night. She opened the window—twelve inches at the top and six at the bottom, Aunt Ellen's way—and lowered the shade. She put her shapeless crocheted slippers side by side at the head of the bed, got her nightgown from under the pillow and shook it out. She did not glance at Rose. It was quite as if she had forgotten that Rose was there.

"Joan, you are happy? Joan, won't you speak to me?"

Joan was busy with the bed now, folding the fringed counterpane neatly back, turning back the covers at right angles carefully, as if a night's comfortable rest concerned her, and nothing else. When it was all arranged she turned and looked at Rose.

"Love?" she said.

She stopped. Her eyes grew veiled and absent; all color and life seemed to be gone from her face—that white face framed in night-black hair—leaving it quiet, as if she were asleep already and dreaming.

"I went with Danny ten years. Ten years—and he wouldn't marry me. Love!" said Joan. "Love!"

A girl and a boy sat side by side, at the rear end of a hayrack, eating sheepnose apples.

The hayrack was mounted on runners. It was moving smoothly and quickly through an untraveled wood road, level and thick with snow. Behind them, crowding the hayrack, groping for the apples scattered loose in the thin coating of hay that lined the rack for warmth, quarreling over rugs, laughing and scuffling and happy, was their world, their crowd, the younger set of Carter's Falls. Before them, as they looked out at the end of the rack, were white wide fields, a winding ribbon of white road; and everywhere, behind them and all round them, the glint of the morning sun on the blue-white snow.

They were dressed alike—in fur coats with cardigan jackets underneath and clumsy buckled overshoes. The boy wore a blue toboggan cap and looked like a sleepy but amiable brownie. A stocky, sturdy boy he was, with a square chin and wide-set black eyes and blue-black hair, which would curl into tiny rings at the temples, and the Price mouth, finely cut, but a shade too small. The girl wore a scarlet tam, silky and fine. Her face bloomed beneath it, like a warm winter rose. It was a birthday present. Aunt Ellen did not approve of birthdays, but something sent for from Boston always arrived by coincidence then. This was her sixteenth birthday and she would have asked for no better party than a picnic to Carter's Lake. Carter's Lake! It was strange to come from the oldest family in town with half the town named after you, and yet be so poor that you could not afford to shingle one little tumble-down house on Main Street. But this did not disturb her. Nothing did to-day. She must not tell the boy—he would laugh at her—but she had a feeling that she was going to remember to-day; remember it always. She was happy—so happy it hurt. Her heart beat fast inside the cumbersome furs. She wanted to throw them off, to laugh, to sing.

"Feeling good, Joan?"

"Feeling fine, Danny." Danny's voice was careless and lazy. Aunt Ellen was right; Danny did drawl, but Joan liked Danny's voice. She liked, too, the way his hair curled at the temples, and one tiny curl just above his left ear. Joan had never noticed it before.

"Think you'll know me when you see me again?"

"I didn't mean to stare," Joan said.

"Oh, go as far as you like! My face is my fortune. You and I won't ever go to jail for talking too much. Penny for your thoughts."

"I haven't got a cent's worth. I was just kind of sitting still, collecting them."

"Still?" said Danny with irony. "Still?"

Certainly it was far from still in the hayrack now. Joan and Danny turned and faced their world. The crowd was in its fourth winter at high school—its last—but no shadow of impending graduations and partings disturbed it to-day. It was, in the words of Fat Prentiss, its licensed minstrel and troubadour, a singing crowd and a spooning crowd. Mandolins, a guitar and a ukulele and the songbooks of the High School Quartet were tossing about in the hay; besides a drum, which Fat Prentiss had procured for this occasion—no one knew where—insisting that it consoled him in his loneliness. The lady of his heart had a cold and Fat had come stag to-day and it was his idea to let no one forget this for a moment—or forget him. Standing now at the front end of the hayrack, with the drum clasped as close to his heart as such an unwieldy object could be, Fat was trying to sing, while the crowd made a noisy—though not concerted—attempt to prevent him, or joined in some favorite chorus. But underneath the noise the desire of the crowd was not to sing, but to spoon. The lake and the camp were only a few miles away; miles of thick-shaded woods into which they were turning already. Hands were clasped under sheltering rugs, arms slipping round yielding waists; and little Rose Warren pillowed her blond head on Red Worcester's shoulder, openly, unashamed.

Joan looked at the abandoned picture calmly. She was used to it. It was quite harmless and meaningless, like young kittens tumbling each other about. Joan and Danny did not spoon. There was nothing to it, they agreed. It looked foolish. To-day it did not look very foolish. Rose looked pretty with her blond curls close to Red's auburn ones. Joan nestled close to Danny's shoulder, warm under the rug they shared. Even Fat's clowning did not sound very foolish to-day.

"'Rosy, you are my posy,'" he sang, paying court—with extravagant gestures—to Rose.

"Fat, can the rough stuff," urged Red.

"All right for you, Mister Red," Fat replied simply. And then striking an attitude and crashing out a prelude on the drum, he lifted his plaintive tenor in a tune they all knew. Fat had taught them to know it too well:

Here's to Rose and Red, drink it down!
Here's to Rose and Red, and the nice dark woods ahead——

The crowd groaned and became almost silent. They knew what was coming—Fat's favorite stunt, an unmixed delight to him and to no one else—a long monologue, half spoken and half sung, in the vein of stump speeches and topical songs and dealing one by one with the personal habits, the past, present and future of all the crowd. Fat was now well under way:

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us to-night ——"

Joan looked away, across the blue-white snow. She had heard all this before. Fat's voice sounded sweet when he sang, though, if you did not think what the words were—the silly words. Joan was happy; more happy every minute. Her happiness was a warm real thing in her heart, like the warm furs round her. Joan closed her eyes. The hayrack seemed to go faster if your eyes were shut. You could not see the white fields and dark woods slip by; you could only hear the runners creak and slide on the close-packed snow. They hurried as if they were chasing something; something that was there ahead in the dark of the woods; something beautiful. Joan wanted to go faster.

"We have with us to-night Mr. Danny Price and Miss Joan Carter."

Minutes in the Moonlit Garden With No Word Spoken Were the Best of All

Joan shook out her skirts, rubbed her eyes and sat up. Danny's arm felt stiff and tense against hers. It was their turn. Fat was talking about her and Danny. Danny was very angry when Fat talked—really angry—but Fat did not know that. Nobody knew it but Joan. She watched Danny proudly and anxiously. Fat had nothing very new or funny to say about them to-day.

"Here's to Joan and Danny! She won't even hold his hanny! Joan is a sweet girl, but stand-offish. She'll die an old maid. No wedding bells for her."

"Cut it out!" said Danny. It was only the conventional protest of a gentleman protecting his lady, but a faint angry purple tinted his frost-red cheeks. "Some day you'll go too far."

"Well, you won't! You'll never go too far and you'll never go too fast. You're a Price. Ladies and gentlemen," Fat waved his hand grandly, like a side-show lecturer exhibiting freaks, "the Prices are difficult. Good husbands and good providers, but difficult."

"Don't let him get your goat, Dan," suggested Red.

"You keep out of this, Red Worcester!—I said cut it out!"

"I heard you," said Fat sweetly. "Here's to Dan and Joan! She's a girl I wouldn't own."

"Old stuff! Don't mind him!" voices advised. "Keep your hair on! Sit down!"

"Danny, I don't mind," said Joan, trying to hold him. "We don't mind."

But Danny, pushing her hands away, plunged forward to the front of the hayrack. He stepped over intervening arms, legs and musical instruments with the skill of experience, reached Fat and stood confronting him for one long silent minute, while the crowd, which enjoyed sudden fights—though it was used to them—was silent too. Then very deliberately Fat brought his drum into position and began to beat a tattoo on it; a light, insinuating rhythm, more teasing than any words; and Danny, catching him by the shoulders, struck it out of his hands.

Fat jumped for it and there was a struggle, short but quite sharp, so that even old Hank, the crowd's favorite driver on all expeditions, glanced back to see. Then, as suddenly as it had begun, it was over. The drum, thrown from the rack, had crashed to the ground and the two boys stood still, panting, and looked at each other.

"You don't care for the music?" said Fat mildly.

"I do not."

"I'll see you later," said Fat in a quiet voice, which was not the voice of his clowning, "and, if you ask me, Joan is too good for you."

"I don't ask you," Danny said.

"Sit down, you kids! Nobody wants the old drum," said Red, voicing public sentiment. No fight could long hold the center of this crowded stage. The drum was almost out of sight—only a black spot on the road. Danny climbed back to his place beside Joan. And already something else had caught the public eye. "The long hill! Everybody sing!"

A white slope showed far ahead down the winding road. It was up this hill that the walk to camp began. No team could pull a heavy load that last half mile to camp and Hank would drop his load there and go on ahead alone. But there was time now for one more song.

"Something sad." The crowd liked sad songs best. "Egypt? Sweethearts, Joan. Sweethearts." After brief but hot debate the song of the hour won out—Joan's solo—now adopted by the crowd. Joan stood, steadying herself with a hand on Danny's shoulder, and sang it, forcing her soft contralto so that it rang out triumphantly through the clear air:

Will you and I be sweethearts just the same when we are old?
When along life's future pathway autumn leaves turn into gold?

(Continued on Page 97)

THE UNEARNED INCREMENT

By W. R. HOEFER

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

IT LOOKED good. The Bear Cats, long a second-division ball club, were on the crest of a winning wave that had swept them to the head of the league. Big Ordie Ordell had lengthened their winning streak to nine games by taking both ends of a double-header with his superb pitching that afternoon before an overflow home crowd of thirty thousand hectic fans; and the club, from Laurence Duncan Wray, the president, to little Mick Welsh, the bat boy, was wildly jubilant.

True, it was only mid-May and the world's series ticket speculators don't begin to sprout until October. But the critics all agreed that Scrappy Doyle, the Bear Cats' manager, had built up a real contender at last and the club was sailing along easily out in front of the pursuing field, six full games in the van.

"Boy, you had everything," grinned Doyle, slapping Ordell, the big right-hander, on his bare back as the latter came dripping from under the shower in the clubhouse. "You stood them guys right on their ears."

"I'll say he did," chuckled Jack Bates, the burly catcher. "I heard old Sy Jordan's spine crack when he fanned at that curve in the fifth, and they none of 'em could see his fast one a-tall. They just closed their eyes and swang. Six hits in two games is kinda rotten, huh?"

"Yep," grunted the modest Ordie with a pleased smile as he dried himself briskly. "I had the old hop on my fast one to-day."

"You said a box-scoreful," announced the catcher. "And for once in their crooked lives the umps were calling 'em right when you hooked that old pill over the corners. Now if we only don't get jinxed we're on our way to that old rag right now."

"Yeah, if we don't get jinxed," broke in Brick Larmore, the slugging center fielder, sardonically. "If the umps don't all get cross-eyed the minute they start callin' 'em on us and if Ordie don't go out and bust a couple of his vertibraes or sumpin when he's drivin' his machine some day, and if the engineer don't run our train into an open switch when we're makin' that jump to Chicago, I'll say we gotta swell chance for the old series coin at last. I been on this club five years now and the closest I ever come to a cut-in on a series purse is a slant at a photo of one in the newspapers."

No jinx or accidents appeared, however, and the Bear Cats continued their merry winning way with only an occasional defeat during their home stay. Then, on the eve of their departure for Chicago, Scrappy Doyle received a hot tip from Connors, a scout out in Idaho. And a few days later August Heitzmann joined the club.

August joined the club with an inflated minor-league batting average, a flashy fielding style and a secret but persistent ambition to revolutionize the economic arrangement of the universe. He was a serious, intense young man of average height, a sallow complexion, jet-black hair, mournful mien, and was lithe, graceful in action and fast. He looked the student rather than the athlete—until seen in action. He even admitted to his club mates that he was a student—of scientific economics.

But a brief trial in the pinch of an extra-inning game convinced Scrappy Doyle that he was also a ball player and a good one. For Heitzmann sauntered to the plate in the tenth inning with a runner on first base and cracked out a slashing triple along the third-base line that tied the score into a knot. And later, in the twelfth inning, he twice saved the game with sensational stops at third base, where he had replaced Sammy Gorse, the veteran regular guardian.

"This August baby is the goods," quoth Doyle a little later in Cleveland as he conversed with several newspaper men at a hotel. "I stuck him in four games so far and he's only hitting round five hundred and grabbing everything in sight in the infield. I gotta good notion to give him Sammy Gorse's job if Sammy don't keep his foot outa the water bucket when he bats. Sammy sends his wife a kiss by mail every time he gets a bingle and the poor little girl ain't had a smack in more than a week now. It's a good thing Connors dug this bird August up."

"This August Baby Is the Goods. He's Only Hitting Round Five Hundred and Grabbing Everything in Sight in the Infield"

"Let's hope so," said Bob Ryder cynically. Ryder was a sport scribe who traveled with the Bears. A keen student of the game, he had more detailed information on players, even those of the bush variety, than anyone else in his profession. And his attitude indicated that he knew a thing or two about the new recruit.

"I suppose you think he'll slump to a faint whisper and that the first of July will be the last of August," laughed another scribe.

"No," answered Ryder, "I don't. I think he'll make good—as a player. But Heitzmann isn't a player primarily."

"What is he then?" demanded Doyle aggressively. "A shimmy dancer or somethin'?"

"He's a scientific economist," Ryder replied.

"I wouldn't care if he's a Irish Mohammedan," snorted Doyle. "He can be a single-taxer or a Polak or a Lutheran or a Democrat or a plumber outside the ball park for all I care. I don't care about his religion, if I like his batting form. And I should worry about his bum economy when I already seen his swell fielding. It ain't what a ball player is—it's what has he got."

"Well, he's got a lot of crazy half-baked ideas, for one thing; and he's got an effective and impressive way of convincing his fellow man, for another," retorted the other.

"I s'pose you got some inside dope on August," suggested Doyle.

"I've all I want. I got it from Charley Harrison, who used to have a job as president of the Interstate League—until August hove into the offing," said Ryder.

"He'll make a lotta hits," insisted Doyle.

"And a lot of trouble," said Ryder.

"And he'll make a bunch o' pitchers sick," grinned Doyle.

"And a bunch of ball players dissatisfied," said Ryder.

"He'll play any infield position."

"And he'll play hell with the club," declared the writer.

Doyle's leathery face wrinkled into a good-natured grin.

"You always was a smart baseball guy, Bobbie," said he. "But you're a even better undertaker. But you don't need to worry none about this bird."

"I won't," answered Ryder, smiling. "That's your job. But if I had it I'd trade this Heitzmann for anything he'd bring right now, if it was only for Hans Wagner's grandnephew and a last year's score card." He clipped the end off a cigar, lit it and puffed a moment in silence. Then he placed a hand on Doyle's knee and looked at him seriously.

"Scrappy," said he, "Joe Connors sent you one hot tip on Heitzmann and you bought him. I'm going to give you a hotter tip on him and you'll sell him—if you're wise. Now get this: Last year the Melton Club in Idaho was in eighth place and they went from last to second in five weeks. Why? Heitzmann is the answer. He began hitting."

"And that's an awful knock for poor August, I s'pose," offered Doyle.

"And then," continued Ryder, "the club skidded from second to last place in another month. Why?

"The answer is Heitzmann again. He started talking. He knows economics better than you know your own wife and he's some convincer when he gets cranked up. He convinced those boneheads out there that they ought to own the club and make Morgan look like a piker instead of creating wealth for the owners to buy oil stock and oil paintings with. And he did it in eighty-seven different ways. At first the gang kidded him, but before Heitzmann got through with them they were so strong for August and so weak for the team that the club blew up to celebrate the Fourth of July out there and the league disbanded a few weeks later. August busts up quite a few ball games with his bat, but he's even better on busting up ball clubs with his gab. I know all about this Heitzmann and he's a bad actor."

"He looks like a bad one—with a bat," was Doyle's laughing comment.

A week later Heitzmann had displaced the veteran Sammy Gorse as the regular third baseman and was figuratively burning up the league and lighting up the sport sheets with his diamond performances. The fans didn't enthuse over his personality, but they went mad over his terrific batting. Doyle disliked his morose disposition, but raved over his speed and sparkling fielding. His unpopularity was apparent to all the club, but so was his punch; and one Saturday, in Washington, Doyle stopped at the press box before the game to exchange levity with the doubting Ryder.

"I guess maybe I oughta trade this baby now," he chuckled as he leaned his squat form against the stand and peered at Ryder through the wire netting. "August only got a triple and a double offa Johnson yesterday and swiped two bases. And he's got the best pair of hands since Jimmy Collins' time. At that he'd bring some price if I should go offa my nut and trade him. I could get the Woolworth Building and the Subway and a whole outfield right now from the Yankees for him."

"Then you'd better get it quick," retorted Ryder. "Because if you wait you'll be lucky to get a toe plate and a bat boy for him later."

"He's got Sammy Gorse's job already," grinned Doyle.

"That's his way. He'll have your whole darn ball club next," said Ryder.

"Maybe so, maybe so," chortled Scrappy. "I'll take that chance."

II

IT WASN'T until the club returned home from their first road trip that Heitzmann began running true to the form predicted by the doubting Ryder, and his oratory was instigated then only by an innocent-looking little two-line news item that appeared in a morning newspaper.

The Bear Cats came home on a Friday and played to an overflow crowd of pennant-talking fans on Saturday. And on the following day in a Sunday newspaper this news item appeared:

It pays to win. The receipts from yesterday's game amounted to $22,247.75.

That was enough for August Heitzmann. He pounced upon the item with avidity and dispatch, spent a busy evening with a fountain pen and the next day hied him to a printer's. The result of this labor was a package of small booklets displaying on the cover a drawing of a ball player in action, done in flat-color poster style and entitled

Are You Getting Yours? Of a copy of this each player on the club became possessed.

The booklets proved by specious argument that everything everywhere was all wrong from an economic and therefore a financial viewpoint; but that as far as the Bear Cat Baseball Club was concerned everything might easily be made all right provided the players demanded their just rights and stood together on them.

"What right," demanded the author, "have nonproducing individuals to the enormous profits created by the actual workers? Take the Bear Cat Ball Club as a concrete, pertinent example. Only last Saturday the huge sum of $22,247.75 was taken in at the gate—in a single day. Who produced this money? Laurence Duncan Wray, the president? Assuredly not! The players created it. Who received it? The club owners for the most part. Was this just? NO! Can this be remedied? YES! Provided the baseball slaves demand their just rights and cling together."

"Are you getting yours?" was the dominant phrase of the booklet, which had varying effects upon the various players. In the main it excited a mild interest and much joking comment.

"Brick Larmore is sure getting his," remarked one player. "Only three hits in four times up."

"So is Artie Tilden," replied another. "That crazy little southpaw beans him in the third with a fast one, and one ump fines him twenty-five bones and the other chases him to the showers in the sixth."

"Ain't it terrible on some guys the way they get exploited," grinned Jack Bates. "Ordie here works almost three hours a day about two days a week and drags down only seventy-five hundred iron men for six months of it. He oughta demand his just rights so's he can be like other guys and get almost thirty bucks a week driving a truck eight hours a day the whole year round."

"It's even tougher on Slim Oaks," declared Ray Lanigan, the shortstop. "Slim has wore out four pair of pants sitting on the bench all season and he's getting the measly sum of two thousand bucks for watching the rest of us play. Slim oughta complain to the League of Nations about it."

"This Augie guy is one of them Bullshevikis," declared Bill Schardt, the husky first baseman seriously. "We gotta keep our lamps on Augie. He'll slip a bomb in Scrappy's ball bag some day, or burn up the grand stand on old Wray."

"He's no Bullsheviki; he's one of them I. W. W.'s," insisted Lefty Jenkins, a pitcher. "I got a earful from one of them birds gassin' in Union Square in New York and he pulls the same kinda words, like 'proletariat' and 'exploited labor' and this here 'predatory wealth.' He's a I. W. W. or I'm a Sinn Feiner."

"That Crazy Little Southpaw Beans Him in the Third With a Fast One and One Ump Fines Him Twenty-five Bones and the Other Chases Him to the Showers in the Sixth"

"He ain't none of them things. He's a scientific economist," volunteered Eddie Phillips. "The book says so."

"Aw, you're all wrong," declared Al Griffiths, the second baseman, lighting a cigarette. "That guy's just a plain everyday nut."

With a few of the disgruntled players, however, the booklet had a different effect. Addie Pembroke, a first-string pitcher, thought there might be something in it besides words. Addie had been a holdout over a squabble on the salary question and, though he had subsequently signed, he remained dissatisfied. Two of the utility players also had a bout with the management before signing up; and they, with one or two others, took the booklet seriously on its own account.

When word was passed round that Heitzmann was going to address the players in his flat on the all-important subject of "Are you getting yours?" practically all the players came to hear; the disgruntled ones to inquire seriously into the subject and the others to enjoy the speaker and his oratory. But if the jokers expected to have a vaudeville show at Heitzmann's party they reckoned without their host. For though they came to joke and laugh they remained to listen and think.

Heitzmann knew his subject thoroughly. He had a remarkable gift of clear expression, and his magnetism and intensity impressed most of them and convinced quite a few. Ordell, Larmore and two others stubbornly insisted that they were satisfied as things were, but the majority of the other club members began to take Heitzmann seriously and try to discover the meaning of the words "unearned increment," which he used ever and anon in this and subsequent talks.

"Say, what the—what is this unearned increment thing Augie keeps talking about?" asked one player of Lefty Jenkins as he climbed into Lefty's big touring car preparatory to riding downtown from the park.

"Dog-gone if I know exactly," answered Lefty, wrinkling his brow as he started the engine. "It's something we got coming to us from old Wray, anyway, and I'm gonna get mine. There ain't no club owner that's gonna play me for a sucker any more since the war. You heard what Augie said about everybody but the ball players getting theirs these days."

"You said it," commented the other. "Why, they had another 35,000 mob at the game on Sunday again, and here I'm draggin' down only three hundred a month out of it. We're nothin' but a lotta gol-darned slaves, we are. Why the last jump we make into Washington I hadda ride in a upper, an' just because I don't own a car myself the club won't stand for my taxi fares to the ball park."

The net result of the various talks by Heitzmann was a gradual slackening of club morale. It was almost imperceptible at first, but the fire of dissatisfaction, fanned by Heitzmann and helped along by the erstwhile holdouts at every opportunity, grew to such proportions that the winning lead of the Bears grew less, ceased to exist, and pretty soon Scrappy Doyle found himself desperately trying to keep his club in third place. A conference with the owner speedily followed.

"The boys're all gone plumb loco," said Doyle as he and Wray dined together at a downtown hotel. "I can't do a thing with 'em any more. To-day I gave Lanigan the sign for the hit-and-run in the second and he yells at me, 'How about my increment? Where is it?' I says, 'What do I know about your increment? Maybe you left it in the locker.' And he yells back, 'If I don't get my unearned increment I don't start for second unless I see Brick is gonna make a clean hit. I done enough for what salary I'm getting when I singled.'

"Another bird goes into second on a steal standing up and is tagged out by two feet on a bum throw. When I

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The Bear Cats Come Home on a Friday and Played to an Overflow Crowd of Pennant-Talking Fans on Saturday

THE GLAD HAND

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

I SEE a piece in the paper where that ex-leading headliner of the old German Big-Time Circuit, William Hohenzollern, him that used to appear in the spiritualistic act known as "Me and Got," claims he had no hand in starting those fireworks in Europe which has recently ended in a Fourth of July celebration. And although myself a good American and looking with doubt upon any statement known to be German, I am sort of inclined to believe him. At any rate to believe that he was not the whole cheese in the matter, but only a sort of limp limberger, or swiss, and full of holes. Because its my experience personally myself, that a strong personality with a clean-cut idea can usually get a thing done if they elect theirself boss and stick on the job until it is finished, but if they call a committee meeting and discuss the action before them, the whole idea is likely to get stalled. Why, look at Congress! Not that I, being a mere lady of the female sect, know why or how they get stalled, or on just what. But its a cinch they do and are, and you can prove it by any editorial page in the country. And it seems that Billy the Bonehead confessed to the reporter, which managed to get this Sunday story printed, that a committee meeting of Yonkers or something was called about the war, he, Bill the Badman, not having the bean to go to it alone, and it was them ruined the war, or so he says. Which goes to show that not alone in the theatrical and moving-picture worlds do the heads of departments alibi their flivvers, but also in the King-business, and its a habit which may even yet ruin the former, as it pretty near has the latter, unless they quit shirking and deliver better goods. Because if the Head Has-Been had had any real thinker and had thought up the war all by his little self and forced it on his bookkeeper, cashier and so forth, he might of got away with it like Napoleon and Rockefeller and Eva Tanguay and a lot of them which has thrust riches and success upon theirselves. But no committee can ever do that sort of thing. It takes a single-handed personality, and I guess maybe the biggest bluff Germany has had to confess to is her ex-leader. He seems the A-1 example of how true it is that well known tailors Ad "clothes make the man." Also it inspires me to invent a quotation to hang beside the famous one of Shakespeares, I think it is "Do it now!" which you see so often, mine being "Do it yourself!" Well, you will if you are the able one on a committee. Everybody which has served on one knows that every committee is composed of the one which does all the work and three to six others which uses most of their vitality and imagination in thinking up excuses and offering them.

I Tore Open the Envelope Forgetting the Skirt Which Had a Death-Grip on My Knees, and Opened Up the Page in Jim's Dear Hand-Writing

Well, anyways, the fore-going is why I eliminated the other members of my Theatrical Ladies Committee of Welcome to Our Returning Heroes. And eliminating them was so simple, too. I just didn't call any committee. And why would I, what with the knowledge I had gained through former experiences? Believe you me, a lady which learns by experience is a great little time-saver, although admittedly rare, but in my line you don't fall out of a airplane more than once, and any successful picture actress and dancer like myself will tell you the same. So as to committees, none for me, thanks just the same, as the man said to the soda clerk the morning of July first, 1919 A. D. which is Latin for Anti-Drinking. Not that I will ever again try to get into the strong-character class with the aforementioned celebrities, for a reputation for doing anything well is as good as a signed contract to do it. And my advice to young girls is, don't let it be known you can do anything well or you'll have to deliver constantly. Look as ignorant as possible whenever anything is suggested except the thing you are burning to get after, or your time will be taken up with a lot of useless side-lines that get you nowheres. There is a person for every job if you just let the job alone until the right person finds it. Did you ever notice the way simps which can't do a thing always get it done for them? You have! Well—from this on here's where I look like a poor fish whenever anybody outside of a motion-picture magnate or a theatrical manager makes a noise like work to be done.

All the amateur stuff can be taken care of by the sweet womanly women who aint got anybody to support except their dressmakers, and not by a mere professional earning near a hundred thousand a year like I. My final lesson on working with volunteer boards and committees is a unwept memory, and believe you me, that Chateau Terry battle had nothing on some of the War Relief Committee board rooms I seen in executive session and keep the home fires burning is right, we done it, especially the White Kittens Belgian Relief, which its a fact we nearly split over whether we'd print our appeals on pink or yellow cards!

Well, anyways, I suppose these relief committees was a big help to them that was on them if not to anyone else and after all a lot of money somehow got left to do good with after expenses was paid. But the biggest relief I know of come from relieving ourselfs of them relief committees, and the last of all was the Welcome Home one.

I wouldn't of gone on it in the first place only I was so low in my mind. And who wouldn't be a little low even with my cheery disposition after such a morning as I went through, first commencing with the loss of Maude.

Not that I had ever liked her nor 'Frisco, her husband, either, but losing her was worse than living with her any day, and when Ma come in and broke the news I wasn't in any mood for it, struggling as I was over the joint contract which Goldringer had just sent on from Los Angeles as a nice surprise and welcome for Jim which we were expecting to hear he would be leaving France any day now. It called for seventy-five thousand per each of us for six joint pictures, our expenses to the coast, and I was holding out for a car while there and a special publicity man of our own to be paid by them, but chosen by us, meaning Rosco, which has so faithfully let the public know every time I sneezed these last five years and has a way of disguising a two column ad so's the editor thinks its a news item.

Well, anyways, I was reading through all that foreign language portion of this contract and had waded past about a page of "to wit, viz; party of the first part," stuff which sounds like it didn't mean anything but is where they sometimes slip one over on you, when in come Ma with a big home-made cruller partly in her hand and partly in her face. She was dreadfully agitated but had to get rid of the first part of the second party before she could speak, and I put in a few seconds of watchful waiting, wondering how could she do it, for Ma had put on at least thirty lbs. the last few months and believe you me, she was no silf before then weighing some amount she would never tell just what and anybody knows what that means with a woman. But up to just recent she had gone through spells where she was making at least the faint motions of dieting, or when not that, sighing and saying she hadn't really ought to over every second helping but taking it. Do you get me? You do!

Since she had heard Jim was coming back however, she had taken to eating everything in sight regardless. It give me real pleasure to think of any mother-in-law feeling that way about her daughter's husband and dancing partner coming back for with many mothers it is nothing of the kind. So I made no remarks upon the cruller, and finally Ma give a gulp and gasped out the bad news.

"Maude is gone!" she says.

"Gone?" says I. "Whatter you mean, gone?"

"I can't find her no place!" says Ma. "And I looked everywheres!"

This give me a most unpleasant feeling down my back, and I got to my feet in a hurry.

"Are you sure she ain't hid," I says, "like the last time?" I says.

"Come and see for yourself!" says Ma, and I went, you can bet on that! And sure enough, she wasn't in the box. Ma lifted the wire off the top and lifted out the two old sofa cushions we had put in for comfort and only Maude's husband, 'Frisco, was there. He was as usual lying in about five coils like a boiler-heater, with his wicked-looking flat head on the top, and he stuck out his oyster fork of a tongue, and give us a little hiss, much as to say, why was we always disturbing him. But no Maude.

"Ma!" I began, catching a guilty look on her face. "Ma Gilligan, you left that snake out again! After all the times I ast you not to!"

"Well, it was just for a minute!" she says. "I was playing with her, and then I thought maybe the crullers I had made was cool by then and I went and got a few and when I come back she was gone!"

"Well, she's got to be found, that's all!" I snapped. "All this comes from you insisting on keeping in with them low circus people and boarding their acts for them!"

"But Madame Estelle had to stay with her husband when he fell offen the trapeze and they so devoted!" says Ma. "And I didn't take the big snakes—the substitute is

using them—but only her own dear pets which the landlady wouldn't leave her have in her room."

"And now one of them is loose in *my* room!" I says, "which is the general result of charity which, as the poet says, had ought to begin at home," I says. "And you know, Ma, how I feel about snakes. There's nobody in the psycopathic ward got anything on me. If only they had even a few feet instead of so many yards, I wouldn't mind them so much."

"Well, now Mary, I'm real sorry," says Ma. "But not half so sorry as Madame Estelle will be if anything happens to Maude! I'm real fond of the little beauty myself, and if you had been with a circus all the years I was, you would understand her better!"

Well, believe you me, it wasn't lack of understanding with me, it was a religious conviction, and why not, for hadn't them beasts made trouble beginning with the original evection of undesirable tenants, and was I to think it likely that our own janitor would be any more lenient if Maude was to get, say, as far as the elevator? Keeping snakes never got a tenant in right yet and loose ones might set the first of May forward as many months as was necessary. Not to mention my own personal feelings in the matter, which its a fact I once broke a contract on the Small-Time years ago because a snake-charmer come off just as I was going on and I used to meet her and them in the wings every time.

Well, anyways, I will say it for Ma, she certainly turned in and helped me make a thorough search for Maude, which was going some for a lady of her figure. Looking for a vanished snake in a apartment means considerable gymnastics, because nothing can be overlooked with safety, and I didn't want that parlor-eel slipping anything over on me—especially her cold stomach in the middle of the night across my face, for instance.

So I and Ma looked under all the furniture and in the pedal-case of the player piano and in the vases and behind the radiators, back of the big clock, inside the phonograph, under the rugs, and every place—but no Maude. Finally we even took a look out in the hall, although we knew nobody had opened the front door, and after that we opened the wall safe where we keep our diamonds in a stocking, this being a compromise between Ma's habits and my common-sense. And then we had a peep into the ice-box where Ma found a saucer of pudding which she had someways overlooked at supper, but no snake.

And after we had felt under the bath-tub with my best lavender umbrella which what with the limousine it was the first use I ever had for it, and then having taken a forlorn hope into the soiled-clothes hamper, we give it up, and sat down with ruined georgette blouses and perfectly wild looking hair all heated up like a couple of wrastlers. Anyone coming in then would of thought we had been indulging in a family discussion of some kind, and for a matter of that it's the truth I said a few raw remarks about the kind of a home she run for me and I working as hard as cider to keep it and now she left snakes around, and how would a artist like myself get the rest to do justice to my work on the bomb-explosion scene in the last reel of "Bosh or Bolshevik?" which I was going to be shot in only the next day, and if she had to support me instead of I her she would have a right to leave any animals or minerals around she chose, but this was my flat and although Lord knew she was welcome, pretty soon we would have none if I was to be made a nervous wreck out of instead of the biggest nerve in pictures. Yes, I said that and a lot more pretty mean stuff as only a daughter can—for even with all my refinement I am but a mere human after all, and under the glittering success of my career is several common human failings and at times I act no different from any less well-known female in the bosom of my family.

So I had the last word and Ma was in wrong and went to get lunch without a come-back out of her. Alas! Had I but canned that foolish chatter of mine! But how could I know she was going to act like she done later because of it? You can't remember forwards and if a person could its ten to one they'd quit before they was off the bottle and go back to Heaven whence they come, life being so full of mistakes you could of avoided if only you had done something different from what you did!

Well, anyways, Ma went back to the kitchen to fix up a little snack of waffles and honey and poached eggs on hash and cream-cake and strawberries with a cup of cocoa and whipped cream for a light lunch, her lunches being light about the way a "light" motor truck is, and I went back to my joint contract and was so mad I concluded to write into it not only expenses and Rosco but a cottage or bungaloo as it is called in Los Angeles, while out there. With which I wrote a refined but firm letter to Goldringer saying this was my final word on the matter and spoke also for Jim. Then I enclosed the contract and Ma called out the cocoa was getting cold and so I stamped and put it in the hall-slot which I never have a feeling any letter going down it is headed for anybody except maybe the devil, and not even him unless it don't get stuck on the way. And then I ate, though not with much appetite what from expecting any moment to see Maude crawl out from some place, and Ma being quiet to a extent not to be fully accounted for by three plates of waffles. It wasn't natural in her, that quiet, but I remembered the doughnuts and laid it to the sequence. Still I tried to get her to talk, as talking, if about herself, generally cheers her quite a lot.

"Anything ail you, Ma?" I says.

"Nothing much," says Ma, lighting into the cream-cake. "Nothing to speak of."

"Tell me about it then!" I says. But Ma wouldn't. She heaved a big sigh and handed me a substitute for what was really on her mind. It was something just as good, I credit her for that.

"You know the stuff you ordered from Schultz?" she says.

"You mean the wet goods I ordered to keep Jim from parching to death this summer?" I says, because although Jim is far from a real drinking man, he having his profession of dancing always in mind even after eleven P. M. and never fails to realize that sound acrobatics is the basis of all good dancing which a drunkard never yet was, or at least not for over two seasons; still in spite of all this Jim is a mere male and a drink or two, especially if difficult to get is not by any means objectionable to him. And beside he had been two years in France and I didn't want him to feel it had anything on America when he come home even if I had to go so far as to myself personally replace what Congress had taken away. Do you get me? You do! And I had done it as far as my bank account, cellarette and the liquor-dealer permitted. Which looked like it was going to postpone the drought quite sometime for us. And while here and there stuff like champagne and brandy and vermouth had to be bought like remnants on a bargain counter—just kind of odds and ends of each—I had one satisfaction out of the buy, and that was getting a case of Old Home Rule Rye—absolutely the last case in the city—probably the last in the whole entire U. S. A. and it was Jim's one best bet.

A high-ball of this—just one—with his dinner was about his exact idea of drinking, and I had calculated that the three gallons, taking it at his rate would last him pretty near a year, and by that time some new vice would surely of been invented to take its place.

Well, anyways, I had ordered it and paid for it, and there wasn't any more of it anywheres, and it and the contract with Goldringer was two of the best surprises I had for Jim.

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She Stopped Me With One of Those Deadly Sweet Womanly Smiles and Says in a Voice All Milk and Honey and Barbed Wire, She Says: "How's This, Dearie, About the Theatrical Ladies' Committee. What Was it Made You Leave Me Off?"

JOHN BULL—RAILWAY MAN

By Edward Hungerford

There is an Accuracy and a Precision About British Trains That is a Delight to the Man Who Uses Them

DO YOU chance to recall the story of Frankenstein? Of the man-made monster which, once having been created, rose to slay the man who had created it? The railroad the world over to-day is in much the position of the man who created the monster. Having in no small sense created the modern world, having riveted its very sinews of commerce together, it now stands in no small danger of collapse. The world over it stands in grave danger of bankruptcy. This is no exaggeration of fact. We very well know the present befuddled position of the railroads of the United States; similar or worse conditions confront the carriers of the neighbors to the north and to the south of us.

In Europe the situation is fully as complicated as our own. France, Italy, Germany—all have witnessed the most complete breakdown of their land-transport systems. The Russian system is all gone. To-day it too is in utter chaos. And so on down into the Far East. A great war brings with it great starvation, not only of humans but of the enterprises they have so patiently and so laboriously wrought. The Australian rail lines are to-day in grave financial difficulties. Even the complex railroad system of distant Argentina, apparently untouched by the ravages of the war, to-day is demanding increased rates as its sole opportunity of salvation from approaching complete financial ruin.

Familiarity Properly Rebuked

APPARENTLY the only corner of the world where the rails to-day are enjoying anything like a normal prosperity is South Africa. And there, as an English statesman puts it, the railroad has not had the disadvantage of age.

"Hold on!" you interrupt. "You have not said a word about England. How about the sleek privately operated railroads of Britain?"

Purposely I was holding John Bull's problem until the last; it is so very much like that of his neighbor Samuel.

To begin with, you do not speak of an English rail line as a railroad. It is first, last and always a railway. John is nothing if not meticulous about his speech—and nowhere more so than in regard to his railways. So upon them a locomotive engineer is always and forever the driver, a conductor the guard, the passenger car the carriage, the freight car the wagon; only to the English commercial mind the word "freight" means naught. It is, if you please, the goods traffic and, as you shall presently see, a traffic by no means to be scorned—even by an expert Yankee railroader. So goes the difference in phrasing. Here one buys a ticket; over there he books a passage. And the ordinary soft and friendly chatter between the traveler and the railroad employee—well, it simply is not.

I approached the station master at Rugby one day last December and sought to break down that fine frappé of British reserve that he had builded about himself. In as courteous a fashion as I could gather together I asked:

"How's Number Thirteen doing to-day?"

That inquiry represented real accomplishment. One does not easily discover the numbers of the English trains. They are not flaunted before you, not bandied about in easy conversation between town loafers. Even the timetables rarely print them. They represent a small part of that integral affection for secrecy and privacy which is one of the Briton's most prized possessions. So in calling my London train by number I committed a *faux pas*—and in endeavoring to be merely human in dealing with an Englishman in uniform I committed a far greater and more serious one. One does not do things that way in England; and the station master told me so in his politest official manner.

"If it's the London train about which you are inquiring, sir," said he, "I can say it is reported on time, sir."

And so it was—on time. That is apparently a sort of a habit of British trains in times of war as well as in times of peace. There is an accuracy and a precision about their comings and their goings that is a delight to the man who uses them, which may excuse the lack of an official railway humor. One does not even dream of what the English railway world would have done with a man like Underwood, of the Erie, who—enjoying each of the many, many jokes cracked at the expense of his railroad—actually used to devote a page in each of his timetables toward a monthly collection of them.

It is because the English railway problem—even in those long-ago days before the coming of the great war—so closely approximates our own and the difficulties of its solution are so akin to our own present-day railroad difficulties that it is worthy of a little American study and understanding. For in the days before the coming of the war the English rail situation—like our own—was highly competitive and so differed vastly from the rest of Europe. For instance, the railway mileage of Great Britain is approximately the same as that of France, even though her territorial area is only a little more than one-third; and the resident population of England, Scotland and Wales considerably less.

The Noncompetitive Roads of France

BUT in France the railways are noncompetitive. If you wish to go from Paris to Marseilles there is but one road for you to take; to Nantes but one; to Havre but one—and so in each direction the five great noncompetitive systems radiate their main stems out from the French capital; and each in its own segment of the great transportation wheel of France, with Paris always as its hub, is master of its own domain. You may accept the service that it chooses to offer you or walk.

On the other hand, there are two strongly competitive lines from London to Plymouth, three to the principal Scottish cities and four to Liverpool; while to each of the great industrial cities of the Midland there are two or three or four competing lines from London, just as there are between New York and Philadelphia or Washington or Buffalo or Chicago, and between Chicago and any one of the metropolitan cities a night's ride distant from it. And competition in the days before the war had upbuilded a quality of service, both freight and passenger, that far exceeded those of the other countries of Europe. You could—and still can—ride in a sleeping car from London to Plymouth or Wales or Carlisle or Liverpool or Manchester for but two dollars and fifty cents and have not a mere bunk, upper or even lower, but a tidy and immaculate compartment of your very own, with your own lavatory equipment. For the much longer ride to Edinburgh the charge for these compartments is but three dollars.

A similar condition prevails in regard to the freight rates—and it

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John Bull Has Cut His Railway Suit Very Neatly to Meet His Own Needs

"NEM! NEM! SOHA!"

The Hungarian War Cry and Claims

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

Buda, With the King's Palace on the Heights

IN HUNGARY it is somewhat difficult to keep one's emotions subservient to one's judgment.

It is a country in which the nerves tingle always and the heart beats strong, and one is as likely as not to deviate from the sober path of impersonal inquiry and to fail to discriminate between impressions due to the stimulus of sensation and actual convictions.

There are environments in which one is capable of nothing but a negative kind of receptivity, but in Hungary life seems to play a piper's tune to which humanity dances in spite of itself. It is not always a lively tune by any means; in fact, it is mostly movingly sad; but always it is vibrant with intense virility. And its transitions from grave to gay and back again to grave are extraordinarily swift. The national music expresses the national character more perfectly than in any country I know, and a gypsy violinist with his violin can tell one more in ten minutes about Hungary and the Hungarians than a careful analyst could express in as many hours.

On my way to Budapest I met one of the presumably matter-of-fact American investigators from the Peace Conference. He had visited Hungary for the sole purpose of making an inquiry about a certain economic situation and preparing a report that would help to justify to the Allies the expressed American desire to get the world back as quickly as possible on an approximately normal basis. That is our dominating wish. With respect to all war-shattered Europe we are like the proverbial anxious and responsible relative of a hungry monster, and our main idea is to "feed the brute," hoping thereby to smother his passions in contentment.

But this supposedly imperturbable and unimpressionable research specialist had been caught by the verve of Hungary and was dancing back to Paris with a poem for a report and "vine leaves in his hair." He was one of the innumerable college professors who are attached to the American peace delegation, but unlike the average of his kind he seemed to have the normal number and variety of nerve ends to be played upon. He shot his cuffs, swore a little in an unconscious kind of way, and blinked with spectacled eyes that were alight with enthusiasm.

"I'm glad you're going to Hungary!" he exclaimed. "You are just the kind of disinterested, cool-headed, self-controlled ——"

"And where did you pick up that idea of me?"

"Well, vision! In any case you have vision, and that is what is needed. You must penetrate all the mists of prejudice and wrong methods and wrong thinking in which the country has been enwrapped for generations, and be able to see Hungary as she is: spiritually new-born if you like, and born of adversity; but age-old in her fine characteristics and in her amazing relationship to the broad economic and cultural issues of European life! You must be ——"

"—— disinterested, cool-headed and self-controlled."

"Exactly! Like myself! I've been in Budapest and all over Hungary. I've talked with everybody from Count Karolyi down to plowboys, and I tell you the situation in Hungary is the most interesting situation in the world, even in this day of interesting situations. The Magyars are the proudest people on earth, but they have no vanity. They have a history which commands respect, and they are standing to-day——"

I hushed him down to moderation and soothed him with an assurance that I would try to keep my head as well as he had, and do my best to see the situation in as true a light.

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The City of Pesth From the Heights of Buda

The Investor's New Arabian Nights

THE BLUE STOCK

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

TEDDY TYLER was a young man with an ingratiating smile, a widowed mother who adored him, and a host of friends among the young people. For five years he had worked in the First National Bank at a very unsatisfactory salary.

On the occasion of the drive for the Fourth Liberty Loan he had distinguished himself and gratified his mother and his many friends by earning, through very active work, the silk banner awarded to the most successful individual solicitor in that campaign. He was mentioned at the concluding banquet and his name appeared several times in the newspapers.

It was within the week following that he received from an investment banking house in Broad Street, New York—which had in some way learned of his local success—a letter soliciting him to enter its employ.

"We are in the market for a young man of snap and enterprise to sell a security of character and value," it said. "If you are interested wire at our expense, as our selling campaign begins now!"

Young Mr. Tyler could see at once that he was dealing with men accustomed to different business methods from those prevalent locally—the quick, sharp, decisive action of the metropolis. He knew that a man must decide quickly and step lively to succeed in the great city. But he knew, too, the great prizes that lay there, and he had for some time been dissatisfied with his present situation.

So finally that evening, with a somewhat quickened pulse, he named by night message a time when he could come to New York, and received before midmorning a telegram confirming the date, signed by the head of the firm himself—Mr. Henry J. Staver.

Upon arriving at the street address printed on the letterhead Mr. Tyler was surprised momentarily to find that the rooms of the banking house were not on the street floor, as he had imagined them, but in the eleventh story.

When he reached them, however, he was in no way disappointed by their appearance. Their furniture was new and highly polished, a green carpet gave a sumptuous setting to the place, and a multitude of neatly dressed stenographers worked like mad in different rooms, through the window of one of which he caught a furtive glimpse of the pale green waters of the bay and the great steamships churning out to sea. He was in New York; and he sensed to his last finger tip the snap and dash of the Western Hemisphere's metropolis.

It was not, however, until he had given his name to the girl across the polished information desk and had been ushered into the private office of the head of the firm that he felt the height of the intensity of action he had been sensing since he had first entered the rushing crowds of that hurrying city.

Henry J. Staver was the briskest, snappiest young man Mr. Tyler had ever seen. His voice was snappy, his clothes were snappy, and his black eyes, striking you, transfixed you like a beetle on a pin.

"How are you?" Mr. Staver exclaimed. "Sit down. Glad to see you!" And he pierced Mr. Tyler with his sharp black eyes.

He then asked him a number of penetrating questions—especially about the Liberty Bond-selling campaign—the answers to which seemed to satisfy him, though Mr. Tyler was not at his best in making them.

"You sold a good bunch, as I get you," his questioner then inquired of him, still boring into him with his eyes—"to younger men?"

"Well—yes," admitted young Mr. Tyler, very doubtful whether this would be considered an advantage or not.

"In small lots?" continued his cross-questioner.

"Well, yes," admitted the young applicant, now less and less hopeful of being found acceptable for the position.

But in this he was mistaken.

"All right!" said Mr. Staver suddenly and unexpectedly. "You'll do."

And right there on the spot he offered him a position—the agency, which had not been filled, for selling the firm's securities in the section of the state where Mr. Tyler lived.

"We are willing to take a chance on you if you are on us," snapped out Mr. Staver. "But we shall want you to begin right now—if you come at all; for we start right away on our new selling campaign."

Fumbling in His Pocket, He Found the Crushed Card Still There

Young Mr. Tyler knew, of course, the quickness and address with which all business was dispatched in New York; but he was astonished at the few words and short appraisal required for this transaction. It was a revelation to him, even though, as Mr. Staver showed him, his firm was pressed for time, upon the eve of what he termed a whirlwind selling campaign.

He was even more astonished, though naturally he did not show it, when Mr. Staver drove on and made his financial proposition, and named the salary or, rather, the commissions he would make if he were in any way a hustler. It was a very large sum—an amount larger, indeed, than the president of the bank where young Mr. Tyler was employed was reported to be receiving for his services. And it was not surprising that, at first, Mr. Tyler should be somewhat skeptical; for he was not a child in business matters, even though he had lived, up to date, in a small provincial city. He had seen security salesmen come in and out of the bank and even had some slight acquaintance with the figures of the stock market, which he quite often—like many other young men in his line—read over in the New York morning paper, interested, though not yet able to invest.

"What is it—this proposition you are bringing out? And how can I be sure—or you either," he asked, reddening slightly—"that I can sell any such amount?"

At that Mr Staver smiled a hard snappy smile. "I'll show you that," he said. "Quick and easy!" And, reaching into his drawer, he took out a blue stock certificate.

"This," said Henry J. Staver, standing up the blue certificate upon the desk so that young Mr. Tyler could see it plainly, "is what we've got. International Manganese. Manganese!"

And briefly, in sharp businesslike tones, he gave the statistics of manganese production, the profits from good manganese mines, and the fabulous fortunes that had unquestionably been taken from them in the past.

"Now then," said Mr. Staver tersely, "that's what we say! What you want to know—these days—is what we do. I'll show you what we do. We hold five hundred thousand dollars' worth of this stock for our own account—one-half of the whole issue. Every dollar we can rake, scrape or borrow," he said, now marking out each word with the blue certificate in his hands, "has gone into this issue for our own account. That shows you one thing, anyhow—what we think of it ourselves!"

He outlined rather sharply the difference between security houses that believed in and held their own securities and those who do not.

"But now!" exclaimed Mr. Staver, and he now leveled the blue certificate at Mr. Tyler like a revolver. "What we believe—or do, either—isn't binding on you or anybody else these days who is anyway wise. You asked me a question. You asked me how I knew you could sell this stock. I'll show you.

"No; I won't!" said Mr. Staver, changing his mind. "I'll let you show yourself."

And, dropping for the instant his blue certificate, he reached over on his desk and took up and handed to young Mr. Tyler the morning paper.

"Open it," he said, "to the fourth from the last page. There! Now find the column of the New York Curb. And now, running your finger down about a dozen lines, what do you see?"

"International Manganese, you mean?" said Teddy Tyler, reading.

"At what price at yesterday's closing?" returned Mr. Staver.

"One and one-sixteenth," read Mr. Tyler.

"Our price to our customers," announced Mr. Staver, "right now, and to the end of their allotment—five hundred thousand shares—is one dollar a share."

"But how—how is that possible? How can you do that?" exclaimed young Mr. Tyler, much puzzled, studying him hard.

"I'll tell you how," responded his companion in his sharp, snappy, definite voice. "For two reasons: In the first place, it is not usual but not unheard of for Broad Street to anticipate by a fraction the rise in a stock if it thinks especially well of it before it is all issued. In the second place, it is perfectly well known on the Street what our plans are for this stock, and how they will hold it off the market."

And he then outlined what these plans were.

"One-half—all we can handle," he said—"we lay aside for ourselves. One-half, five hundred thousand shares, we lay aside as a fund—an insurance fund for the future."

"An insurance fund?" inquired his hearer, and watched him very closely.

"Yes," said Mr. Staver; and again he leveled the blue certificate at the other. "Do you realize," he asked sharply, "what has happened in this country in the last

two years. Through the education of these Liberty Bond campaigns? Do you realize that in this country there are millions of new investors? And do you realize that from now on all the younger generation in the United States will be customers for investments?"

"Sure!" replied Teddy Tyler, who now thought he could see where the other was going.

"Now then," the speaker went on briskly, "if we're going to sell this security—if we are to get outside money into it anyway—what's the best business for us? To dump it all on the stock market at a few cents' profit a share, if we could even get that for it all?—which is more than doubtful! Or to take it and spread it round as widely as we can among the young men—the investors of the future? Show them a big profit—and insure our business for all time! We believe the last. Are we right?"

"Sure!" said the young applicant for a position quite warmly; for he now saw quite plainly both the idea and where he himself might fit into it.

"But now," said Mr. Staver, leaving that and driving forward on the main argument—"now about your point. We don't have to peddle this stock. You can see that yourself. We don't have to beg or wheedle or bunko any customer into buying it. You see that?"

"Sure!" assented Teddy Tyler.

"But," said Mr. Staver, and now he held his hearer once more transfixed upon his eyes, "for just that same reason we require of our salesmen two things in the beginning. Two things!" said Mr. Staver sharply; and dropping the certificate for the moment, he now held up two fingers. "Now listen, if you want to come with us. Every salesman we take must sign a written agreement on two points before he comes with us to sell International Manganese.

"The first is," continued Mr. Staver with a strong clear emphasis on each word, "that he will make no promise of any kind to a customer concerning the future selling value of this stock. We don't have to sell our stocks that way. We leave that for the fakers," he said, and stopped a moment and picked up the stock certificate again. "You know all about that old game—the fake stock that will certainly go up every other Tuesday morning."

"Sure!" said young Mr. Tyler, who himself had had circulars from promoters in his time.

"That's what we don't want and we won't have!" said Mr. Staver in his hard definite voice. "And, more than that, we lean over backward; we won't even have any salesman of ours tell them that this stock is listed on the Stock Exchange to help himself to sell the stock. That's in the agreement, too, you understand."

"Sure!" said Teddy Tyler, though he thought at the time the condition was pretty strict—unnecessarily hard on the salesman.

But Mr. Staver went right on, giving him his reasons.

"No," he repeated—"not even to say it's listed! For we propose to sell this stock on its merits; to make friends for ourselves in the long run; to insure our future by showing our customers a big profit. Not to have it dumped back on the market for the fraction of a point by a few wise boys who think they're cute—to everybody's loss; their own and ours. They'll hear about it soon enough—that kind—as it is," added Mr. Staver.

"Sure!" said Teddy Tyler, seeing plainly now.

It was a stiff rule, all right. But he liked this fellow; he was his style—square, but wise too; sharp as they made them.

"And the second argument for every salesman—in black and white," went on Mr. Staver clearly, "for the same reason, is this: No salesman of ours—while he's with us—can buy or sell this stock on his own account. If we want to feed the stock market we can feed it ourselves, direct. We aren't in the business of carrying stock for either agents or customers who get the idea they can make themselves millionaires by scalping the market at our expense. Is that sense or not?"

"Sure, it is!" said Teddy Tyler.

He could see that plainly enough—from their standpoint. And he could see other things too now. That stock; that blue certificate in the young banker's hands, must be good—in their opinion anyway. What better guaranty could they give than their own personal holdings, the relatively small amount they would sell on any terms, and the absolutely ironclad rules that bound their salesmen from using illegitimate or even what could be considered perfectly legitimate methods of selling?

But he could see and understand now still more than that. The salary or commissions he had been offered no longer appeared to him impossibly large, but even relatively small; for he saw now, for the first time—from this man not so many years older than himself—what great prizes, what tremendous opportunities for money-making must come, here in the metropolis, to a young man with a first-hand inside knowledge of stocks and the security market.

"Now then!" said Henry J. Staver, breaking in sharply on his thoughts. "How about you? Are you ready to come with us on these terms—or aren't you?"

"Sure I am!" said Teddy Tyler, acting at once and burning all his bridges behind him.

"Good!" said Mr. Staver, pushing a button sharply, and now rising to his feet. "You come in here at three this afternoon, and we'll start you in our school, teaching you the selling game."

And, getting up and laying the blue certificate on his desk, he bade Mr. Tyler good-by until that time.

In the school for security salesmen, which he attended for the full week following, Teddy Tyler was given, with a number of others, the fundamentals of salesmanship and the special values shown in the security he was about to sell. The fundamentals of good salesmanship, as they were taught him there, were three: first, absolute honesty; second, absolute belief in your security; and third, absolutely accurate statement, without exaggeration, so the customer could never come back on you in any way for misrepresentation.

You were told and retold to stick closely to these rules. Then, after that, you were drilled thoroughly in the special merits of International Manganese—until a blind man could see that, whatever else they were, these people were strictly on the level, believed in their security entirely, and were determined it should be distributed on its merits only.

Below the school, some little distance off, he could see and hear, whenever the windows were raised at all, the rough bedlam of the Curb Market down the vista of the rightly named Broad Street. Several times, with the other students in the school, he went to its borders and listened, without any very clear understanding, to its frenzies.

A number of times he walked through Wall Street; and once he looked down upon the floor of the great Stock Exchange. Yet he carried away little that he remembered of the financial operations of the metropolis beyond what was drilled into him concerning the value of his own security.

This he learned backward and forward by heart, until he felt that no one could tell him much which was fundamental about the prospects of I. M.

In addition to this he made a number of friends, both among the others studying with him and in the office force; for Teddy Tyler—as everyone in his own town would have testified—was naturally social, had an open, communicative and engaging way with him, and promptly and easily made friends with young people of both sexes.

New York was no exception. Many of the neatly dressed stenographers found time from their mad rush of typewriting to smile at him as he came into the office. And the head stenographer and private secretary—to whom Mr. Staver had introduced him on his first employment, and with whom he felt quite well acquainted—pleased him very much by her friendliness and her statement that he certainly had all the qualities of a natural salesman.

It was in the last of his week—on the very day, in fact, when his course was ended—that he overheard by sheer accident the first conversation concerning the color of stock certificates; which, though of little meaning to him at the time, he remembered long afterward.

He had gone back, as it chanced, into the schoolroom, searching for his fountain pen, which he thought he might have left there, when his attention was caught and held by the sound of high voices, evidently raised in angry argument. Listening—as he could not help doing—he heard that one voice was Henry J. Staver's, while the other he recognized as that of a certain older salesman to whom he had that day been introduced, as one who had formerly sold stock in his own territory.

And he then at once recalled that the last window in the schoolroom must open next in the wall to the one from the private office of the head of the firm; and that he was listening to the castigation and discharge of an employee—a scene in which he was not unnaturally interested, especially as there was an unconfirmed suspicion in his mind that this man was being discharged possibly that he himself might take his territory.

The voice of the employer was sharp—not to say brutally harsh. He was charging the other, it appeared, with conduct concerning the use of funds and the pulling down of drawing accounts from his own and other firms which he had no hesitation in calling criminal.

"How many houses do you think you can work for at the same time?" inquired Mr. Staver.

"How many kids have you got now in your kindergarten?" responded the other in an insolent voice, quite evidently none the clearer for the influence of liquor.

"Enough, anyhow, to sell them more stock than all the poor bums I'm letting go!" retorted Mr. Staver caustically.

"Stock, huh!" inquired the clouded voice of the other. "What kind—blue or pink?"

And at that there was a sound as of chairs being pushed back and men rising, and of the voice of Henry J. Staver, colder and more menacing than ever before.

"Say that again—anywhere," he said—"if you want to look all round the inside of a jail!"

And then there was silence, followed by the sounds of uneven steps and a door closing. After a short interval young Mr. Tyler, not having

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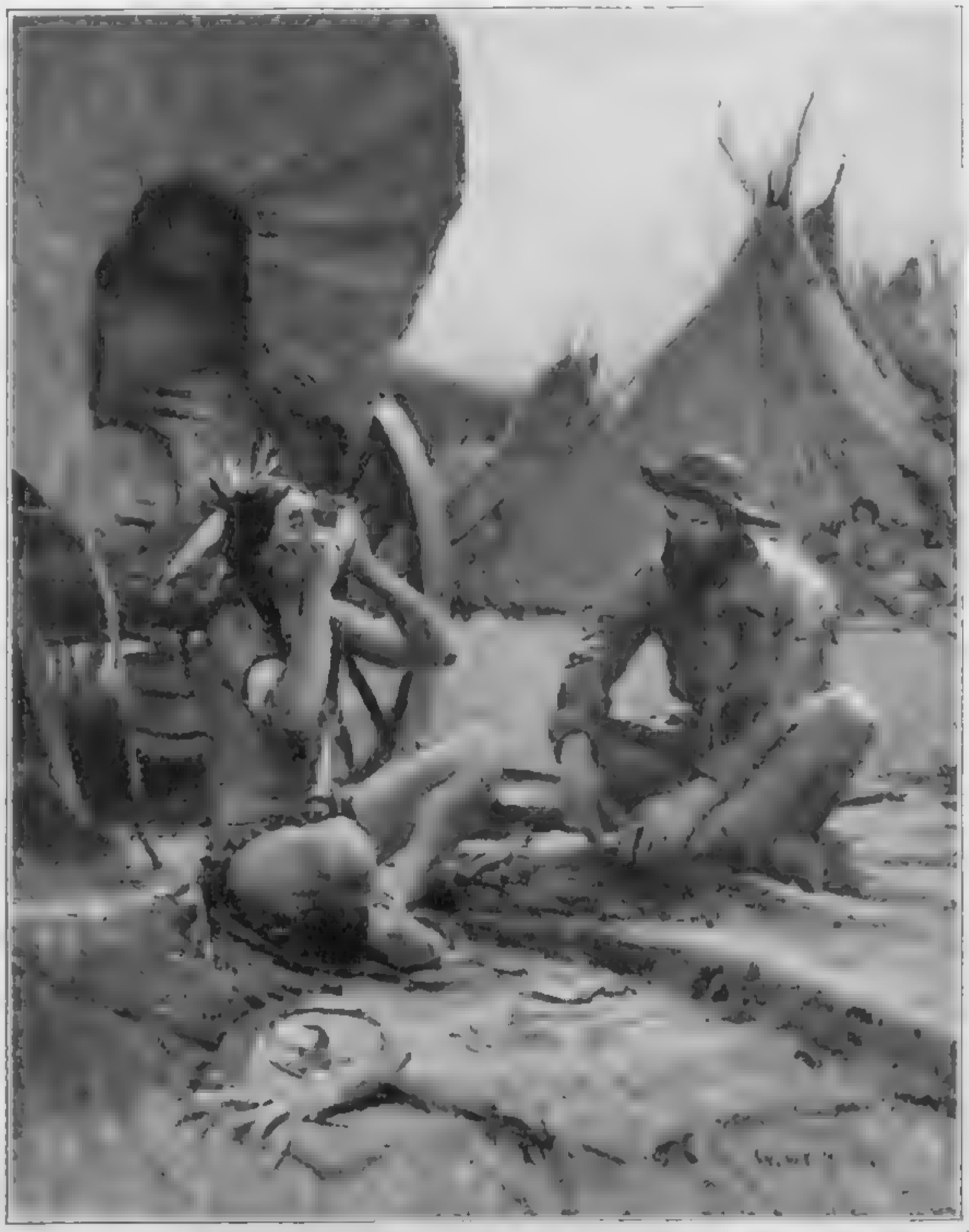
"Of Course That's Just as You Say, Mother, Only You Couldn't Lose. For You Can See in Black and White What It Sells for Above a Dollar"

TRAVELING THE OLD TRAILS

Once Upon a Time—By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



The Trader Knew the Ways of His Customer. He Did Not Start in at Once to Do Business. He Acted as Though He Had All the Time in the World—and So He Had

TWO very simple and direct young men, agents of a certain country called America, once upon a time started west across this continent on the greatest exploring expedition the world has ever known. They passed their first winter on the trail in what is now known as North Dakota. At that time the North Dakota legislature was not in session and the Nonpartisan League was not yet organized. At Butte, Montana—or where Butte later was to be—they noted no I. W. W. as they passed by in high summer of the following year. At the mouth of the Columbia River, in a state named after a certain man once well known—to wit, G. Washington—there were at that time no radical socialists and no plotters against the foundations of their government. Had these things then been in existence it is possible that Meriwether Lewis, a bold though melancholy man who feared nothing in the world, might have turned to his red-headed and sanguine friend, William Clark, and said: "Will, what's the use?"

And that red-headed and sanguine young man, had he been able to foresee the later development in that great country through which they were passing, might perhaps have nodded and said: "Let's go back home."

Lewis and Clark, great individualists and great soldiers, who found us an immeasurably valuable empire at an expense of twenty-five hundred dollars, could never—from any horizon within their power—have foreseen the day when America could surrender even in part to the proposition that all men are alike and that they exist as masses in which one unit is precisely equal to each other unit. Had these two fighting men known that they were asked to find a country for I. W. W.'s, Bolsheviki and state socialists, in all likelihood they would have declined the job.

But once upon a time the new and splendid country which lay west of the Missouri River was indeed a land of individual opportunity. You did not even need in those days to get a surveyor to lay out your land for you after you found it. You found it where you liked and settled on it because you did like it, and when you tired of the sort of corn your land was raising you could trek a hundred miles west and get a new farm, if you wanted one. You even could make a living and not own any farm at all. The most beautiful and the most hopeful land in all the world lay on ahead. We did not live soft in those days; did not dodge hardships; had no housemaids or chauffeurs or gardeners or waiters to trouble us; had no so-called American standard of living; lacked a lot of the social, business and political bluff and bunk which we accept as matter of course to-day. And that was our land of men and our day of men.

Into this new empire of the unknown there ran three natural highways—the three roads which directed all westbound travel in those days. The first and greatest of these was the highway of adventure and romance which carried the fur trade up the Missouri River. Note, if you please, that men first went into that upper country in search of raw resources. They were not planting anything; they were not trafficking in any manufactured article in return for cash or for some other manufactured article. They had the idea which has made most of our great American fortunes. Before buffalo robes became worth handling, beaver fur was a thing much in the minds of all merchants. Men—as vain as women ever were—must then have their beaver hats. The head of the Missouri was the greatest beaver country in the world, and there a man might reap what he had not sowed. Bold and eager men hurried out in search of sudden wealth.

The men who made our vanguard then, bold and rude as they appear, were the founders of what we may call the true American character. They were merchants, that is true, but not merchants as we now understand the term. That early merchandising meant an enormous personal risk. The traffic in goods, where some other man has taken the risk, where there is something concrete and objective in hand and on the counter—that is an entirely different proposition from the wild trade of the old Missouri.

The days of the development of the Missouri River raw-resource trail and that up the Arkansas, the trail of the manufactured article, to some extent coincided, though the Missouri River highway long outlived that up the Arkansas. Between the two lay the third great road—up the Platte Valley—and that way ran the Oregon Trail which, for a time used by explorers and hunters, soon was to become the great westbound path of the man in search of a home, the man who used the plow and not the rifle and the steel trap. That ultimately became the trail of the tiller of the soil. None of these first farmers foresaw the day when wheat would sell for an upset price of two dollars and twenty cents a bushel. It was the mere blind instinct of more land or easier hunting or different scenes which led them west.

So far at least we have our three great natural roads—the road of fur and adventure; the road of calico and jeans; and between these two the road of corn and oats. As to the development along any one of these natural roads, it all of course was a matter of transportation. There is nothing more curious and interesting than the tale of the development of transportation in its effect upon the history of America.

For fifty years we went downstream. For fifty years we went upstream. For fifty years we have gone directly across the waterways. Spain was our first trade neighbor. We floated pumpkins and whisky down the Ohio and the Mississippi to New Orleans in broadhorn flatboats. Our first trans-Appalachian settlers came down the Ohio, the Tennessee, the Kentucky—it was easy to go west at that time. If you put a boat on a river you could not go anywhere else. Getting back home again was a different thing. When a young married couple left North Carolina or Virginia it was good-by and good night. Kentucky was farther off than Australia is to-day.

But when it came to getting beyond the Mississippi Valley—that was quite a different thing. Not everyone could thence easily go west. Families and household goods certainly could not, because the upstream travel meant cutting down everything to the last ounce. Men got up the Missouri River by sail, cordelle, pole and paddle. It was easy to bring the fur down the stream when you had it, but to get up the river for two thousand miles, straining in a tracking collar or poling from bar to bar along the shore, was something that required the stuff of real manhood and good rewards to enlist it. It was a wild and bold crew who took on the fur trade a hundred years ago in a wild and bold day, a wild and bold country. Do not say that these things are gone. They still live in the buried blood of America. We are not the worse for them. They are at the base of the wild, restless, dominant American character. Then we could work. Then we learned to laugh.

When the time of the railroads came, when we no longer had to figure out our roads along the hogbacks or rivers, no longer had to puzzle over the best fords of the Platte, the Blue and the Arkansas—then we had no more use for our old paths. We chucked all those things and the stories of all those things into the ash can of our memories, just as your family threw away the old brass candlesticks which to-day you dig out of antique stores at five dollars apiece. To go back into the stories of those days is combing over the ash can of America. But what finds we sometimes make in work of that sort! Suppose we find a country? Suppose we find America? Suppose we find—if not a League of Nations—at least a league of blood?

If my American boy knew nothing else he should know about those paths, those days, the motives under them.

"What time we traded orpiment among the savages," it was all upstream. No labor unions, no eight-hour day—each man for himself and the strong and shrewd to win.

It was a day of superb vitality. No doctors in those days to tell you that you ought not to eat meat. There was nothing else to eat. Out among the Sioux, the Blackfeet, the Crows, we traded orpiment for beaver and we were men—womanless, dead broke, homeless but hopeful men.

The blood of the old fur trade was wholly American—in large degree originally English, Scotch-Irish, a little French, just a touch of Spanish in the earlier days. Such as we were, we were halted at the Mississippi River at the end of our first lap, the down-stream phase of our transportation, at the time when Lewis and Clark came back and told us about the headwaters of the Missouri. Then bold men started up the stream by keelboat and cordelle.

Let us retain only the brave picture of that marvelous unknown region, and the theories of the three natural highways leading out into it. Dates are deadly. Only school-teachers remember dates and they are paid to do so. We do not need very many dates to get a good idea of the early Western country. Indeed I sometimes think that there is but one date that is truly epochal at that stage of our history, and I always thought that any man who understood that date knew his country's history. It does not mark the rise into power of any political party; nor does it set the beginning or the end of any of our wars. But in the year 1836 there came back across the plains the news of the Alamo fight, in which Colonel Travis, Davy Crockett, Colonel Bowie and a hundred and fifty other staunch Americans were killed by Mexicans. That of course meant war and a vast sweep westward. But after all that is not the great and significant event of the year 1836. The glory of the Alamo is no mightier thing than one simple little trade invention—and it was only an invention by a stay-at-home of something "just as good."

It is the little things which sometimes are epochal. In 1836 someone at the eastern edge of the world discovered a process for the making of hats out of silk instead of beaver fur. In 1836, therefore, word went out all over the plains, all along the upper arteries of the Missouri and its tributaries that the hunters and trappers must come back and go to farming. There was no mountain rendezvous after that. Beaver would not again be worth ten dollars a pound.

Therefore, if we can remember the date of 1836 and these three great trails into the wild west of America, we shall have a lasting and significant perspective on the history of our country. Six years after that date Parkman was writing about the Oregon Trail; and at that time men were going west with women on the front seat and the plow beam sticking out of the wagon at the side. We had all laid aside our fringed hunting shirts and leggings and were wearing pants—not yet called trousers.

What profit could a man really make in the fur trade and how did he make it? The history of the fur trade has been done scores of times from scores of angles by all manner of writers, but the easiest and most comprehensive idea of the Homeric era can be obtained from Gen. Hiram Chittenden's monumental work, The History of the American Fur Trade of the Far West. General Chittenden—a compiler and not a first-hand observer—lacks the strangely graphic quality of Gregg, but he has an army engineer's painstaking thoroughness; and you have also his splendid and extraordinary map to show you at a glance how the early Americans traveled west over the three natural trails of the valleys. On this map you can study out the situations of all the old citadels of our first raw resources, and see how each of the three great western trails began and grew.

Secretary of War Cass in 1831 asked Thomas Forsyth, of St. Louis, to tell him about the fur trade, which the latter did in a letter of semiofficial sort which may be abridged: "The articles of merchandise which the traders take with them to the Indian country are as follows, viz., blankets 3 points, 2½, 2, 1½, 1; common blue stroud; ditto red; blue cloth; scarlet ditto; calicoes; domestic cottons; rifles and shotguns, gunpowder, flints and lead; knives of different kinds; looking glasses; vermillion and verdigris; copper, brass and tin kettles; beaver and muskrat traps; fine and common bridles and spurs; silver works; needles and thread; wampum; horses; tomahawks and half axes, etc. An Indian takes on credit from a trader in the autumn

A 3-point blanket at	$10.00
A rifle gun	30.00
A pound of gunpowder	4.00
Total Indian dollars.	$44.00

The 3-point blanket will cost in England say 15 shillings per pair.

1 blanket at 100 per cent is equal to	$ 3.52
A rifle gun costs in this place from $12 to	13.00
A pound of gunpowder	.20
	$16.72
Add 25 per cent for expenses	4.18
	$20.90

"Therefore, according to this calculation—which I know is correct—if the Indian pays all his debts the trader is a gainer of more than 100 per cent each year. But it must be here observed that the trader takes for a dollar a large buckskin which may weigh six pounds, or two doeskins, four muskrats, four or five raccoons; or he allows the Indian three dollars for an otter skin, or two dollars a pound for beaver. And in my opinion the dollar which the trader receives of the Indian is not estimated too high at 125 cents, and perhaps in some instances at 150 cents.

"In the spring the trader lowers his price on all goods, and will sell a 3-point blanket for five dollars and other articles in proportion as he receives the furs down in payment. And as the Indians always reserve the finest and best furs for the spring trade, in the autumn of every year the trader carefully avoids giving credit to the Indians on any costly article, such as silver works, wampum, scarlet cloth, fine bridles, etc., unless it be to an Indian who, he knows, will pay all his debt; in which case he will allow the Indian on credit everything he wishes. Traders always prefer giving on credit gunpowder, flints, lead, knives, tomahawks, hoes, domestic cottons, etc., which they do at the rate of 300 or 400 per cent, and if one-fourth of the prices of those articles be paid the trader is amply paid.

"General Ashley was nearly one hundred thousand dollars in debt, as I have been informed, since which he has paid off all his debts and has now an independent fortune. Perhaps it would not be exceeding the truth to say that half a million of dollars in furs are now annually brought down the Missouri River that formerly went to Hudson's Bay; and it is the enterprising spirit of General Ashley which has occasioned the change of this channel of trade."

Forsyth wrote in 1831 and General Ashley did not begin his own career until 1822. At that time he advertised for "one hundred enterprising young men to ascend the Missouri River to its source, there to be employed for one, two or three years." He got about him a body of good men and his company as formed became known as The Rocky Mountain Fur Company: one of the most important of the many concerns which traded in beaver.

Ashley was especially fortunate in his lieutenants—such men as Sublette, Jackson, Fitzpatrick, Smith, Henry and others of those who, under one or other firm name, continued in the trade long after Ashley himself had left it. With this concern later on were identified such picturesque figures as Jim Bridger, who would have been the greatest liar in the world had it not been for the mulatto Jim Beckwourth, who really never told the truth at all so far as is known.

General Ashley started in the boat trade up the Missouri River, as had all his predecessors. Of these the most immediate competitor he had was the Missouri Fur Company, which included most of the leading merchants of

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At That Time Men Were Going West With Women on the Front Seat and the Plow Beam Sticking Out of the Wagon at the Side

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Case Number Three: Tutt vs. the "Spring Fret"

"And it came to pass, when she pressed him daily with her words, and urged him, so that his soul was vexed unto death; that he told her all his heart, and said unto her, There hath not come a razor upon mine head; . . . if I be shaven, then my strength will go from me, and I shall become weak and be like any other man." Judges xvi, 16, 17.

HAVE you seen '76 Fed.' anywhere, Mr. Tutt?" inquired Tutt, appearing suddenly in the doorway of his partner's office.

Mr. Tutt looked up from Page 364 of the opinion he was perusing in "The United States vs. One Hundred and Thirty-two Packages of Spirituous Liquors and Wines."

"Got it here in front of me," he answered shortly. "What do you want it for?"

Tutt looked over his shoulder.

"That's a grand name for a case, isn't it? 'Packages of Wines!'" he chuckled. "I made a note once of a matter entitled 'United States vs. Forty-three Cases of Frozen Eggs'; and of another called 'United States vs. One Feather Mattress and One Hundred and Fifty Pounds of Butter'—along in 197 Federal Reports, if I remember correctly. And you recall that accident case we had—Bump against the Railroad?"

"You can't tell me anything about names," remarked Mr. Tutt. "I once tried a divorce action, Fuss against Fuss; and another, Love against Love. Do you really want this book?"

"Not if you are using it," replied Tutt. "I just wanted to show an authority to Mr. Sorg, the president of the Fat and Skinny Club. You know our application for a certificate of incorporation was denied yesterday by Justice McAlpin."

"No, I didn't know it," returned Mr. Tutt. "Why?"

"Here's his memorandum in the Law Journal," answered his partner. "Read it for yourself":

Matter of Fat and Skinny Club, Inc. This is an application for approval of a certificate of incorporation as a membership corporation. The stated purposes are to promote and encourage social intercourse and good fellowship and to advance the interests of the community. The name selected is the Fat and Skinny Club. If this be the most appropriate name descriptive of its membership it is better that it remain unincorporated. Application denied.

"Now who says the law isn't the perfection of common sense?" ruminated Mr. Tutt. "Its general principles are magnificent."

"And yet," mused Tutt, "only last week Judge McAlpin granted the petition of one Solomon Swackhamer to change his name to Phillips Brooks Vanderbilt. Is that right? Is that justice? Is it equity? I ask you!—when he turns down the Fat and Skinnies?"

"Oh, yes it is," retorted Mr. Tutt. "When you consider that Mr. Swackhamer could have assumed the appellation of P. B. Vanderbilt or any other name he chose without asking the court's permission at all."

"What!" protested Tutt incredulously.

"That's the law," returned the senior partner. "A man can call himself what he chooses and change his name as often as he likes—so long, of course, as he doesn't do it to defraud. The mere fact that a statute likewise gives him the right to apply to the courts to accomplish the same result makes no difference."

"Of course it might make him feel a little more comfortable about it to do it that way," suggested Tutt. "Do you know, as long as I've practiced law in this town I've always assumed that one had to get permission to change one's name."

"You've learned something," said Mr. Tutt suavely. "I hope you will put it to good account. Here's '76 Fed.' Take it out and console the Fat and Skinny Club with it if you can."

Mr. Tutt surrendered the volume without apparent regret and Tutt retired to his own office and to the task of soothing the injured feelings of Mr. Sorg.

A simple-minded little man was Tutt, for all his professional shrewdness and ingenuity. Like many a hero of the battlefield and of the bar, once inside the palings of his own fence he became modest, gentle, even timorous. For Abigail, his wife, had no illusions about him and did not affect to have any. To her neither Tutt nor Mr. Tutt was any such great shakes. Had Tutt dared to let her know of many of the schemes which he devised for the profit or safety of his clients she would have thought less of him still; in fact, she might have parted with him forever. In a sense Mrs. Tutt was an exacting woman. Though she somewhat reluctantly consented to view the hours from nine A.M. to five P.M. in her husband's day as belonging to the law, she emphatically regarded the rest of the twenty-four hours as belonging to her. The law may be, as Judge Holmes has called it, "a jealous mistress," but in the case of Tutt it was not nearly so jealous as his wife. So Tutt was compelled to walk the straight-and-narrow path whether he liked it or not. On the whole he liked it well enough, but there were times—usually in the spring—when without being conscious of what was the matter with him he mourned his lost youth. For Tutt was only forty-eight and he had had a grandfather who had lived strenuously to upward of twice that age. He was vigorous, sprightly, bright-eyed and as hard as nails, even if somewhat resembling in his contours the late Mr. Pickwick. Mrs. Tutt was tall, spare, capable and sardonic. She made Tutt comfortable, but she no longer appealed to his sense of romance. Still she held him. As the playwright hath said: "It isn't good looks they want, but good nature; if a warm welcome won't hold them, cold cream won't."

However, Tutt got neither looks nor cold cream. His welcome, in fact, was warm only if he stayed out too late, and then the later the warmer. His relationship to his wife was prosaic, respectful. In his heart of hearts he occasionally thought of her as exceedingly unattractive. In a word Mrs. Tutt performed her wifely functions in a purely matter-of-fact way. Anything else would have seemed to her unseemly. She dressed in a manner that would have been regarded as conservative even on Beacon Hill. She had no intention of making an old fool of herself or of letting him be one either. When people had been married thirty years they could take some things for granted. Few persons therefore had ever observed Mr. Tutt in the act of caressing Mrs. Tutt; and there were those who said that he never had. Frankly, she was a trifle forbidding; superficially not the sort of person to excite a great deal of sentiment; and occasionally, as we have hinted, in the spring Tutt yearned for a little sentiment.

He did his yearning, however, entirely on the side and within those hours consecrated to the law. In his wife's society he yearned not at all. In her company he carefully kept his thoughts and his language inside the innermost circle of decorum. At home his talk was entirely "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay," and dealt principally with politics and the feminist movement, in which Abigail was deeply interested.

And by this we do not mean to suggest that at other times or places Tutt was anything but conventionally proper. He was not. He only yearned to be, well knowing that he was deficient in courage if not in everything else.

But habit or no habit, likely or unlikely, Mrs. Tutt had no intention of taking any chances so far as Tutt was concerned. If he did not reach home precisely at six explanations were in order, and if he came in half an hour later he had to demonstrate his integrity beyond a reasonable doubt according to the established rules of evidence.

Perhaps Mrs. Tutt did wisely to hold Tutt thus in leash considering the character of many of the firm's clients. For it was quite impossible to conceal the nature of the practice of Tutt & Tutt; much of which figured flamboyantly in the newspapers. Some women would have taken it for granted under like circumstances that their husbands had acquired a touch at least of the wisdom of the serpent even if they remained quite harmless. Abigail countenanced no thought of any demoralization in her spouse. To her he was like the artist who smears himself and his smock with paint while in his studio, but appears at dinner in spotless linen without even a whiff of benzine about him to suggest his occupation. So Tutt, though hand and glove in his office with the most notorious of the élite of Longacre Square, came home to supper with the naïveté and innocence of a theological student for whom an evening at a picture show is the height of dissipation.

Yet Tutt was no more of a Doctor Jekyl and Mr. Hyde than most of us. Merely, his daily transition was a little more abrupt. And when all is said and done most of the devices invented by his fertile little brain to further the interests of his clients were no more worthy of condemnation than those put forward by far higher-priced and much more celebrated attorneys.

Not that Mrs. Tutt was blind to the dangers to which her husband by virtue of his occupation was exposed. Far from it. Indeed she made it her business to pay periodical visits to the office, ostensibly to see whether or not it was properly cleaned and the windows washed, but in reality—or at least so Tutt suspected—to find out whether the personnel was entirely suitable for a firm of their standing and particularly for a junior partner of his susceptibilities.

But she never discovered anything to give her the slightest cause for alarm. The dramatis personæ of the offices of Tutt & Tutt were characteristic of the firm, not one of their employees—except Miss Sondheim, the tumultuous-haired lady stenographer—being under forty years of age. Even Willie, the so-called office boy, was in point of fact a gargoyle-faced youth of something over fifty who, an embryonic burglar who had been rescued in his teens from a life of

"I Mean to Imply That No Man Is Too Wise to be Made a Fool Of by Some Woman"

crime through the skill of Mr. Tutt, had remained faithful to him ever since as a sort of office Puck and personal Man Friday.

When not engaged in running errands or fussing over his postage-stamp album William spent most of his time tessing old Scraggs, the clerk and scrivener, who, though his contemporary, looked decrepit enough to be his father. William was a prohibitionist, while Scraggs was an unsuccessful teetotaler. A faint odor of alcohol emanated from the cage in which he performed his labors and lent an atmosphere of cheerfulness to what might otherwise have seemed to Broadway clients an unsympathetic environment. Scraggs scorned William as a halfwit; William regarded Scraggs as a derelict, which in fact he was, though there were long annual periods during which he was as sober as a Kansas judge. The winds of March were apt, however, to take hold of him. Perhaps it was the spring in his case also.

The backbone of the establishment was Miss Florence Wiggin. In every law office there is usually some one person who keeps the shop going. Sometimes it is a man. If so, he is probably a sublimated stenographer or law clerk who having worked for years to get himself admitted to the bar finds, after achieving that ambition, that he has neither the ability nor the inclination to brave the struggle for a livelihood by himself. Perchance as a youth he has had visions of himself arguing test cases before the Court of Appeals while the leaders of the bar hung upon his every word, of an office crowded with millionaire clients and servile employees, even as he is servile to the man for whom he labors for a miserly ten dollars a week.

His ambition takes him by the hand and leads him to high places, from which he gazes down into the land of his future prosperity and greatness. The law seems a mysterious, alluring, fascinating profession, combining the romance of the drama with the gratifications of the intellect. He springs to answer his master's bell; he sits up until all hours running down citations and making extracts from opinions; he rushes to court and answers the calendar and sometimes carries the lawyer's brief case and attends him throughout a trial. Three years go by—five—and he finds that he is still doing the same thing. He is now a member of the bar, he has become the managing clerk, he attends to fairly important matters, engages the office force, superintends transfers of title, occasionally argues a motion. Five years more go by and perhaps his salary is raised a trifle more. Then one day he awakes to the realization that his future is to be only that of a trusted servitor.

Perchance he is married and has a baby. The time has come for him to choose whether he will go forth and put his fortune to the test "to win or lose it all" or settle down into the position of faithful legal hired man. He is getting a bit bald, he has had one or two tussles with his bank about accidental overdrafts. The world looks pretty bleak outside and the big machine of the law goes grinding on, heartless, inevitable. Who is he to challenge the future? The old job is fairly easy; they can't get on without him, they say; here is where he belongs; he knows his business—give him his thirty-five hundred a year and let him stay!

That is Binks, or Calkins, or Shivers, or any one of those worried gray-haired men who sit in the outer office behind a desk strewn with papers and make sure that no mistakes have been made. To them every doubtful question of practice is referred and they answer instantly—sometimes wrongly, but always instantly. They know the last day for serving the demurrer in Bilbank against Terwilliger and whether or not you can tax a referee's fee as a disbursement in a bill of costs; they are experts on the precise form for orders in matrimonial actions and the rule in regard to filing a summons and complaint in Oneida County; they stand between the members of the firm and disagreeable clients; they hire and discharge the office boys; they do everything from writing a brief for the Supreme Court of the United States down to making the contract with the window cleaners; they are the only lawyers who really know anything, and they were once promising young men, who have found out at last that life and the Sunday-school books are very far apart; but they run the works and make the law a gentleman's profession for the rest of us. They are always there. Others come, grow older, go away, but they remain. Many of them drink. All of which would be irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial if this were not a legal story.

"I Have Indeed! If It Is What You Call a Case for a Man to Promise to Marry a Woman and Then Refuse to Do So"

Scraggs had been one of these, but he had also been one of those who drank, and now he was merely a bookkeeper. Miss Wiggin reigned in his stead.

A woman and not a man kept Tutt & Tutt on the map. When this sort of thing occurs it is usually because the woman in question is the ablest and very likely also the best person in the outfit, and she assumes the control of affairs by a process of natural selection. Miss Wiggin was the conscience, if Mr. Tutt was the heart, of Tutt & Tutt. Nobody, unless it was Mr. Tutt, knew where she had come from or why she was working if at all in only a semi-respectable law office. Without her something dreadful would have happened to the general morale. Everybody recognized that fact.

Her very appearance gave the place tone—neutralized the faint odor of alcohol from the cage. For in truth she was a fine-looking woman. Had she been costumed by a Fifth Avenue dressmaker and done her coiffure differently she would have been pretty. Because she drew her gray hair straight back from her low forehead and tied it in a knob on the back of her head, wore paper cuffs and a black dress, she looked nearer fifty than forty-one, which she was. Two hundred dollars would have taken twenty years off her apparent age—a year for every ten dollars; but she would not have looked a particle less a lady.

Her duties were ambiguous. She was always the first to arrive at the office and was the only person permitted to open the firm mail outside of its members. She overlooked the books that Scraggs kept and sent out the bills. She kept the key to the cash box and had charge of the safe. She made the entries in the docket and performed most of the duties of a regular managing clerk. She had been admitted to the bar. She checked up the charge accounts and on Saturdays paid off the office force. In addition to all these things she occasionally took a hand at a brief, drew most of the pleadings, and kept track of everything that was done in the various cases.

But her chief function, one which made her invaluable, was that of receiving the clients who came to the office, and in the first instance ascertaining just what their troubles were; and she was so sympathetic and at the same time so sensible that many a stranger who casually drifted in and would otherwise just as casually have drifted out again remained a permanent fixture in the firm's clientele. Scraggs and William adored her in spite of her being an utter enigma to them. She was quiet but businesslike, of few words but with a latent sense of humor that not infrequently broke through the surface of her gravity, and she proceeded upon the excellent postulate that everyone with whom she came in contact was actuated by the highest sense of honor. She acted as a spiritual tonic to both Mr. Tutt and Tutt—especially to the latter, who was the more in need of it. If they were ever tempted to stray across the line of professional rectitude her simple assumption that the thing couldn't be done usually settled the matter once and for all. On delicate questions Mr. Tutt frankly consulted her. Without her Tutt & Tutt would have been shysters; with her they were almost respectable. She received a salary of three thousand dollars a year and earned double that amount, for she served where she loved and her first thought was of Tutt & Tutt. If you can get a woman like that to run your law office do not waste any time or consideration upon a man. Her price is indeed above rubies.

Yet even Miss Wiggin could not keep the shadow of the vernal equinox off the simple heart of the junior Tutt. She had seen it coming for several weeks, had scented danger in the way Tutt's childish eye had lingered upon Miss Sondheim's tumultuous black hair and in the rather rakish, familiar way he had guided the ladies who came to get divorces out to the elevator. And then there swam into his life the beautiful Mrs. Allison, and for a time Tutt became not only hysterically young again but—well, you shall see.

Yet, curiously enough, though we are a long way from where this story opened it all goes back to Phillips Brooks Vanderbilt and the Fat and Skinny Club and the right to call ourselves by what names we please. Moreover, as must be apparent, all that happened occurred beyond Miss Wiggin's sphere of spiritual influence. Yet, had it not, even she could not have harnessed Leviathan or loosed the bands of Orion—to say nothing of counteracting the effect of spring.

When Tutt returned with "76 Fed." after the departure of Mr. Sorg he found his partner smoking the usual stogy and gazing pensively down upon the harbor. The immediate foreground was composed of rectangular roofs of divers colors, mostly reddish, ornamented with eccentrically shaped chimney pots, penthouses, skylights and water tanks, in addition to various curious whistlelike protuberances from which white wraiths of steam whirled and danced in the gay breeze. Beyond, in the middle distance, a great highway of sparkling jewels led across the waves to the distant faintly green hills of Staten Island. Three tiny aëroplanes wove invisible threads against the

(Continued on Page 66)

DUDS

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

XVI

DURAND was reacting to the potent spirits as such natures, cowardly but venomous, are apt to do. His murderous decision, arrived at in cold sobriety, needed the artificial stimulus to be carried out unshrinkingly, with flourishes.

No amount of strong drink would have given him the courage to defy Karakoff, whom he held in cringing fear. But once having nerved himself to risk the master's wrath he required propping up for the accomplishment of the act itself. Durand had talked largely of Ivan's old mob which had held the capitals of Europe in terror for a number of years. But he had never been of it. He had been no more than one of its numerous fences, an avaricious and craven one held in scorn and contempt by those ruthless autocrats of the underworld.

His guests, too, had been merely its jackals, cunning profiteers of crime. Chu-Chu would welcome them in hell with flaming spittle, Ivan pass them in cold disgust on their journey through the empty places. They were of the worst which humanity has to protest—worse than the pirate; the slaughtering, baby-killing Hun, who has at least in the turbid depths of his maudlin murderous soul a spark of loyalty to something, somewhere, a blood-stained, blood-shamed chimera called the Fatherland, murmured by his drunken lips in dying.

But such folk as these had no merit, mere saturate solutions of cruel and selfish desire, ergo poisonous even to itself. Durand was the worst. He now sprang up and jostled the others to their screened lodge for the spectacle prepared in his lurid fancy.

"Here, behind the portières, *mes amis*." They surged toward the window where Phineas was waiting, pistol drawn, a cold Nemesis, but impatient. "No—over there in the corner—*voilà*."

"Oh, Là, Là, Là! But What is to be Expected of Such Canaille? Chu-Chu Was Pretty Bad, But Politeness Never Failed Him"

He glanced round the room, seemed satisfied with his *mise en scène*, and skipped across to the door in a jaunty way which had something monstrous about it.

"One minute, *mes braves;* I'll bring her up," he whispered and disappeared.

Phineas peered after him hungrily and tightened his grip on the jimmy. He was beginning to feel an affection for that octagonal bar of steel. The pistol for the others if need be, but the jimmy seemed peculiarly adapted as a tool with which to pry Durand off into hell. A bullet was too clean.

It needed a butcher's knife for slaughtering swine, poison or a burglar's tool or such pathogenic microbe disinfectant as had rendered Jules innocuous.

And then the pot began to brew. In the next window embrasure Phineas could hear the two visitors scuffling and whispering. He thought it probable they did not care greatly for Durand's proposed entertainment but had consented to assist, partly not to give offense, partly out of curiosity. Something was now apparently wrong, for he could hear them tugging at the window and cursing in some Levantine tongue. Then he caught the words, "*courant d'air.*" So that was the difficulty. The window refused to close snugly and this tender potential assistant to the baiting of a helpless girl before her foul murder was complaining of a cold draft on the nape of his neck.

"It's nothing," muttered the other man in French. "*Eh bien*, if you are so frightened of influenza, then try the other window."

There came the padding of feet on the floor. Phineas gripped the jimmy and held his breath. Four thick bejeweled fingers seized the edge of the portière at the level of his knee, for he was standing on the window sill. The portière was jerked aside. He stood exposed in the bright glare of the incandescent lights, straight, rigid, his steel bar shoulder high.

It is doubtful if the swarthy victim quite realized what killed him. The whistling intake of his startled breath was synchronous with the whistle of the jimmy as it fell on his black poll. There was the crunch of iron on bone, not loud, nor of pleasing sound like the honest thud of fist blow. The man appeared to diminish in pleats, like an extended accordion set down on end. Phineas and the occupant of the other window sill stepped down with the simultaneous precision of two comedians doing a brother act. For some reason the man did not cry out. Perhaps years of stealthy practice had broken him of the habit of crying out when startled, or his whistle may have clogged, or its steam been going in the reverse direction.

At any rate he stared at Phineas, though not for any appreciable length of time. Then one hand started for a side pocket, got there and no farther. Phineas' silent bound had brought him within the extended arc of the jimmy's orbit. Down it came, breaking the raised arm as though it had been plaster and smashing the skull it sought to shelter. Another leaky accordion, thought Phineas.

Sounds from somewhere below reached his ear, not cries or curses but more sinister noises. Something was being dragged along; a body was being dragged along, up the stairs, the heels bumping on them. It was heavy work, required pauses for breath on the part of the dragger. No sound from the draggee. The girl was bound and gagged of course, Phineas reflected, and she was a tall and solid girl despite her deceptively féerique daintiness.

Phineas' immediate instinct was to save Durand more toil and trouble; to go meet him and render his further efforts unnecessary, to finish the satanic play then and there. But it flashed through his mind that more extended information might be forthcoming. Durand was of the sort to taunt a victim before administering the *coup de grâce;* to boast his cleverness, superior acumen, accretion of wealth; and to demonstrate the folly of entering the lists in tourney with his master mind. He would desire to show off before his confreres, sneer at the bungling efforts of his adversary, then terrify and gloat.

There was a canapé between the two windows, not the divan under which he had shoved the high atelier stepladder but one similar. Phineas dragged the two corpses thither, thrust them out of sight, then stepped up on the window sill, their proscenium box when animate. Durand would glance in that direction while presenting his spectacle. Some slight sign of appreciation would be in order—an agitation of the portières, a sly rustle.

The complainer had been right. It was cold behind the curtains. The ill-fitting window let in a glacial knife-edged current of air which sliced at the nape of the neck. Phineas turned up his collar and shoved the hand welded to the jimmy into his pocket. The bumps and pantings were almost at the top of the stairs. Durand's back bulked through the door, then the head and shoulders of Patricia. Durand paused, dragged her in.

"Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed," quoted Phineas softly to himself. Up to that night he had been the dilly-duck, but now the situation was reversed. Three silly dilly-ducks were dead, and the fourth waddling to follow them.

Durand's locomotion was astern, his arms extended, hands hooked under the girl's shoulders. Her wrists were tied behind her, ankles bound, and she was tightly gagged. Her body was limp and passive but she was not unconscious. Phineas caught the yellow gleam beneath her low lashes. Durand hauled her to an armchair facing the window and placed her in it. Phineas could see that her breath was coming in quick shallow gasps. He was terribly tempted to finish the infernal torment then and there.

But he held himself in check. He must hear what the man had to say. There might be revelations which the records in the open safe did not contain. Durand stepped behind his victim, slipped off the gag, looked toward the window and winked. Phineas stirred the portières almost

imperceptibly. Durand seated himself at the table opposite Patricia, reached for the decanter of cognac and poured himself another drink. Placed thus his back was presented, though not squarely, to the window where Phineas was ensconced.

He tossed off the cognac and a shudder went through him as he set down his glass.

"Well, here we are, *ma petite*," said he in French. "This is my cozy *bureau de travail, temple d'amour*—or *chapelle expiatoire*, as the exigencies of the hour may demand. I must ask pardon for having delayed so charming a rendezvous. Official duties. I was obliged to issue some orders to my subordinates. May I offer you a *petit verre?*" He sloshed some cognac into a glass. His hand was unsteady, not from the spirits he had drunk but from emotion; stage fright, perhaps.

Patricia shook her head.

"Pardon, but I insist," purred Durand. "You must be chilled and cramped. I have a good deal to say to you and I do not wish you to faint while I am talking. Drink, mam'selle, or I shall be obliged to use force."

He held the glass to her lips. She tightened them. Durand took a pen from the table and placed its point against her breast. Phineas tightened his grip on the jimmy. Patricia tilted back her head and drank. Durand resumed his seat.

"That is better, *chérie*. I see that we shall understand each other. Now I wish to ask you a few questions. To begin with, where are the articles that you and the late Captain Plunkett so cleverly garnered from the sea the other night?"

It seemed to Phineas as if the thin blade of icy air from the window crack was eddying about his heart. For Patricia smiled. It was that teasing smile he knew so well; the whipping up of the left corner of her lips. And Durand had said "the late" Captain Plunkett. Was this anomalous girl as devoid of all warm human emotion as the devil who had set himself about her inquisition? Was it a smiling news to her to be told that he was dead?

She straightened in her chair, seemed to ease her position a little, looked at Durand and answered in her limpid voice: "Those trifling objects are in the French Embassy sack. If I had suspected you of doing such a meager little business I would not have bothered to go out and get them. It may be worth your time but it certainly is not worth mine."

"And what would you consider worth your time, mam'selle?"

"A job running into six figures at least. I should have expected something better from one who had watched the operations of Ivan's old mob, if only from a hole in the fence. But what can one expect of a person with your loose methods?"

"*Diable!* What is loose about them?"

"Everything, my good man. Sending one boat to pick up your trumpery instead of two—a speed launch to lead off possible rivals, and another to pick up your trinkets. Though cheap pawnbroker stuff it would still pay two boats. Then you employ an *apache* far gone in the drug habit to do your dirty work. You do not examine your loot to see that it is not blood-stained; and last of all you are alcoholic. Phaugh!"

"*Assez!*" Durand sprang to his feet, face crimson, veins swelling on his bony forehead. This was anything but the spectacle he had prepared for the guests whom he had desired to impress. "Shut your mouth, you yellow cat!"

"*Oh, là, là, là!* The good man is not even polite! But what is to be expected of such canaille? Chu-Chu was pretty bad when in a temper, but politeness never failed him." She tilted her head to one side and her tawny eyes fastened him with a sort of disgusted curiosity. "What are you, anyhow? Spaniard? You look rather like an old Pyrenees muleteer who wonders if the *gabelous* will find the tobacco he has stuffed in La Grisetta's bells. From your manners one would say that you were boche—but all the boches that I have ever seen were better looking. I fear you must be a mongrel—Mexican, perhaps, with a cross of Chihuahua flea hound."

The portières stirred. It was only Phineas drawing his pistol, but Durand thought hotly that it was caused by the stifled amusement of his guests. No doubt his impulse was to leap upon her and with a blow across the face or a grip of her soft throat stop violently the flow of cool, contemptuous, biting and, what was worst of all, truthful words. He had dragged her up there as a target for his wit and sarcasm, to make display of his cleverness, later on his ruthlessness. And instead here she was, helpless but unafraid, holding him up to scorn, revealing him as stupid, paltry and a sot.

His face was filled with murder as he glared at her, but he stood fast. He meant that she should suffer more than blows before he had finished with her. There was no hurry, nor was there any admiration to be roused in his audience by striking a woman bound and defenseless. Durand's strain of Spanish blood furnished him a certain sinister patience and cunning. It was in his mind, just as it was in that of Phineas, that Patricia, realizing what he held in store for her, wished to taunt him into a sudden act of fatal violence which would give her a swift release. No doubt she felt that the game was up, her hour struck, and being of proud and fearless nature asked no more than to die unsullied by this foul beast.

Durand smiled. "You do me injustice, mam'selle," he purred. "Your cleverness is not of the high order which I had supposed. None of your statements is correct, either about my methods or myself. The consignment you intercepted was but one of many constantly arriving. There were two boats. The one you rammed was the decoy. It sheered off to lead you a chase but as you did not follow it returned. The other was following at some distance astern and picked up the men you spilled into the sea. One can do no more than direct to the best of one's ability. I was not there in person."

"I believe you!" The limpid voice was charged with contempt. "You would never direct in person any job that held an element of danger to your own yellow hide."

Durand waved his hand. "Others will tell you differently. However, we are discussing my methods. As for my man Jules, it is true that he is addicted to the use of cocaine, but so was that master mind of fiction, Sherlock Holmes. For a certain period the drug sharpens the wits, gives abnormal acuteness of mind. I am watching my man, and when I see that he is nearing the limits of this brief period he shall be removed by a toxic dose. This man is now almost at the end of his activities, as I mentioned to a confrere only to-night. I may point out that it is rather an advantage to have an underling who is known to be a drug habitué, because if it becomes advisable to dispose of him there are no awkward questions asked. A powder in his wine or coffee, *et voilà!* He has indulged in an overdose."

"That would be about the limit of your daring," Patricia murmured.

"No; again you wrong me. But first let us clear up the criticism of my methods. As to the matter of the blood stains I presume you refer to the little clock in the cabin on the beach. That slight detail was purposeful. The timepiece in question was bought at the shop of a dealer whom I do not trust. It was planted there by one of my agents and bought by another. If this dealer should become a nuisance I have thus a check upon him."

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They Climbed Out of the Place, Crossed the Roofs, on Which the Snow Was Falling Fast and Resting Wetly

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Some Plain Speaking

SIGNING any piece of paper merely states a proposition. Signing the peace treaty does that directly, and little more. The huge problem that overhangs Europe and the world remains, for all purposes of practical solution, just where it was before. Unless that problem is solved, not on paper but in terms of material goods, the peace treaty will not be worth the parchment it is written on, for it cannot be carried out. It is about as difficult a problem as men have ever faced. It requires plain speaking and straight thinking.

Nobody likes to speak plainly, for the facts are disagreeable. The first fact is that a large part of the Continent of Europe, as distinguished from Great Britain, is, judged by prewar standards, profoundly embarrassed financially. It has outstanding obligations in the form of government bonds to an amount so vast that the figures are almost meaningless. Take the prewar budgets of the chief Continental states—consider what shifts the governments were put to in order to balance those budgets; consider the present crippled state of industry and trade in those countries; consider that interest alone on the funded debt and other war-entailed obligations, such as pensions, now amounts to much more than the total prewar budgets—in some cases to three or four times as much. It is impossible to see how at present they can pay interest and pensions except as they do now pay them—by fresh borrowing.

Practically the whole Continent is off a gold basis, doing business on an enormous volume of depreciated paper currency that tends to increase, and naturally tends to depreciate further as it increases. This alone is a very serious obstacle to resumption of normal trade and industry. All the Continent must buy certain supplies from America—cotton, copper, wool, rubber, and so on. Those supplies must be paid for in dollars, or in the equivalent of dollars as to South America. Formerly five given units of Continental currency would buy a dollar. Now it takes six or seven units of the same currency to buy a dollar, and the cost of supplies bought in America is enhanced that much to the Continental buyer.

That is on the financial side, but the deeper trouble is on the industrial side. All over the Continent railroads have deteriorated. Ocean tonnage is so scarce that in the Senate objection has been raised to selling government-built ships at two hundred and ten dollars a dead-weight ton because at present freight rates a ship can earn its cost, even at this previously unheard-of figure, in a year or so. In big, devastated areas rails have been literally torn up. In Russia rolling stock has almost disappeared. But practically everywhere the transportation plant is greatly deteriorated. Factories are crippled or idle, big industries disorganized.

Even agriculture in great, fertile areas is half paralyzed from war havoc, lack of tools and supplies, lack of hope and a settled social condition. Because industry is crippled men are idle in great numbers. In Belgium something like three-quarters of a million workmen are idle and subsisting on government pensions or doles. In Germany and the old territories of Austria-Hungary idleness is the particular curse of the situation. In France and Italy unemployment exists on a formidable scale.

The problem cannot be cut up along rigid geographical and political lines. Finally, it cannot be satisfactorily dealt with in terms of ally countries and enemy countries. Europe's prosperity, and the world's prosperity, was international, depending on an intricate interchange of goods, services and credits across national boundaries. It cannot be fully reconstituted on another pattern. Italy imported coal from England, raw cotton from the United States, and exported the cotton goods to countries with which she was afterward at war.

That suggests how the web lies. For purposes of commerce and industry it all runs into one problem of European reconstruction. That is true on the financial side also. Belgium and France have indemnity claims against Germany that they want to turn into immediate credits for their own needs. An arrangement of that sort has already been made as to Belgium. But if Germany is broke, idle and riotous, the indemnity claims are worthless, no matter what the peace treaty says.

The first need is credit. That alone starts the wheels turning. A large part of Europe runs now in a vicious circle. Men are idle and hungry, therefore discontented, mutinous, menacing to social stability. Without a settled, orderly, debt-paying, rights-respecting social state reconstruction must finally be impossible; but the starting up of industry toward normal production of food, clothing, and so on, which involves getting the idle hands at work, is the first step to a settled, orderly state; and industry cannot get in the way of normal production without credit. If the people of the Balkan States get tools, animals, seed and transportation they can produce a large surplus of foodstuffs with which they can pay for Italy's cotton goods, enabling Italy to pay for our raw cotton. But credit must be extended to start the wheels.

This is the point that peculiarly interests the United States, because we are the greatest available source of credit and because we want that market for our surplus products. Now the bases of credit are unquestionably there in abundance. There are tens of millions of workmen capable of producing goods of all sorts in great quantity. The technical skill and managerial ability and experience to organize and direct industrial production are there. Put those forces at work and they can produce the wealth, or the goods, with which to repay the advances of money and materials that are now required. There is no question at all about that; the bases of credit are there in abundance.

But the whole credit situation is now cluttered up, complicated and more or less vitiated by the vast mass of war paper of all sorts. Take bank credit as an example. The liabilities of a commercial bank are mainly payable on demand, constituting the community's cash reserve. To be in a wholesome state the assets of a commercial bank must consist mainly of short-term, self-liquidating paper based on current commercial and industrial processes. Frank A. Vanderlip reports that something like eighty per cent of the paper held by the commercial banks of France is government paper—redeemable nobody now knows when or how. Elsewhere in Europe there is much the same situation. Banks gorged with indigestible government paper are not in a good position to facilitate commercial and industrial credits. This vast mass of war paper congests and more or less vitiates the whole credit situation.

Imagine that some epidemic frenzy of financiering had thrown the cotton mills of the United States into insolvency, with millions of paper outstanding that they could not redeem or even pay interest on except by fresh borrowings. That insolvency, for the moment, would paralyze the cotton industry. The mills would be unable to buy raw cotton; or, at least, to pay for it. But the cotton industry must go on; planters have raised a crop of the raw staple which they must dispose of in order to live and meet their obligations. The cotton industry would go on. A receiver would be appointed for the mills. He would buy the raw cotton, issuing his receiver's certificates for it, which the planters and their banks would readily accept because they would constitute a first lien on the mills and a first claim on their earnings. All the paper the mills had issued in their frenzied financing would simply stand over—a deferred liability to be dealt with later. The vital thing at the moment would be to keep the mills going, and the receiver's certificates, issued to meet that need, would come ahead of all other claims.

That is practically what Mr. Vanderlip has suggested for Europe—clean, new, first-lien paper to finance reconstruction. We are shipping Europe a huge quantity of goods now on credit advanced by our Treasury Department against the I O U's of European governments. But the sum which the Treasury is authorized so to advance—ten billion dollars—is nearly exhausted. Probably Europe will be requiring credit for reconstruction for ten years to come, running to a great total. A good deal of it must be long-time credit—for railroad building, and the like—such as commercial banks ought not to extend. It ought to be financed by long-term paper of a sort that will find ready acceptance by investors everywhere. Fresh paper, resting as a first lien on Europe's industries and issued under proper supervision, would be so accepted.

But the plain fact is that government paper would not be so accepted. No European government could float a large loan, that stood on a parity with its war debts, in this market now. Our Government might take it for political reasons; a syndicate of banks might take a loan of comparatively small amount; but the people—meaning investors generally—would not subscribe for it. A great need on the part of Europe now is to tap the reservoirs of American credit.

To do that it should offer paper that will stand on its own merits—practically receivers' certificates.

Government credit is burdened with the huge war debts. The matter should be handled as much as possible outside the sphere of politics.

As Mr. Davison and others have suggested, the best business brains and experience of Europe ought to form, as promptly as possible, a sort of Continental reorganization committee to coöperate with representatives of the best business brains and experience in America, shaping a plan on which Europe and America can work together for the solution of a problem so vastly important to both of them by the most expedient practical means. Practical men of affairs will adopt the most expedient means without quibbling over points of national pride, prestige, and the like. The plain fact is that Europe now has no satisfactory credit instrument, for the old credit instruments are waterlogged with war paper, and reconstructing with unsatisfactory credit instruments, such as government I O U's, must be uphill work.

Just now Europe has no sure visible means of redeeming her war paper. Some nations lean rather heavily on German claims, but to-day German claims are only a question mark. Until industry is reorganized and production of wealth brought back to a decidedly higher level nobody can say with confidence how the war paper is to be dealt with. Practically it must stand in abeyance until the first problem of economic reconstruction is accomplished. The swiftest, most expedient means of solving that first problem should be adopted. That all hinges on credit, and to provide the most satisfactory instrument of credit is the first step.

A Costly Luxury

IF A MAN says he is desperately hard up and immediately knocks off work a week to go fishing you find it hard to believe him. The people who are saying that wage labor is desperately hard up—just managing to eke out a bread-and-water existence—are precisely the people who urge labor to go on general strikes, sympathetic strikes, strikes for political purposes or for demonstrations.

A strike is a very costly thing for wage labor. Striking for higher wages or shorter hours or better shop conditions or the right of collective bargaining is understandable. But when labor goes on strike for politics or demonstration of some purpose that has no relation to wages, hours and other immediate economic conditions it is impossible not to believe that labor has something to blow in; that it feels able to afford a luxury.

Heavy Enough

WE WERE the most fortunate of the belligerents; the burden that war devolved upon us was comparatively the lightest. A great many people, in and out of Congress, are inclined just to let it go at that. But our burden is heavy enough. The interest-bearing debt of the United States now exceeds twenty-two billion dollars, with an annual charge for interest alone of about a billion a year, whereas the total net ordinary disbursements of the Federal Government in 1914 were only seven hundred million dollars. The debt is now two hundred and twenty dollars a head against ten dollars before the war. That is no light burden. It is about fifty per cent greater per capita than the prewar debt of France, which we then thought enormous. No doubt it will be heavier when all our war obligations are discharged.

A government that must spend a billion a year in interest alone should be required to exercise some reasonable prudence about its other spendings. Congress is pledged to genuine budget reform. We want to insist that the pledge be honestly redeemed. But that is not enough. The executive departments need to be reorganized on a basis of businesslike efficiency. The reproach of avoidable waste at Washington needs to be made a live issue until it is removed.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

Coming—An Electrical World

By Floyd W. Parsons

THROUGHOUT the earth there are minds so rare in value they stand like timber trees in a hedge—here and there one. Occasionally we find a man sorely afflicted in body but who possesses such virtues that for him we have feelings of envy rather than pity. Sometimes we meet an individual who, like the gem that is polished by friction, has been perfected mostly by the buffeting of trials. Once in a while we come across a person who has far more ballast than sail and who has performed great works solely by substituting untiring perseverance for physical strength. It was just such a man I met when I went to Schenectady, New York, to gather a few ideas concerning the future uses of electricity in our everyday life.

Most everyone who holds even a slight acquaintance with things electrical has heard of Charles P. Steinmetz, the great engineer of the General Electric Company. It was to the home of this electrical expert that I traveled in quest of the facts I was seeking. On reaching his house I found a roomy electric car waiting to take me to his camp some miles in the country, where he had gone earlier in the day. Arriving at a high point overlooking the Mohawk River we alighted, and the laboratory assistant who had accompanied me led the way down a steep bank to a cabin near the water's edge. No one was home, but coming up the river in the little canoe that he always paddles alone was our learned doctor, who quickly clambered out and appeared on the scene, clad only in his two-piece bathing suit, which he wears all day at his camp, whether he is working or playing. Dressed in this coolish fashion he has here written a dozen books, sitting in his canoe on the river or bending over his little pine table in the corner of the porch overlooking the water. The remarkable feature of this work is that practically all he writes is taken from the vast storehouse of information that lies in his brain, and not from piles of data that are so indispensable to most authors. When I spoke of this he explained by way of excuse that what he wrote was not largely dependent upon the facts of accumulated information.

Dr. Charles P. Steinmetz, Chief Consulting Engineer of the General Electric Company, Snapped During an Outing With the Late Elbert Hubbard

I had met Doctor Steinmetz before, but always on some ceremonious occasion when there was slight opportunity to gain any intimate picture of the man himself. Here in the woods I found him delightful. Soon I was no longer conscious of his peculiar foreign accent. There was a fervor, a sort of boyish enthusiasm that animated all he said. As I listened to the clear logic of his arguments and noted the wide range of his knowledge it was easy to understand the stories of his marvelous feats in mathematics, for before everything else Steinmetz is a mathematician. In this country there are many great executives who are gifted in the ability to administer the affairs of immense corporations, but back of much of their efficiency and success in mill, mine or factory are the forces of electricity and the algebraic computations of Schenectady's mathematical shark.

In the long ago the strongest man was chief of the tribe. In those days handwork was first. But at present national prosperity is based on the principle that headwork shall precede handwork. The thinker must be on the job before the doer arrives. When the great electrical company at Schenectady decides to undertake the development of a new field or the perfection of an idea, unknown problems arise. Steinmetz is consulted, and he reports that if you do such and such a thing the outcome will be so and so; and it is not often that his pad, pencil and slide rule are far astray. He never says all that he thinks, but thinks all that he says. His instruction is by reason, not wish or necessity.

Viewed in the light of the obstacles that blocked his way, the rise to fame of this celebrated engineer is a story of patience, concentration and endurance. Over in Germany, in 1888, Steinmetz was just finishing his education at the University of Breslau when the German Government, believing he was involved in a socialistic conspiracy, decided to substitute an order for his arrest in place of his doctor's degree. Learning of this turn in affairs he escaped to Switzerland with the money he had borrowed to pay for his degree. Arriving in Zurich his finances were just sufficient to settle in advance for one month's rent of a room on the top floor of the last house of the last street in the town. His immediate outlook in life was not propitious, but by writing articles on astronomy, for which he received four dollars a month, and with the help of a little money he succeeded in getting from a German publisher for a book he had written prior to his hasty departure from his native land, he managed to spend several months in the Polytechnic School in Zurich, studying mechanical engineering.

In 1889 Mr. Steinmetz came to America, traveling in the steerage of a French liner, and after a week's search secured a position as draftsman at a salary of two dollars a day, from which modest beginning he soon advanced to the more important post of electrical engineer and finally was placed in charge of the company's research laboratory. When this concern, the Eickemeyer-Field Co., was eventually taken over by the General Electric Company Steinmetz went along as one of the important assets. When the corporation moved its headquarters from Lynn, Massachusetts, to Schenectady in 1894, he was delegated to supervise the calculation and design of the company's apparatus, and of its research and development work. Such was the beginning and rise of this man, who, starting in a foreign land without friends or help, has received an honorary degree from two of our great universities, is a past president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and an active participant in the affairs of a dozen other philosophical, chemical and engineering societies of national scope.

As I sat with him on the porch of his camp we discussed the great hereafter of industrial power, and talked of the possibility of running large electrical-transmission lines through the congested regions of our country in order to reduce the cost of power to consumers and avoid the recurrence of fuel famines. He believes it is no more difficult to connect two distant cities with a power line than it is to connect them with a railway freight line. One carries power, the other material goods. The underlying conditions are much the same. A railway connecting Boston and Richmond would never pay if goods were only carried from one of these cities to the other. Freight must be transported in both directions, and a hundred other towns served along the route. So with a power line: The layman must no longer believe that in electric transmission power is taken from somewhere and carried to somewhere. Power is carried in both directions just as occasion demands. Towns anywhere and everywhere throughout the region can take current from the line or give it to the line, depending entirely upon the local requirements of the moment.

Many people feel that the losses in the air from high-voltage electric lines are a serious and dangerous question. Doctor Steinmetz does not think this problem formidable. A larger wire will permit the transportation of higher voltages; or, if desired, parallel lines can be built as needed, just as a railroad can build more tracks when the traffic becomes too heavy.

I was interested to learn that he considers it hopeless to anticipate much improvement in the burning of coal or coke. On an average we get barely more than ten per cent of the value of the coal for power, the remainder going off as heat. The only solution is to use the carbonized fuel from the oven in such a way as to get out of it both the power and the heat. This is now being done in many office buildings and isolated power plants, where they get the ten to twenty per cent of electric power from the fuel and also utilize the heat for warming the building and so on.

Here I asked him what we could do in our homes. How could we save these domestic losses that run into hundreds of millions of dollars annually? As he lighted his fourth cigar—the doctor is an inveterate smoker—he gave me an idea that is more revolutionary and yet more sensible than any solution for the problem I have ever heard. His suggestion is that every home shall be a miniature power plant. In each house there will be an installation that will be no more difficult to operate than it is now to run an electric motor. The fuel will be burned under a small high-pressure boiler instead of under the now common low-pressure boiler. The steam which is produced, however, will not go direct to the radiators, but will travel first through a very simple steam-turbine generator, which will take out all the electric power that can be obtained. Some of this electric power will be used by the householder for lights and for performing labor, but what is not needed will be turned back to the company that operates the central station. Full credit will be given the householder for what he turns back by the electric meter, which operates both ways, giving credit for current received and charging for current that is consumed.

One further point was made clear, and that is that the credit given the householder for electricity he turns back must be based on a rate per unit of current that is much lower than the rate charged by the central station. There are two reasons for this: First, the central station has to accept the power when the householder offers it, whether the big company has a market for it or not; the individual, on the other hand, buys only when he wants to. Second, the company must be given allowance for the cost of distribution. The charges incurred in building and operating lines to carry and market current are considerable, and are often the largest part of the cost of the current. This cost is incurred by the central station for both the current it sells and the current it buys. In all cases the central company will supervise the proper operation of these household plants, and it will maintain a force to keep all equipment in proper order.

As to the cost of such a scheme, Doctor Steinmetz sees no drawbacks. A high-pressure boiler is very little if any more expensive than a low-pressure outfit. The electric generator is nothing more nor less than an ordinary electric dynamo, and is small and inexpensive. Turbines that would be necessary are now quite common in heating systems, for driving fans, and so on, in such places as public schools. Their cost is low. In connection with such a plan it was further suggested that in the future we must not waste heat in our homes by letting the heated air escape freely to the outside. We must get the heat out of the heated air that is exhausted, and transfer it to the cold incoming air. In other words, we must all eventually come to the regenerative system of heating.

In lighting Doctor Steinmetz says that with the most modern electric-light bulb we still lose 97 to 98 per cent of

all the power consumed. With a carbon-filament bulb we get only a fraction of one per cent of the energy used, and with a gas flame we utilize even a less percentage of the energy fed to the lamp, the losses in all these cases going away as heat.

Looking into the future Steinmetz sees a world largely electrified. There will be only electric systems and not transmission lines. Every mountain stream will be utilized. We shall dam it up, wherever there is a gradient, put in a small turbine and an electric generator, and thus tie in these small hydroelectric plants to the main system of the region. Such little plants will require practically no attention except an occasional visit for general supervision. They will be operated just like an electric motor, and may vary in capacity from ten to five hundred horse power or more. This is beginning to be done now in some places in New England, and in time will be the practice everywhere. Electricity will supply the world with power just as the railways have supplied the world with transportation. In the office and the home the hard labor will be done more and more by power-driven machines. The cost of this power will be relatively lower as the years pass and the electric systems expand.

Doctor Steinmetz talked very little of his own personal achievements, but I managed to discover that of all his marvelous accomplishments he lists two things as of greatest importance. The first is his development of the symbolic method, or method of complex quantities for alternating-current engineering. This makes it possible for the engineer to calculate complicated electrical phenomena by simple algebra. The second bit of work he considers of high value is his investigation of transient phenomena; such phenomena as lightning and other disturbances, which last only a short time. However, if you ask the modern engineer, versed in the art of handling electricity, you will find that the man at Schenectady has done a lot of other things that have helped materially in making the path of civilized man a smoother road to travel.

His philosophy of life is based solidly on the principle that human progress is governed largely by "divine discontent." Men strive for better conditions because they are dissatisfied with what they have and the things they are using. The men who advance are the ones who are hardest to satisfy. But he abhors that brand of dissatisfaction which occupies itself with sour grumbling and a bitter struggle only for money. The proper discontent, he believes, is the kind that generates thoughts of self-improvement. A fortunate change has come about in that to-day there is no longer a prejudice against the educated man, and we do not now cling to the belief that the individual possessed of book knowledge is only a visionary.

As I said adieu to the doctor and glanced round his lonely cabin I felt sorry that the hours had slipped by so quickly and the visit was at an end. I had purposely missed my train, but entertained no regrets on that account, for there was something inspiring in the quiet optimism and the firm confidence of this masterful mind in the final outcome of things. Zeal without knowledge is like fire without light, but with Steinmetz there is both fervor and flame. He possesses a rare sense of humor, but he uses his wit as a buckler, not as a sword. That he is a dreamer there is no doubt, but his dreams are a pleasure, not an employment. The breeze that blows out the candle is often the same wind that kindles the fire. Being chased out of Germany gave this genius the very opportunity he needed to develop his keen mind and play a big part in America as the leading electrical engineer of his day. Just talk electricity to Steinmetz and you will soon discover why such a little man can cast so long a shadow.

Weather Betting

WE APPEAR to be entering a new age in the matter of insurance. When Uncle Sam bet his millions against his soldiers' millions that they would live through the war it seemed as though we had about reached the limit of risk. Sure enough, notwithstanding the brevity of the war, the soldiers did win, for the beneficiaries of our War Risk Insurance actually will get upward of one and a quarter billion dollars, which will be the final commuted value of the $900,000,000 of outstanding policies.

Next in order has come the insurance organization formed to protect employers and employees against monetary losses involved in strikes. This does not appear any more risky than the issuing of policies that guard against such disasters as hurricanes and earthquakes. But as to the social side of such insurance, perhaps it will prove a benefit; on the other hand, it may mean longer strikes, for under such an arrangement both parties to a controversy will be protected. If this results the public as a matter of course will again be the chief sufferer, and strike insurance will become an aggravator instead of a cure-all.

Over in England insurance ideas appear to be a good jump ahead of our American conception of the subject. We have been interested in the stories of how the British ruler is a much insured man due to the fact that his merchants dealing in fancy and colorful goods insure parts of their stock against a period of mourning that would follow the death of the King. Now we learn that the latest demonstration of British enterprise is an insurance policy that protects against rain. In the future holiday makers and resort or open-air amusement proprietors may banish their fears and cease looking with dread at the dark clouds that lie on the horizon. The insurance company is so certain that with the aid of meteorological experts it can beat the weather that it now suggests a protection scheme for seaside hotels, so that these houses of lodging and entertainment may give their visitors a rebate on their weekly bills should there be more than two days' rain of a certain amount.

Here in the United States it is likely that such insurance would interest tennis clubs, golf clubs and such people as the promoters of race meetings. Anyway it is soul stirring to think that some day we can bet on the weather and do so without running counter to the antigambling laws.

Multiplying Prosperity

REPEATED acts of thrift, one following another, at length become consolidated in habit. The war gave us a good start in the matter of eliminating waste, but recent reports do not indicate that we have developed a wide and permanent habit of saving materials. We seem to be slipping, and unless there is a revival of national economy the valuable lessons of the war will have gone for naught. It is possible for America to save tens of millions in value through the establishment of a carefully planned reclamation system, but this can be done only by first creating in the mind of the public a sympathetic understanding of the importance of the work. The conservation of our resources was a war exigency; we must now recognize that it is also a peace necessity. The individual citizen has never carried such burdens as he will have to shoulder in the coming years.

The wheat growers in thirty-two of our states believed they were working with efficiency before the war, but when their methods were subjected to a close examination it was discovered in many localities that in threshing an average of one pint of wheat was going out with the straw while seven pints were being delivered to the packers. All together there was a waste of more than $60,000,000; but this was cut to $15,000,000, principally by the simple process of tightening the teeth and adjusting the sieves in the threshing machines. On some farms the wheat conservation amounted to twelve dollars an acre. In the state of Kansas alone it is estimated that the saving last year was 8,000,000 bushels.

There were other spectacular conservation movements developed by the war, the total benefit of which hastened victory, but the savings most to be desired are those that may be realized by the practice of economy in the little matters of everyday life. No single group of men could ever have made our war loans a success. It was the masses who did the job in such thorough fashion. In like manner conservation cannot win if it is the faith of only a minority. To succeed it must be the gospel of the whole people.

Great Britain has set the world an example in waste elimination. Before the war she manufactured her paper from wood pulp brought from Canada and Sweden. These imports were curtailed by the ship shortage and the British faced a dilemma, for in this age paper is more necessary than steel in winning a war. A paper controller was appointed, and a campaign was launched. Great Britain, in 1914, saved 1000 tons of waste paper each week; in 1918 she had increased this to 6000 tons weekly. In 1914 the British reused only five per cent of the paper they produced; in 1918 about fifty per cent of the total paper manufactured was again utilized in producing other grades of paper material. Before the war the city of Glasgow enjoyed an annual revenue of about $3000 from the collection of waste paper; in 1918 the income from this source was $45,000. In England prior to the war many cities had been accustomed to pay the collectors for disposing of the waste material of the community, but last year many of these municipalities enjoyed an income from collecting waste that amounted to thirty dollars and upward per thousand of inhabitants.

But the money saving that comes from eliminating waste is not the chief benefit that results. With all our science and skill we cannot duplicate the work that Nature has been hundreds and thousands of years in performing. When we prevent the waste of a ton of paper we have saved eight trees of full growth. If we could collect every pound of paper that is now going to the dumps throughout the United States we should be saving upward of one and a quarter million trees annually. Think what this would mean in the saving of human labor. Further, let us remember that labor saved means increased individual production and higher wages.

In the last analysis most savings are of wider consequence than appears at first glance. When we save paper we release for other use a material quantity of chemicals. To manufacture a pound of paper requires about two pounds of coal. A ten per cent saving in the nation's use of paper would mean two and one-half million tons less freight for the railroads. One hundred pounds of old cotton or linen rags—collars, cuffs, pillow cases or sheets—will make seventy to eighty pounds of new paper. One hundred pounds of woolen rags saved or reclaimed provide sufficient material for twenty-five suits of clothes. Woolen rags are converted into shoddy and the shrinkage from shoddy to wool is the same as from raw wool to finished wool.

One hundred pounds of scrap cast iron will make ninety-six pounds of new cast iron. So will one hundred pounds of scrap copper make ninety-five pounds of new copper.

The total of all the old savings of waste materials plus the new economies brought about by the war amounts to $1,500,000,000 annually in the United States. But this total can be increased three or four hundred million dollars by a still more careful system of salvage. During 1918 the Quartermaster's Department of the Army reclaimed more than 18,000,000 articles of all kinds, valued at $25,000,000. The railroads of America alone produce nearly 8,000,000 tons of scrap iron each year, valued at $300,000,000. The old rubber we save is also valued at $300,000,000;

(Concluded on Page 126)

Dr. Steinmetz Wearing His Camp Attire and Working at the Little Pine Table Where He Has Written His Many Books

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELLS SOUPS

They save the labor of cooking!

Here is a delicious, nourishing, hearty dish—a meal in itself—already prepared for you in the famous Campbell's kitchens. Cooked, blended, flavored and spiced with a skill acquired through the experience of half a century. Plump, meaty beans, the finest that nature grows are slow-cooked to thorough digestibility. The tomato sauce has a savor and a delightful fullness of flavor that you get only in Campbell's. You will like to have them often.

One size **15c a Can** One kind

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

TRUTH AND MERCY

Or Cyrus Singer's Job—By Ida M. Evans

"Cyrus Singer, Do You Mean to Stand There and Say That You Actually Intend to Let This Chance of a Lifetime Slip for an Old Curmudgeon and His Worthless Half-Failing Store!"

MERCY SINGER sat very still and silent at the head of the supper table for quite a minute after Cyrus casually gave the bit of news that the Thomas A. Stearwin Dry Goods and Men, Women and Children's Furnishings—the large, white-lettered, many-worded sign ran a full fourth of a block on Main Street—had again a new manager-bookkeeper. A young aggressive gentleman, not Willotown-born but imported by stout shrewd Thomas A. Stearwin from great and aggressive Chicago.

At the end of the very still minute she sharply told Eda Singer, aged thirteen, to be more careful.

"You needn't, Eda, spill cherry juice on it because this happens to be your brown gingham's third summer!"

And with severe glance she set the cut-glass sugar bowl ten secure inches from nearly at the edge of the table, where careless eleven-year-old Ruth had left it. "Your elbow, Ruth! You nearly nudged it off!"

Ordinarily Mercy was a tolerant overlooking mother. With hair of a certain comely hazel brown and eyes of a certain comely medium dark blue, there goes ordinarily a maternal tolerance that is marvelously blessed to the youngsters on whom it falls. Now, Eda and Ruth gave her startled glances.

She did not pay attention. Her own glance, startled and indignant, was given then to her thin rather stooped husband, calmly stirring his stewed-and-sugared cherries preparatory to a pleasant mouthful accompanied by cinnamon sponge cake. She spoke finally:

"From Chicago! Thomas A. Stearwin went clear out of town for a man! And I thought maybe when Ed Dixon quit last month and went to St. Louis ——" She broke off.

Cyrus Singer lifted quizzically his thin black eyebrows. Over him—neat, well-shaven, intelligent as he was—there lay the slight but unmistakable look of subserviency worn by a man who, approaching middle age, since his youth has gone to his day's work and quit that day's work at the hour and the minute designated by another man.

If at the present moment his own eyes held a small fleck of disappointment corresponding to the indignant gleam in his wife's, the quizzical lift of eyebrows camouflaged it very well.

"Now, Mercy! You weren't actually counting on yours truly being handed the fat managing-bookkeeping job at the Stearwin store?"

"I didn't exactly count on it."

"Don't know of any reason why you should," said he meditatively, "or I. In the past twelve years the place's been empty four times and it was never turned my way."

"Oh ——" Mercy Singer's plump face, which held not so much wrinkles as a certain look of care suggesting wrinkles, took on a peculiar expression—an expression that was a silent challenging: "Indeed! Maybe you, my dear Cyrus, don't know everything!"

But she did not say this aloud. Rare is the wife who at her fourteenth wedded year has not acquired a degree—more or less intensive—of reticence. Mercy Singer loved her husband Cyrus. Not for such as Mercy was Reno built or alimony invented or separate maintenance created. She loved him sincerely from his smooth black top of head—thinning a little, that top, these last two years—to his thin, black, resoled feet. She was this kind of wife: She had not liked cinnamon sponge cake much before she married. But since her marriage day, learning that thin Cyrus was very fond of it, she discovered that she, too, was; and regularly once a week cinnamon sponge cake was baked in the Singer kitchen.

Moreover, she also loved her and Cyrus' two daughters, Eda and Ruth—loved them devotedly. Yet that love did not hide from her the clear knowledge that Eda's hair was a dull carroty red and Ruth's eyeteeth were too large and crooked. And though all her heart belonged to her husband, her vision still remained her personal property, and it was not a blurred vision. She knew Cyrus' incapacities as well as she knew his virtues. Some wives would have dubbed them worse than incapacities; the qualities that had kept him at the ledgers and sales counters of old Andrew Deems' narrow half-alive dry goods and notions store while several other assertive men, one after another, had wedged into or onto the big quarter-of-block Stearwin store across Main Street and had left, having used it as a stepping-stone to something even better.

Mercy herself asked nothing better for Cyrus and her. To her it was not a stepping-stone, but a consummation. Perhaps the years had made Mercy humble. But even so, the manager-bookkeepership of the Stearwin store seemed a very good thing in itself to plenty of other people in Willotown. The Stearwins were the big family of the town. They stood on the top notch of prosperity, position and unproletarian pomp; and Thomas A. Stearwin's manager-bookkeeper, besides having an excellent salary, was graciously given a degree of social intimacy and equality with the family that top-notched him, too, in a conspicuous and pleasant way.

In the past between the prosperity-auraed Stearwins and the Singers, who owed their daily bread with a little cake to old Andrew Deems' small dry goods trade, there naturally was a chasm, such a chasm—social, financial and natural—as only Willotowns know.

Mrs. Thomas A. Stearwin was wont to nod at little Mrs. Singer quite politely, but with an air that stopped nicely just between condescension and absent-mindedness. And in the past Mercy Singer had not expected more from the large dominant woman whose silver-gray pompadour, real platinum dinner ring and cosmopolitan taste in one-piece satin or taffeta afternoon dresses Mercy—in common with other Willotown women—could not help but admire.

Her acquaintance with the lady depended only on years of residence on the same street, common membership in the Willotown Women's Wednesday Workers' Circle and the fact that Eleanor Stearwin, a sickly spectacled girl, was in Eda's grade at school. But the Singer six-room taffy-colored cottage was at the low commoner end of the street, while the Stearwin two-story-and-fancy-attic, twelve-room Queen Anne, stucco-and-pressed-brick residence was at the more exclusive hill end; and Mrs. Thomas Stearwin's membership in the Wednesday Circle was not marked by her punctilious Wednesday presence. Naturally; the lady being often away from Willotown in Chicago or other more metropolitan places. The Women's Circle was glad to boast her as a member with any sort of attendance at meetings. And perhaps Mercy, like the Women's Circle of which she was a part, appreciated any kind of nod, the three bases for intimacy being such as they were. With perhaps a reservation of pride that had its own secret niche of existence? Possibly. Mercy undeniably showed a look of complacency when Eda reported: "Eleanor Stearwin got only seventy-two in spelling this term—I got ninety-four." As though she were surely entitled to some of that compensation that one R. W. Emerson declared floated round this little old earth.

But all that in years past, the years when manager-bookkeepers came and went from the Stearwin store without disturbing Mercy Singer's lack of expectations much; the same past years in which this little old earth smugly wore its worn-shiny garment of peace with an idea the thing would last forever.

The last two years, however, had seen the earth and Willotown concerned with war. In this war old chasms, old concerns, fears, hopes and distances were shoved aside. New business was on hand, and the Willotown Women's Wednesday Circle changed its name—if not its charter—and precipitately affiliated itself with and transformed itself into the Willotown Women War Workers for the World War. And Mrs. Thomas A. Stearwin began with strenuous regularity to attend meetings; nay, soon to preside over them, the silver-gray pompadour more plainly combed, the platinum dinner ring put away in decorous wartime unostentation, the satin and taffeta afternoon dresses discarded for a neat khaki-colored skirt and shirt waist. The Stearwin store had a sale on them. Most of the other women followed Mrs. Stearwin's example and got one.

In 1917–18 economy and a strenuous shrinking from display spread over America and women's clubs faster than ever cholera spread over limp old Asia.

Mercy Singer was a neat sewer and a fast one. Mrs. Thomas A. Stearwin had some of her husband's practical knack, it seemed, when occasion asked. Right away she

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REPUBLIC TIRES

With STAGGARD *Studs*

IT can almost be said that Republic Staggard Tread never wears out.

The carcass, of course, gives out in time, though it, too, wears, and wears stubbornly.

But many, many times the tread is still tough and thick and strong, when the rest of the tire is ready for the scrap-heap.

This is being proved in a rather remarkable manner all over the country.

Tire dealers everywhere are trying to buy discarded Republic tires. When they succeed, the Staggard Treads are used to retread other tires.

In this way, dealers say, people find they can make their old tires yield several thousand miles more.

The practice is not one we can approve. Indeed, we are disposed to warn tire buyers against it, because they might be led to believe they were getting tires which were Republic through and through.

By simply buying Republic Staggard Tread Tires in the first place, users assure themselves of *all* the actual last-longer Republic qualities, without added expense or inconvenience.

Republic Inner Tubes, Black Line Red, Gray, and Grande Cord Tire Tube, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation
Youngstown, Ohio

Export Department, 149 Broadway, Singer Building, New York City

Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire—Republic Staggard Tread

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put Mercy in charge of the surgical bandages. Mercy Singer's neat assiduous stitches were for her country and her country's fighters. Mercy came of old Revolutionary stock—so did Cyrus, as well as the Stearwins—and she sewed as determinedly as ever her great-great-grandfather polished a flintlock.

But country and country's fighters aside, it was not unpleasant to be complimented by Mrs. Thomas A. Stearwin on the neatness and number of her stitches at a heads-of-committees' tea in the Stearwin living room, a large artistic place all done in green grass cloth, upholstered wicker chairs, painted rugs and foreign pictures, and to be told confidentially: "Dear Mrs. Singer, you are one of my best aids!"

There came to be quite a few heads-of-committees' teas; frequent war workers' meetings, usually in the Stearwin living room or on the rug-and-hanging-basket-adorned Stearwin wide porch. And many meetings on street, in church or in store, where quotas and the Western Front were inevitably mentioned. Not in the Stearwin or the Deems store did Mercy and Mrs. Stearwin meet of course. Mercy bought all the Singer dry goods and furnishings from the narrow half-filled shelves where Cyrus had charge, as a matter of economy as well as loyalty. Old cranky, deaf Andrew Deems had his faults, but he gave Cyrus Singer and Cyrus Singer's family a good discount on the retail prices of his shelves.

But with wartime's stern mandates, Mrs. Thomas A. Stearwin did her own marketing. More than once in Berry's butcher shop she happened to select her perch—when meatless days were in order—at the same time that Mercy was at the iced basket.

"They look nice," with friendly nod and little sigh—perhaps for the sirloin that was not in order—she would comment intimately. One day the nod was so very friendly that Mercy was almost ashamed that Eda spelled better than Eleanor Stearwin—poor sickly spectacled girl.

And finally there had been really an intimate, almost semiconfidential chat as the two, in the privacy of a deserted room, checked up the finished week's quota about to be sent in to headquarters.

"Mr. Stearwin is doing his duty at the store. Not a cent of useless expense."

Mercy, putting bandages in neat piles, smiled faintly.

"Well, old Andrew Deems doesn't have to form new habits. He never did go far in the useless-expense line."

A faint bitterness was in the faint smile. Cyrus, of course, being Cyrus, contended that Old Andrew had Hobson's choice. His business could not enlarge till he went to some expense or got some spunk, and old Andrew, being old Andrew, couldn't go to any expense or get any spunk until his business enlarged. So he was in a sad circle. But Mercy had always stubbornly felt that he could have managed a few more little dollars in Cyrus' pay when Cyrus worked overtime, after time or any old time that Andrew wished.

Mrs. Thomas Stearwin, being busy with matters of more importance than the kind of smile her underworker gave, nodded absently.

"I've seen the windows looked skimped. I never was in the store of course."

In the cool cultured tone there was not exactly patronage. Mercy perhaps had no right to fancy even fleetingly that if Mrs. Stearwin hadn't put away all unworthy states of mind with the coming of war that tone of hers might have seemed patronizing.

Mrs. Stearwin went on kindly and sociably.

"I believe your husband has worked there a good many years, Mrs. Singer?"

"Seventeen," said Mercy. And a sort of abstraction came into her own tone. Seventeen—three before, fourteen after she married him. She remembered suddenly how Cyrus stoutly refused to work those three years after ten o'clock Wednesday nights—courting nights in Willotown, as elsewhere, then as now. Old Deems—he was old even then—had grumbled but given in every week. Well—she drew a little breath, did Mercy Singer now, that Mrs. Thomas A. Stearwin, checking bandages swiftly, did not catch. Life with Cyrus hadn't given her all that it had once promised perhaps. But those courtship days were a pleasant memory. The moons of them; the lilacs Cyrus used to steal from over hedges for her; once—she lowered her brown head guiltily over a pile of bandages—from over the Stearwin hedge! The kissings, the plannings! And after all Cyrus had never disappointed her except in the matter of acquired dollars. She silently piled bandages with a quickened sense of her own mercies while other women were losing love and loved ones.

It was not until several days afterward that she attached an untoward significance to Mrs. Thomas A. Stearwin's words. But, having attached it, Mercy had a wife and mother's power of fancy. It stuck to those words—significance did—with a stickativeness more than that of certain widely advertised glues.

Perhaps she, Mrs. Stearwin, meant—perhaps she had been thinking—perhaps new-formed friendship—perhaps, indeed, Cyrus' real worth had been some time before secretly recognized by the Stearwins. And though they could not summarily dismiss Ed Dixon, perhaps in the future, should Ed Dixon leave—quit ——

Now, across the supper table some months later, with Ed Dixon having finally quit, Mercy Singer spoke with a bitterness relevant to her own thoughts—if not to those of her husband, Cyrus.

"And it isn't as if you weren't capable! Everyone in this town knows that what little trade old Andrew Deems has hung on to he has hung on to because of your care with his musty old stock and stingy five-line ads."

Her husband raised mild but surprised eyes. In the several minutes that Mercy had been brooding over several things he had almost—if not quite—forgotten the Stearwin store, manager-bookkeepership and slight to himself; and he was placidly wondering whether, if Mercy could spare five dollars of that week's pay, he oughtn't to get a pair of new pants.

"Oh, well," he offered cheerfully, "we're living—we're not starving!"

Mercy Singer seldom completely lost her temper. But disappointment—especially a disappointment after a secret hope has lain sweetly in place for a long time—foozles even a reliable temper.

"Possibly we're not," she snapped. "But a lap ahead of starvation isn't all a normal person hopes for in this life."

"Oh, we're two laps anyway!" His humor tried to smooth.

"Oh ——" Mercy began to clear the dishes, sharply ordering Eda to get the crumb tray. "At once, Eda!"

All of which is merely preliminary to the fact that when Mrs. Hetty Healy dropped in three afternoons later for a call, Mercy Singer told a large, deliberate—well, no, not deliberate; it flashed out impulsively without premeditation—but a conscious, defiant, determined lie.

II

IN COMMON with the average person, Mercy did not like to lie unnecessitously—and seldom did. She had the half-reverent, half-superstitious idea, impregnated in the race by generation after generation of wistful God-fearing men, that the truth teller is more likely to be lucky than is the liar.

But human nature has its limitations. Truth and superstition themselves expire sometimes on the pyre of pride.

Mrs. Hetty Healy, whenever she called on Mercy, was wont to gaze pensively once or twice before she left at the glued-on arm of Mercy's third-best rocker. Eda and Ruth had yanked it off in their tumultuous babyhood. Hetty's rockers all were good ones. Hi Healy had left his widow childless and owning considerable stock in the Willotown City Lighting Company. Mercy always resented her look. She imagined more pity in it than perhaps it really held.

Though Hi had been late and lamented some nine years, Hetty's black-flowered black-chip hat stood upright with obvious respect for the dead, and her black gloves—too large at the kid tips—seemed ever new. Like many women, she seemed, however, to wear her widowhood as though it were a hard-won Croix de Guerre that other women did not possess.

This afternoon, after spirited opinion on the weather of the present May contrasted with past Willotown Mays, she observed: "And Stearwin's got a new manager-bookkeeper." Again, "I guess"—meditatively—"there ain't any chance of that place ever being offered to Cyrus."

Hetty Healy probably thought she had a perfect right to discuss candidly Cyrus Singer's prospects, no prospects, good luck or ill luck. She had gone to school years before with Cyrus' eldest sister, Ella; and a little brother is a little brother, even if he is thirty-seven years old and has five gray hairs distinctly visible in his short-clipped mustache.

Years can efface youth and bloom, but not an old positive first impression acquired in the fifth grade.

But Mercy probably did not comprehend that as she should. Over wifely countenance a pale flush of resentment showed. Pale, because after all it was only elderly Hetty Healy whose persistent mourning garb was offset in all Willotown minds by a perfect recollection of the way Hi Healy used to lower his head like a bull and seem about to charge whenever his wife's nagging went beyond a certain shrill waspish point.

And now Mercy Singer chose too spitefully to remember that one Willotown wag had suggested as Hi's epitaph: "*Requiesent in pace*—at last." And hard on this remembering, a path prelaid by it perhaps, came the lie—a full firm lie:

"Oh"—Mercy raised her chin—"Cyrus, you may not know, would not care at all for the place. He—he would refuse it if it were offered him."

"What's that?"

Mercy chose not to repeat. Once is enough for any lie anyway, especially when she knew very well Hetty Healy had passable hearing.

With a distinct red patch on each cheek, Mercy—instead of answering—moved her rocker so that the afternoon sun through the adjacent west window did not strike her in the eyes.

"My goodness me! You don't mean that Cyrus has anything against Thomas A. Stearwin?"

Hetty Healy leaned forward half in skepticism, half in unctuous expectation that her reasonable skepticism might be confuted by some unguessed fact. Oh, human nature!

But this was going far. Mercy had not at all expected Hetty Healy to jump to such a conclusion, even the skeptical jumping that Hetty's obviously was.

She could not encompass a follow-up untruth. It is strange, may we not pause to observe—as, dear reader, you often doubtless have had personal experience of noting—that a first single lie seems only to lay open a way for another lie that can't be well dodged.

Though not very well, Mercy dodged it—or did she, bearing in mind Webster's statement that a lie is an attempt to deceive or intent to do so? But maybe Mercy really was shocked at what already she had said; and her quick alarmed tone was really one of alarm over that, and not one of alarm over a concealed fact inadvertently half disclosed.

"I didn't say so! Of course not! He hasn't—Cyrus doesn't"—oh, obviously it was alarm—"know a thing against Thomas A. Stearwin, or the Stearwin store either!"

Any psychologist will tell you that too strong a negation invariably produces an impression opposite to the one apparently desired by the negationer.

Mrs. Hetty Healy gazed at Mercy sharply. The widowed Healy mind could not help being suspicious and addicted to putting two and three together when two and three seemed to lie right before one's eyes. Long training on Hi had given Hetty Healy expertness in suspecting.

"He must have something against him or the store, or he wouldn't be set against working there," she declared.

"Nothing of the sort! I didn't say a thing of the sort," hastily declared Mercy. Mercy was not a good and consistent liar.

"You said he wouldn't take the place if it was offered to him."

"Yes, I said that."

Mercy's tone was defiant but acquiescent. Having said it, she would not now own that truthfully it had better been kept unsaid; anyway, not to old Het Healy, who did nothing—as everyone knew—but push her long nose into other folks' business.

Mrs. Hetty Healy presently ended her call. It was nearly suppertime, and Mercy had grown rather a taciturn and not a holding hostess. She wore a keen thinking expression as she departed. Ah, well! This war has taught America to think keenly!

"Oh, well! I don't care," said Mercy Singer when she had departed, though she said it uncomfortably. "I had a perfect right!" warmly. "Old nosey thing!" viciously.

Then before starting her own good preparations for supper, she called in her two little daughters from the shady side yard, where they were peacefully playing.

"Eda and Ruth," she began breathlessly, "I just want to tell you that you must neither of you ever tell a lie! It isn't nice or good!"

"Yes'm," said Eda and Ruth in rather apprehensive concert. "We ain't—haven't told any—many lately, have we?"

"I guess not," said their mother hastily. "But remember!"

Though it was nearly suppertime, she gave them each a big piece of fresh cake. Oh, conscience!

But in the next week or so Mercy Singer half forgot the afternoon and what she had said during it. There came some immediate engrossing happenings. Eda got the chicken pox and Ruth fell and tore her best white cotton-voile dress which Mercy had hand-embroidered at the cost of many hours and aching maternal eyes. And old Andrew Deems in one of his periodical attacks of stomach trouble developed a peevishness which day by day wore on even Cyrus' even temper and made him short and curt of speech more than once to Mercy.

"Old curmudgeon!" she exclaimed in irritability. "I wish you didn't have to endure his tantrums."

"Oh, the man's sick!" said Cyrus excusingly, ashamed of his own reaction. "The doctors say he's really got a bum stomach—no case of imaginary ailment."

Mercy was not greatly sympathetic. Her own affairs called on her for all her supply of that sort of feeling. And having forgotten an afternoon gone by, she was somewhat startled when Hetty Healy dropped in one day, and after much hedging and hemming and hawing, counter-hedging and fearful withdrawals of openings of various sentences, said hesitatingly:

"Do you know, Mercy, someone repeated to Mrs. Thomas A. Stearwin what you said about Cyrus' not caring to work for—in their store, and she said: 'The idea! What possible reason could the man have for not wanting any kind of a place in Thomas' store?'"

Though she wore a faint air of guilt—oh, that "someone"—it was plain that the widow's inquisitiveness had triumphed over caution. She now looked straight at Mercy—sharply and would-be compellingly.

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STYLEPLUS *Summer Clothes*

Trade Mark Registered

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Hot weather fabrics: well tailored: stylish

Right now in the full heat of midsummer is the time to step around to the Styleplus Store and try on one of the Styleplus models specially made for this season of the year.

It will give you a delightful "nothing-on" feeling, perfect comfort.

At the same time the *style* will be there.

These special fabrics and models for midsummer are tailored with great care to retain their smart shape and lively lines.

It isn't always easy to find an extra-thin, extra-light suit that will look trim and stylish. These Styleplus do just that. And give good honest service besides.

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Sold by one leading clothing-merchant in most cities and towns. Write for Styleplus booklet and name of local dealer.

Styleplus Clothes
$25-$30-$35-$40
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

"The sleeve ticket tells the price"

Henry Sonneborn & Co., Inc.
Founded 1849 Baltimore, Md.

AMERICA'S ONLY KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES

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Mercy Singer colored a little. Possibly Mercy had jumped a little.

"Oh, did she?"

"Yes, she did!" declared Hetty Healy.

"Oh, she did!" said Mercy, coloring more.

But no more satisfaction could her caller get from her. And when Mrs. Healy had gone, Mercy Singer squirmed a little and was compunctious a little, but she was hoity-toity more than a little. Indeed! She didn't care that Mrs. Thomas A. was annoyed! Why should she care?

For several months past now, beginning indeed not long after the armistice was signed and the Willotown Women War Workers turned their minds and needles to less momentous concerns, Mrs. Thomas A. Stearwin had displayed a calmly growing disregard of the little friendly near-intimacy that had existed for a good while between her and her various committee workers.

Yes, the lady displayed it.

A long time now since Mercy Singer had had tea in the Stearwin living room, that place of grass cloth, upholstered wicker chairs and painted rugs. A long time since Mrs. Stearwin had paused to chat in market or grocery; indeed the Stearwin maid had back her task of marketing for the family. And, moreover, for some weeks now Mrs. Stearwin's nod of recognition on the street at little Mrs. Singer had become more than once a casual nod; indeed an almost distant nod.

The platinum dinner ring had come out from its seemly war-time retirement; the silver-gray pompadour had had a few needed beauty treatments, thought inadvisable by one truly patriotic in times of one's country's stress, and a new tricolet afternoon dress had rustled composedly into church and down Main Street. It was the first day it rustled that, meeting Mercy Singer on Main Street, Mrs. Thomas A. Stearwin—in the matter of nodding recognition—had quite gone back to prewar distantness; polite distantness, to be sure, but it seemed to stop that nod nicely, just between absent-mindedness and patronage.

"I don't care!" said Mercy Singer therefore. "I'm glad"—defiantly—"that old Het Healy, the someone, went and told her! Though I don't suppose," bitterly, noting a needs-to-be-darned place in her next-to-best table-cloth, "the old well-fixed thing cares two cents. Hetty Healy just imagined she was annoyed."

III

BUT in that assumption Mercy Singer's comely hazel-brown head was wrong—all wrong.

Mrs. Stearwin was really annoyed when Mrs. Hetty Healy, in the course of an afternoon's call—being stockholder in the city lighting system put the name of Healy on the Stearwin steady list of callers—told what Mercy had said. She was quite upset, though at the time she did not let her caller know the extent of her condition of mind.

As Ralph Waldo once so knowingly said: "Compensation is indeed a fixed fact. With a crown goes an uneasiness that crownless heads may guess at but can never really comprehend."

Not, of course, that—strictly speaking—the Stearwins of Willotown were in the crowned-head category. But a chip diamond and a hundred-and-ninety-five-carat Orloff belong to the same family geological; have the same set of internal arrangements of form, feeling and filament.

Unfortunate czarinas and their consorts and offspring know that all about them lurk jealousy, envy, disparagement and intrigue. Capacity for such was given humanity by the Lord or by the devil; but given it was to have and to hold, possibly until this earth gives up its dust. In imperial palaces uneasiness stalks side by side with regalia.

And though, of course, the Stearwins had no imperial palace, after all a palace differs from the biggest house in town only in adjectival description. In essence they are the same kind of building—to persons not living in either. And a platinum dinner ring, when it is the only such ring in the county, may be as symbolical as a gold-and-gemmed crown—to its possessors and to its nonpossessors. The poet was quite wrong. Any mortal perched above his fellows is usually more wary than proud. Knowing his kind—of whom he is one—he privately keeps himself in strictly a watchful waiting attitude for the stones that his high position exposes him to; that he knows very well his surrounders are aching to throw at him.

And Mrs. Stearwin, as well as Thomas A. Stearwin, had often detected attitudes of ill-concealed envy, not to say intrigue, on the part of many of their fellow Willotownites. For instance Hi Healy, now deceased, had once openly accused Thomas of trying to hog the city lighting system as soon as it was on a paying basis, though he had held somewhat aloof while it was experimental merely. And once Ed Dixon, their recent manager-bookkeeper, had rather impertinently declined a Stearwin invitation to dinner merely because of a previous invitation to supper from a little curly-haired milliner newly arrived in Willotown. Then the Stearwin maids—various ones—were really impudent. One even had gone so far as to sniff at leaving: "I'd rather work for lesser folks that can eat without three forks apiece to be polished."

That had annoyed Mrs. Stearwin, but that was all at the time. Maids will be maids—everyone knows that. And at first she was annoyed merely that the unimportant husband of that unimportant little Mrs. Singer, who wore her hats always two years, should say such a thing.

But as she thought it over annoyance swelled into positive irritation. In royal heads there is always the lurking fear that the crumpled rose leaf in the royal bed may not be a crumpled rose leaf at all, but a rankly poisonous bit of herbage introduced under the royal coverlets by some inimical hand and fatal to life, limb and prosperity. Besides, that terrible war seems to have made royalty and a mere too much of worldly goods unpopular even in circles where prosperity could have sworn it would be popular forevermore.

Mrs. Stearwin finally could not help repeating the silly inconsequential remark to her husband.

"What's that?" said Thomas A. Stearwin, a stout short-waisted man who seemed bigger than he was because of his dominant way of holding out a large knobby smooth-shaven chin. He said it even as Hetty Healy to Mercy had said the same. "Huh? What's that you're saying?" And with some effort he brought his attention off the newspaper report of the state-committee meeting. Thomas had once been a member of that committee; a bright year when Willotown had been allowed the honor of representation. He relished the memory and had hopes of doing it again.

His wife repeated, a small annoyed hand at silver-gray pompadour.

"The man's crazy!" said Stearwin with supreme conviction. "And he lies! He would be tickled as a toad in a puddle at any chance to work for me in my store."

Which was what Mrs. Stearwin or anyone else would have said too—a while before. But ——

"He said it," she repeated with accent of irritation and half apprehension. "You—there isn't anything wrong with ——"

"With what? My store?" he snorted.

"Or you?" She put it hesitantly, but she put it. It is a rare wife who has no secret pool of suspicion in which are lowered—though in a way to be drawn up at any time—her husband's possibilities.

"No!" said Thomas A. Stearwin. "What a thing to ask!"

But he looked suddenly thoughtful.

"Oh, pshaw!" he finally added with a snort. "'Course there isn't! And I don't think the man ever said any such thing." He went back to his state-committee report.

In an upholstered wicker rocker Mrs. Stearwin leaned back with a faintly frowning thoughtful expression. Her small suède right foot tapped restively a painted corner of fiber rug.

Meeting Mercy in the street the next day, she nodded, but not absent-mindedly. She looked full at Mercy.

"She needn't look at me that way," reflected Mercy with natural spirit, and raised her comely chin high.

"There is something," said Mrs. Stearwin that night to her husband. She said it with actual worry. "There is something being said about us that we don't know. If you'd seen the way Mrs. Singer looked at me to-day!"

"Funny! I went out of my way to speak to Singer himself and he fairly streaked past me as though he was afraid I was going to offer him a job—or something." This thoughtfully from the stout-waisted Thomas as he half neglected his evening paper. "Well—I can't help it if some clerk is telling about that I don't treat my help fair."

Cyrus Singer had been hurrying so Andrew Deems could have luncheon.

"Any help are treated too well usually," snapped Mrs. Stearwin. "The impudence of the working—but, oh, dear, I do hope nothing really bad is going round town! With all this talk about malefactors of great wealth and the laborer's rights and bombs and ——" She half whimpered and twisted her platinum dinner ring fretfully. "There's so much trouble in life!"

"The man couldn't have any real reason for refusing to work for me," declared her husband with angry vigor. "But what's the use? A man that's well fixed could be a walking Christmas tree and still he'd be accused of things. I wonder just what"—broodingly—"is in Singer's mind? Maybe he's heard ——" He shut up quickly.

"What?" said his wife instantly.

"Nothing—nothing much."

"I demand to know!" She sprang to her feet.

Somewhat sulkily Thomas A. Stearwin explained—in a guarded whisper—that having bought up a carload of cotton goods the first year of trouble at some ten cents a yard he had made some profit selling it at thirty-five.

"But that's legitimate," he added sullenly.

"Nothing's legitimate to—to the miserable narrow-minded people in narrow circumstances," declared his wife with temper and fretfulness. "Still, I think it's something worse than that."

Both brooded over this last, which was fear more than belief, for several days. There came another street meeting with Mercy. Mercy did not really see the other woman, so there was no chance to give and get a nod. Mercy was out of cinnamon unexpectedly and the girls were at school, so she had to run to the store for it. Mrs. Stearwin late that night told Thomas A. Stearwin that she'd simply die of nervousness if she didn't find out what was being said.

"Say!" shouted her husband. "I want you to quit talking about it to me! But—but that new fellow is quitting—don't like little towns."

IV

THIS was at ten-thirty Tuesday P. M. Thomas A. Stearwin irritably slammed his shoes on the floor when he retired. When in placid humor he always was wont to set them down with placid care.

Mrs. Stearwin went to bed without her nightly fifty strokes at her silvery-gray hair.

On Wednesday at four o'clock P. M. Mrs. Stearwin was sitting with a caller's smile in the Singer parlor, a small, neat but not handsomely furnished room.

A gracious—yet wary—caller. It might or it might not have been significant that she wore her next-newest one-piece dress, a handsome dark-blue crêpe. Mercy Singer had on her next-to-oldest checked-percale house dress. She had been caught canning fruit and not expecting callers, Wednesday afternoon being the Willotown Women's Wednesday Workers' Circle day, when calls were unlikely.

But in spite of this circumstance, Mercy, after the first flustered minute or two, began to feel an odd sense of unexplainable mental advantage. Communion with the dead, a future golden harp, Nirvana—these may be possible facts or they may be figments; but it is undeniable that secret frames of mind and degrees of mental poise have their own irrepressible unseen modes of communication and cannot be concealed sometimes. Mercy was at peace with her circumstances; rather a resigned peace but still peace. She no longer—rather sadly—expected anything in the way of brilliant good fortune in life; she no longer expected even a show of friendship from this well-dressed well-circumstanced woman. And somehow she sensed at once that the other wasn't at peace for some reason; was indeed secretly lacking poise.

Not that Mercy Singer analyzed all this. She merely felt at ease with her caller—oddly at ease.

Mrs. Stearwin beat about the bush for a while. Those beatings! A nice chatty reference to the old busy war work; the surgical bandage quotas more than filled every week—thanks to good sewers like Mrs. Singer and others; the sweaters and socks knitted.

"Really, Mrs. Singer, I miss the work!"

"Indeed?"

"Not that one wants the war to start again," with a little shudder. "But it was awfully nice getting so well acquainted with women whom somehow I hadn't had a chance to know very well before. But one's days are so filled! Maids are rather unreliable, and then friends in Chicago whom one feels obliged to visit—you know how it is."

"Yes, indeed!" murmured Mercy civilly, beginning to wonder if something was not to be the end of all this gushy talk. But there could surely be no more need of quotas. Enough bandages had been made.

There was more. Little gossipy references to certain bits of Willotown gossip; the death of old Ann Hatton; the collapse of the new community-building project; the pretty yoked dress that Eda wore through the room; Eleanor could wear yokes well too. And how pretty the peach tree—young-fruited—was in the Singer side yard.

During these references Mercy Singer had a moment or two of remorse indeed. Had she misjudged this woman after all? Perhaps indeed in the chaff of the other's near-intimate chattings during months past there had been a grain at least of real liking for her—Mercy.

But right on the heels of this moment or two came another—and more—of crude wonder. Why all this belated cordiality? Why? There slunk somewhere through the chatty woodpile a dark shadow—an ebony body. She was sure she could glimpse it, were her mental eyesight quicker.

Came at last the *raison d'être*. The new manager-bookkeeper of the Stearwin store was going away. Very ungratefully too, after Mr. Stearwin had treated him so generously, paying his way clear from Chicago when he refused to come to Willotown otherwise. But Mr. Stearwin really at the time disliked the idea of going outside Willotown for his aids. And if it hadn't been for an old friend's insistent solicitation—the young man was a friend of the old friend.

However, no more! Not again! Mr. Stearwin said: "I live here. I'm going to find my employees right here. There's some good men in this town, I know." And so ——

For some time Mr. Stearwin—and Mrs. Stearwin, too, for that matter—had said how nice it was for old Andrew Deems that he had a trustworthy and efficient manager in his store. Andrew Deems certainly didn't have to worry about—Mr. Stearwin couldn't help wishing—by the way,

(Concluded on Page 121)

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STANDARD OF THE WORLD

THERE is only one Cadillac, and, for most excellent reasons, there can be only one.

The Cadillac did not spring full-fledged, into the possession of its beautiful readiness, and ease, and reliability.

As well ask a boy to arrive, over night, at the poise, and mature judgment of a man.

The qualities which distinguish the Cadillac—steadily and progressively developed by a skilled group of designers, engineers and craftsmen—have been seventeen years in the making.

The Cadillac of today, is the fruit of thousands of forward-looking yesterdays.

Through these earnest, painstaking yesterdays, this corps of master workmen has brought the Cadillac to the world-wide precedence which it enjoys today.

Everyone feels, in the Cadillac, a definite, superior, something, which few are able to express in words.

That definite something, is the well-rounded completion and co-ordination which can only come when trained minds work together, through years of devotion and development.

Back of the Cadillac which you buy today, are more than 75,000 of the same eight-cylinder type.

The deep-seated satisfaction which you feel, the economy, the ease and the certainty which you enjoy, all flow out of the experience gained in the development of this type.

There is only one Cadillac, and there can be only one.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

HAPPY ENDINGS

By Barker Shelton

WHEREIN the editorial tear differs from the common or garden variety of the species lies in its extreme rarity. So it might prove worth while to analyze the glistening product of lachrymation that wabbled an uncertain course down Sibyl Anna Corey's cheek—a smooth, delicately rounded cheek, by the way, not the prevalent idea of what the editorial cheek should be at all; and hung irresolutely for a moment on the end of her chin—nice, pointed, wholly uneditorial chin with a faint and most becoming cleft in it; and finally splashed onto page one of a manuscript written on both sides of lined foolscap paper and bearing the striking title, Love in Spring, by Miss Mabel Crothers, of Cedar Springs, Vermont.

Miss Crothers' masterpiece might well have made angels weep. But it was not this soulful if somewhat stilted analysis of love in the vernal season that had moved Sibyl Anna. Indeed, it lay neglected and forgotten on a corner of her desk.

That rara avis—a tear in office hours—was composed partly of a grip on her heartstrings emanating from another very neatly typed and wholly-within-the-rules manuscript nestled beside that of the genius of Cedar Springs; partly of high hopes that the beginning of the said story had raised and the ending of it blasted; but more largely than either of these—of exasperation.

She was reading a brief note. It had accompanied the manuscript responsible for her present emotion. It was a stiff-backed, uncompromising little note. It ran:

Dear Miss Corey: I cannot see my way clear to changing the ending of The Inner Wheels as you suggest. My one and only desire is to write of things as they are. The stories I send you are all of them personal experiences and the ending in each case is set down exactly as I have either experienced it or observed it.

So instead of the change you have suggested in that last story I am sending you a new one. But this, too, presupposes similar suggested changes in that it runs spang into a large chunk of gloom toward the end. The incident from which it was taken did not turn out at all happily. It ended exactly as I have ended the yarn. Therefore, please do not send me the usual request. But if the story is unavailable in its present form just ship it back to me as soon as convenient.

Sincerely yours,
WILLIAM SILSBY.

Sibyl Anna brushed away another tear on its way toward blotting a few letters of that copper-plate hand in which Miss Crothers discoursed so amiably of love from the Cedar Springs angle of vision.

William Silsby had all the earmarks of a find, the biggest one of all Sibyl Anna had uncovered. If he would listen to reason there was no telling in what size letters his name might blazon forth on magazine covers and upon newsstand posters. But William Silsby had no intention evidently of listening to reason. There was a discouraging finality about that note. There had been the same unyielding quality in all his few brief notes in answer to her suggestions. Always his stories were the same in construction. He would seize some most amazing premise, work up toward a gripping climax and then, losing all sight of his tremendous opportunities, descend into a pit of pessimism and gloom that spoiled everything.

Here was a master in his early beginnings sending his stuff to her; or he would be a master, she was sure, if he would but accept a little of the guidance he so steadfastly refused.

Two of his stories, unhappy endings and all, she had argued Alcott Harding, editor in chief of The Hour, into running in the magazine. But Alcott Harding had lamented their appearance in cold print afterward. Alcott Harding would not stand for gloom in The Hour. Justified gloom was bad enough; the sort of gloom there was no escaping. But this gloom of Silsby's wasn't even justified. Look at his chances to avoid it. Both those stories might have had wedding bells tinkling in the last few paragraphs just as logically as dirges trumpeting before the hearse—more so, in fact, to his mind. The gloom was there because it was gloom and for no other reason, as far as he could see.

The man could write. There was no question of that. Lord, how he could write! But these pessimistic endings that were evidently his fetish must be remedied. Alcott Harding advised Sibyl Anna to get after him; to make him see the light of day. His work was worth it. If he finished up his work as he began it he was in a way to be the wonder of the decade. Didn't she agree with him?

"You Seem Far More Intelligent Than Any of the Misfits I've Had on the Job So Far"

Sibyl Anna explained that she did; that she had already been pegging away at Silsby about those endings with a result that was nil. Harding suggested that she go at it again. He was a great believer in persistency. And Sibyl Anna had done so; and there lay his latest story, more illogically gloom beridden in its finish than ever; and here was his answer to her plea in her hands.

She sat back, tapping her small and very even teeth with a little bronze letter opener and watching golden motes dance in the sunshine that came streaming in through the windows of her cozy office.

When a certain state university had given its diploma to Sibyl Anna Corey, who had managed to get through the prescribed curriculum by the skin of her teeth because she spent most of her time reading anything save the books required in the various courses, she had turned her back on her native heath and set sail blithely for the big things that would still certain cravings of her restless soul. She fancied newspaper work—which she persisted in dignifying to herself with the euphemism "journalism"—would do the trick for her. It hadn't.

One day, hoping nothing from it, expecting nothing from it, she had sent three bits of verse to The Hour. They came to rest, after a round of more or less impressed subordinates, under Alcott Harding's long nose with the ancient steel-bowed spectacles perched upon it. Alcott Harding had enthused, in dictating a note for her to come to the office, in a manner that had made the office stenographer see him in a wholly new light. And Sibyl Anna of course had come thither, and they had talked modern verse and then fiction.

Harding liked her views of present-day fiction. He offered her a chance to read some for him at a corner desk in the outer office. She discovered the possibilities of Sarah Ella Mellen, whose yarns had consistently traveled to The Hour office—and back again—for more than five years. Harding, surer than ever that his judgment was sound and that she had the makings of a good picker, gave her an office of her own. She rewarded this faith in herself by digging out for him fiction that sent the circulation of The Hour soaring upward at tens of thousands a month. So she came into her associate editorship, the sole arbiter of The Hour's fiction and the reputation of having the best nose for it in the country. And her way thereafter had followed pleasant paths indeed until this matter of William Silsby had come up to trouble her—William Silsby who could be a master if he chose, but simply would not choose so.

Click of the letter opener against her small teeth. Gold of the motes weaving in and out of the sunshine. That last story of Silsby's, which started out so stunningly and fell down with such a fearfully disconcerting bump just after the middle of it, lying before her. His note with all the finality it conveyed crumpled in her hand.

Something must be done. No use writing him to come to The Hour office. It would in all probability merely bring from him a refusal to go over personally what they had already discussed in their notes. Her one bet, much as she disliked the thought of such a course, was to stalk him, find him, jump on him hard and make him see reason.

She got up from the desk. She put on a most becoming coat and a hat that set off the quiet beauty of her face. She stepped to a small mirror and fluffed out her hair under her hat. Thus accoutered she set forth, pausing only to glance at the address on William Silsby's manuscript; upper left-hand corner, just where it should be. She knew it already, but she frowned at it as if she were reading it for the first time. It was downtown in the heart of business things; a well-known building—if she remembered rightly. Somehow that address did not add to her optimism as to success in her venture.

Alcott Harding, poking out of his own office, encountered her coming from hers.

"Lunching early?" he asked.

"No, it's a raid. I'm going after William Silsby in his own patch of jungle."

His reply was one terse pointed bit of instruction. "Bag him!" he said.

Her surmise concerning the identity of that address proved correct. It was one of the biggest and newest of the up-to-the-minute bailiwicks of big business. A young city worked within its walls. Several other young cities entered and left its portals hourly. It struck Sibyl Anna as a sort of temple of inflexible wills—like William Silsby's.

But there was no name of Silsby on the directory boards in the corridor, or anything even distantly savoring of such a cognomen. Yet the only address she had was the mere street number—one of ten such numbers—of the building. But William Silsby must be here somewhere concealed about the premises, for she had directed mail to him with that bare number and had received answers therefrom, which argued that he must be reachable—name on the directory boards or not.

She sought the director of the battery of elevators. Of him she inquired the whereabouts of the man she was after. The director of elevators scratched his head. He seemed puzzled for a moment, then brightened.

"Yes! Oh, yes! William Silsby! With the David Fitch Company—eighteenth floor. Take Number Four."

It was express to the fifteenth floor.

She squeezed herself into a corner of the already packed Number Four. They rushed upward. At the eighteenth floor she went down a corridor the sienna marble of which in itself represented a fortune. She stopped before a door, very solid, unmistakably mahogany. Its ground-glass upper panel bore the information in the simplest lettering:

THE DAVID FITCH COMPANY

Sibyl Anna, not wholly at ease at the start of this expedition of hers, grew decidedly uncomfortable. Well she might. That name, chastely emblazoned upon the ground glass, was one to conjure with. It stood for power. The gods of moneydom pricked up their ears when it was spoken. And William Silsby might be one of the great

(Continued on Page 39)

I HEAR PADEREWSKI, HOFMANN, BAUER *IN ONE EVENING - THROUGH THE* DUO-ART PIANOLA

IT has been the ambition of my later years to hear one of the great celebrities play the piano.

Until last night, this privilege has been denied me.

We live in a small town in Wisconsin, my husband and I. Too small ever to be visited by any one musically worth while, and too far from any large cities to make a special trip practical to people of moderate means. Occasional trips never coincided with any large concerts.

Last evening we were invited to the Browns'. They had a new piano they wished us to hear. A player instrument purchased on a recent trip to Chicago. I've heard player-pianos before and enjoy them when well played. Therefore, I was mildly interested. Little did I dream what was in store for me.

The new piano looked very well indeed and had a splendid tone. I played a little at our host's request and was charmed with it. Then Mr. Brown put in a music-roll and began to play.

With the first notes I recognized Paderewski's famous "Minuet." But what was Mr. Brown doing? His hands seemed not to be busy with "expression" levers, but he was playing like an angel. The dainty, stately, beautiful dance was rippling forth from the piano with an exquisiteness of touch, a meaningness of phrasing, a use of pedal that gave it sheer loveliness I had never dreamed it possessed.

I couldn't contain myself. "Mr. Brown," I cried, "What are you *doing* to that music? Paderewski himself couldn't play better than that!"

Mr. Brown motioned for me to wait a moment, and finished playing. Then he turned to me. His face was just inspired with the music and his voice trembled a little. "You have said what is true," he told me. "*For you have been listening to Paderewski himself and no other.*"

I Hear Paderewski, Hofmann, and Harold Bauer

WHEN we left the Browns' my ambition was fulfilled. I had heard three of the greatest pianists alive today. And my husband had heard some wonderful popular and dance music, played by the most gifted interpreters of that kind.

In the very impressive and complete catalog of the Duo-Art Pianola that Mr. Brown had, he showed me letters and interviews with famous pianists. They all expressed unbounded enthusiasm for the Duo-Art. For example, Paderewski said he was "glad indeed to have his playing reproduced with such manifest fidelity." Hofmann said, "These rolls correctly reproduce my phrasing, accent, pedaling, and what is more, they are endowed with my personality." Bauer said, "I am most happy to avail myself of such a wonderful means of leaving to posterity a record, as nearly perfect as can be conceived of my interpretative art."

They were wonderful letters, but I did not need them to convince me of the authenticity of the Duo-Art's playing. I had heard it myself. I *knew* such playing could *only* come from the great master pianists.

* * * *

A detailed, descriptive catalog of the Duo-Art Pianola will be sent on request, without charge, together with the address of the branch or representative nearest you, where a demonstration may be had.

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LONDON - PARIS - MADRID - MELBOURNE

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Because You Like Its Flavor

—Choose California Raisin Pie

Forget, for the moment, the high food value of California Raisin Pie.

Disregard the scientific fact that raisins are 75 per cent Nature's own sugar.

Ignore the dietetic fact that the sugar of raisins builds valuable energy. Pass over all these solid sense appeals.

Eat California Raisin Pie simply because it's supremely good and because you like it. Give your fancy and appetite full sway.

For you can't go wrong on Raisin Pie. It is more than food or dessert. It is dessert-food.

You can Buy it Ready-baked

You can buy California Raisin Pie direct from bakers or through grocery stores.

Bakers make this pie with Sun-Maid Raisins similar to the Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins you buy in blue packages for puddings, candy and other sweets.

SUN-MAID Raisins

California Raisin Bread

California Raisin Bread is plain bread exalted by the seductive flavor of spicy raisins. Get a loaf today from grocer or baker. Eat it fresh at the evening meal. Then eat Toasted Raisin Bread at breakfast.

All Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins are sterilized in our glass-walled, sun-bathed plant in California. Then they are packed in air-tight boxes.

Three varieties of Sun-Maid Raisins:

Sun-Maid Seeded *(seeds removed)*;

Sun-Maid Seedless *(grown without seeds)*;

Sun-Maid Clusters *(on the stem)*.

Try Raisin Candy

In almost any candy store you'll find Raisin Candy in several varieties. Raisins in chocolate or nougat contribute to a most satisfying harmony of flavor. Raisin Candy provides a *new* appeal to candy lovers while it gratifies the natural appetite for sweets.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 9000 Growers—Fresno, California

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and mighty of this concern. Sibyl Anna's knees betook to themselves an unaccustomed wabbliness at the thought. Or maybe he cleaned out the inkwells—you never could tell. Genius was not fussy about its abiding place, she reflected—and felt much better. So much so that she opened the door upon a magnificently equipped office, with rows and rows of clerks at mahogany desks behind a brass grille work, and battery upon battery of typewriters clicking out their salvos at the enemy.

Outside the brass grille, close to a huge ornate gate that gave passage through it, sat a queer little old man at a small desk. He had all the fussy importance of the guardian of the outer portal; all the pomp of bearing which the inefficient always bring to positions of small importance; all the meek servility of his kind for those whom he knew to be of the elect; in short, all the unmistakable signs of a mentality that had kept him the office boy perpetual.

"Shall I find Mr. Silsby here—Mr. William Silsby?" she asked the keeper of the pass, who patently was there to answer just such questions.

The little man bristled importantly.

"I am Mr. William Silsby," he announced.

Sibyl Anna was aware of a desire to gasp for breath, as if she had fallen into water of an unpleasantly low temperature. She stared hard at him for a moment in unbelief, then pulled herself together. One learned something new every day. This plainly was her to-day's lesson. She smiled at the little, old, too-young-for-his-years, too-mature for-his-job office boy, who smiled back at her. He couldn't help smiling back. No one could when Sibyl Anna let go her best smile at him.

"How long have you been writing stories, Mr. Silsby?" she asked.

"Stories!" he repeated.

His manner changed instantly. The smile vanished. He looked about the place with a marked anxiety as if he feared someone might have overheard her. He said half under his breath and apparently involuntarily: "Sh-h-h!" And he looked about the place in that anxious, perturbed fashion again, and leaned across the desk toward her.

"It'll not be me you're wantin' to see, mum," he told her. "It'll be young Mr. David. He's the one—if it's about stories. What name, mum? I'll see 'f he's busy."

Sibyl Anna, usually highly individualistic, became blankly unoriginal.

"Miss Smith," she heard herself muttering. Her own name would tell him too much: give him too much leeway to prepare for her.

The little man toddled away. The gate clanged. Sibyl Anna waited, leaning against a corner of the desk close by. Young Mr. David! Fitch of course! She was here to tell him he simply must put happier endings on those stories of his. It wasn't going to be the simplest task in the world to win out in an argument on that point or any other point—with David Fitch. But she was going to have a stab at it at least. Sibyl Anna and any trace of quitter's blood were strangers.

The gate clanged open again and the little man was bowing her through it.

"This way, if you please," he said, ushering her past the rows of clerks and whirring typewriters.

A door was opened for her. She found herself in a very large and very sunny office. A great fireplace yawned at one side of it. A big desk was in the center of a beautiful old rug. Young David Fitch sat at the desk, letters he was answering spread out before him. He was talking into the mouthpiece of a dictating machine. He nodded faintly some understood-between-them instruction to the little old man, who drew up a chair and waved Sibyl Anna into it, whereupon he immediately withdrew.

David Fitch, Jr., went on with his letter. He was tall, dark, striking; a man who had kept himself in the pink of condition; the leanness, the litheness of the athlete about him; a fighting jaw; a high white forehead; heavy brows that were perfect horizontals beneath it.

"We will, therefore, as you request, give you a twenty-day option at five hundred and ten thousand dollars. Sincerely yours," he finished his formulation of the particular letter that busied him.

He dropped the tube of the machine beside him and swung about abruptly in his chair. All his movements were sudden, abrupt, full of force and decision.

"This job won't be an easy one," he said with no change of tone from the one he had been using in his dictation. "I can't endure any distracting mannerisms when I am dictating. Breaks the train of thought. Puts me off. It irritates me. Do you ever sniff?"

Sibyl Anna, taken wholly aback, said she never knew she did.

"Or chew gum?"

She denied this charge.

"Or squirm in your chair after an hour's work; or shuffle your feet under the desk?"

Sibyl Anna, catching the import of the series of questions and wholly amused now, was sure she didn't.

"The most important hours of my day, so I can't take any chances, you see. I shall not expect you to transcribe in shorthand. Much rather you'd do it in longhand. Then I can catch it up in spare minutes and go over it and make annotations. Can't read shorthand myself. You seem far more intelligent than any of the misfits I've had on the job so far. I think you'd do. Something tells me you would."

He was looking at her searchingly. Sibyl Anna strove to assume an air meekly gratified.

"Hours are unholy ones—but short. From half past six to half past eight each morning. Here in this office. Could you be here each day at that time?"

She made it clear that half past six held no particular terrors for her.

"You see I write fiction during those two hours—or perhaps I'd better say I try to write fiction. Editors seem to have a rather different opinion most of the time. But I'm going to show 'em yet. Going to make 'em see it my way. Just keep it under your hat that I write fiction. For certain reasons it isn't policy to let it out yet. But, as I say, to me it is the most important work I do during the day. Everything else is subservient to it. Therefore it's highly important to have the person I'm dictating to one who doesn't upset my work. If you fit, if you don't sniff or shuffle your feet or squirm about or tap with your pencil or yawn, and if you write a fairly legible hand and are discreet and don't blab abroad about the work I'm doing in those early hours, the pay will be very good. Six dollars a morning. Three dollars an hour. That's very fair pay, isn't it?"

She said it was.

"Well, then, come to-morrow at six-thirty. You'll find me here. I get here always at six. That let's me get my ideas ordered and ready for you when you appear. All settled then. Good morning, Miss—Smith, I think Silsby said was your name."

He picked up the tube of the dictating machine and went on with his work. Sibyl Anna beat a retreat—past the clerks, out the gate in the grille, into the hall, down in the elevator.

Once on the street, she fell to laughing softly to herself. It hadn't been the interview she expected at all. But at least she had learned the lay of the land. And as young David Fitch's amanuensis she would have opportunities she had never dreamed of for watching his methods. She would find out why he persisted in those gloomy finishes for all his stuff; and presently, after she was of proved value to him because she did not chew gum or squirm in her chair or tap her pencil on her desk, she would see if she could not induce him by the quietest sort of suggestion, when the break in the story came, to take the right course to the end instead of the wrong one he invariably persisted in following. This was something she could not have dared hope for. Fate seemed to have dealt her the joker and a preponderance of the trumps.

An alarm clock, shattering the stillness of that gray hour when day and night struggle for the mastery at dawn, awakened Sibyl Anna next morning. She lifted her head from her pillow, reached out to shut off the whirring of that insistent bell, dropped back again drowsily, sighed, remembered, grinned and got up and dressed.

There was an unusual quiet in the streets outside. Two milk wagons rattled past as she left the apartment house where she lived; a newsboy was delivering papers in various doorways; here and there a janitor was polishing brass handrails that guarded a flight of brownstone steps. These were the only signs of life at that hour, the first yawnings of the sleepy giant soon to bestir himself into wakefulness.

At an all-night lunch room, where one sleepy guardian at the end of his watch was monarch of all he surveyed for the moment, she fortified herself for the task before her with one piece of burned toast and two cups of excellent coffee. Then she took a car downtown.

She had substituted an old and severely tailored suit for the becoming coat of yesterday. The hat was smaller. Her hair was brushed back in straight lines, every last hint of fluffiness discouraged. The effect was much what she wanted; but it did not make Sibyl Anna quite so plain as she could have wished. Nothing could have done that. Still she was inconspicuous among the other people on the car as far as clothes went. She was just a little lady hurrying rather early to work—but a very sweet and pretty and lovable little lady for all the tailored suit and the very plain little hat.

A night watchman, serving as elevator man pro tem, was prime minister of Number Six elevator. He took her up to the eighteenth floor of that abode of mammon worshipers. He said on the way up that it was a nice morning. It wasn't. But Sibyl Anna agreed brightly with him, since that was plainly the expected thing.

The younger David Fitch was waiting for her behind that brass grille in the outer office when she opened the door down the corridor. He seemed pleased—if somewhat surprised—at the sight of her.

"Good! Excellent beginning, this!" said he, glancing at his watch. "Six-twenty-five! You're on time and a little better. Frankly, I rather expected you sometime after seven with several plausible alibis. That's the way it has been with all the others. Let's get to work at once."

He led the way into his own office. A fire crackled pleasantly on the wide hearth. Somewhere out beyond the desert of roofs and smutty chimney pots, beyond the East River, beyond the drab smudge that was Brooklyn, the sun, poking out of the Sound, found a rift in the soot-like morning clouds of sufficient width to send a few feeble red rays through the wide windows to try conclusions with the wavering light of the fire on the hearth.

Fitch established the girl at his desk. Paper was laid out in plenty and there was a young regiment of pencils at hand from which to make her selection.

David Fitch glanced at some notes in his hand. He stood by the window, the red of that first morning sunlight full upon him. He was decidedly imposing, and thirty was as yet a pleasant perspective to him. He seemed about to begin his dictation; but instead he turned to the girl at the desk.

"Before we begin let me ask whether you came here because some of my acquaintances who knew what I was up against sent you or because you saw my ad in one of the papers?"

The paper was, of course, the safest guess. Sibyl Anna said she had seen the ad.

"Then there's no one to thank for sending you, is there? Do you mind smoke?"

"Not at all."

He took out a mellow old brier pipe, filled it from a pouch and began pacing up and down. The office clouded with a young fog as he puffed away furiously.

"Kelsey turned down that mean street ——" he began dictating finally.

Sibyl Anna put down in black and white what Kelsey had done. They were off!

It was the last part of a story—that was clear to her. And consequently Fitch was reveling in his usual orgy of finishing-up gloom. Sibyl Anna sat very quietly at the desk, a little mouse of a nonentity for quietness. That was her cue just at present. Let him wallow in his gloom as much as he liked until she had proved to him beyond the shadow of a doubt that she was the amanuensis he sought; the one in a hundred who had no distracting mannerisms at all; the one who should turn out to be the rare jewel he sought. Besides, it was hard to catch the gist of the yarn from the tail end of it merely.

Fitch paced up and down with faster stride. He puffed harder at the mellow old brier. He crammed charge after charge into it. The smoke fog grew denser. And his dictation more rapid-fire as he warmed up to his work. Sibyl Anna's pencil flew. Her fingers ached. She wanted to stretch out her feet beneath the desk. But she did not risk it. She sat there as immobile as a statue, the soft purr of her flying pencil the only sound from her.

At half past eight he chucked his notes into a drawer of the desk and knocked the last charge from his pipe into the fireplace. There was activity in the outer office. Desks were being slammed open and voices called good morning one to another.

"Well, this has been a real morning's work," said he with satisfaction. "The sort of two hours' work I've dreamed for a long time of putting in. You'll do. You're the girl I've been trying to find. Not a sound out of you. Still as a mouse. Wouldn't have known you were there. Didn't ask me how to spell anything or to repeat. Just went to it and kept pace with me. Went it pretty fast some of the time, didn't I?"

She was flexing the stiff fingers of her right hand.

"Oh, I think I shall manage somehow to keep up with you," she said.

"You see, you earn your money," he replied with a grin.

He counted out the six dollars and laid it on the desk before her.

"I'd like to work longer at this each day—nights after I'm through here, for instance. But this blamed grind of money chasing takes it out of you too much. Nothing left at night. Ideas too unsafe then. Only time to do it is in the morning when I'm fresh. Well, it's time to chase the dollar right now, so I'll have to say good morning, Miss Smith. You seem to be the jewel of a helper I've been hunting high and low for. To-morrow at the same hour. Don't, for heaven's sake, disappoint me! And don't let me lose you, now I've found you. Don't go and get married or anything like that."

A spruce young man entered from the outer office.

"Mr. Fitch has just come in," he said. "He'd like to know if the figures of the Hammond deal are ready for him."

"Yes. Get 'em for you in just a minute," said young David.

Sibyl Anna slipped into the coat of her tailored suit and pinned on the severe little hat. She was wholly satisfied with the first morning's progress.

They went at it again at the same unseasonable hour next morning and every morning thereafter. The yarn he had been dictating that first morning was completed. Sibyl Anna was somewhat aflutter with expectation when they began the second one. But it was a disappointing affair to her. It hadn't life or color. It was a dead, lifeless

(Continued on Page 122)

Note How Everyone

It Has Become a Familiar Car on Nearly Every Highway

Hails the Essex

Essex owners report the satisfaction they experience at the way people speak of their cars. It increases their pride of ownership. Motorists and even boys on the streets hail the Essex with some such greeting as "There is an Essex."

Curiosity in the car that possesses quality and performance at moderate cost and without the expense and weight of such cars as formerly were the only ones that possessed those advantages, has given way to openly voiced admiration.

Essex Owners Are Its Salesmen

At first it was what people who had seen the Essex said about it that led to its popularity.

Now owners—and there are thousands of them—are endorsing it on every hand. People stop Essex owners to inquire about their car. The answer is unanimous. When asked as to its performance they make no reservations. Admiration of its riding qualities is never lacking.

Every wanted quality in an automobile seems to have been met in the Essex. Ask the first Essex owner you meet.

Essex Performance Is Always Mentioned

There is no uncertainty to the owner as to Essex performance. Drivers know positively that their cars will meet any acceleration or endurance test they impose.

They know they can match the performance of whatever car they encounter.

There are now enough Essex cars on the road to permit you to note their performance. They are always in the lead when quick acceleration is desirable. They hold their own on the road against cars regarded as the fastest. They keep going and require little attention.

The repair shop is no place to learn about the Essex for it has little need to know the repairman.

Won't you make some inquiry about the Essex? You will find it interesting and convincing.

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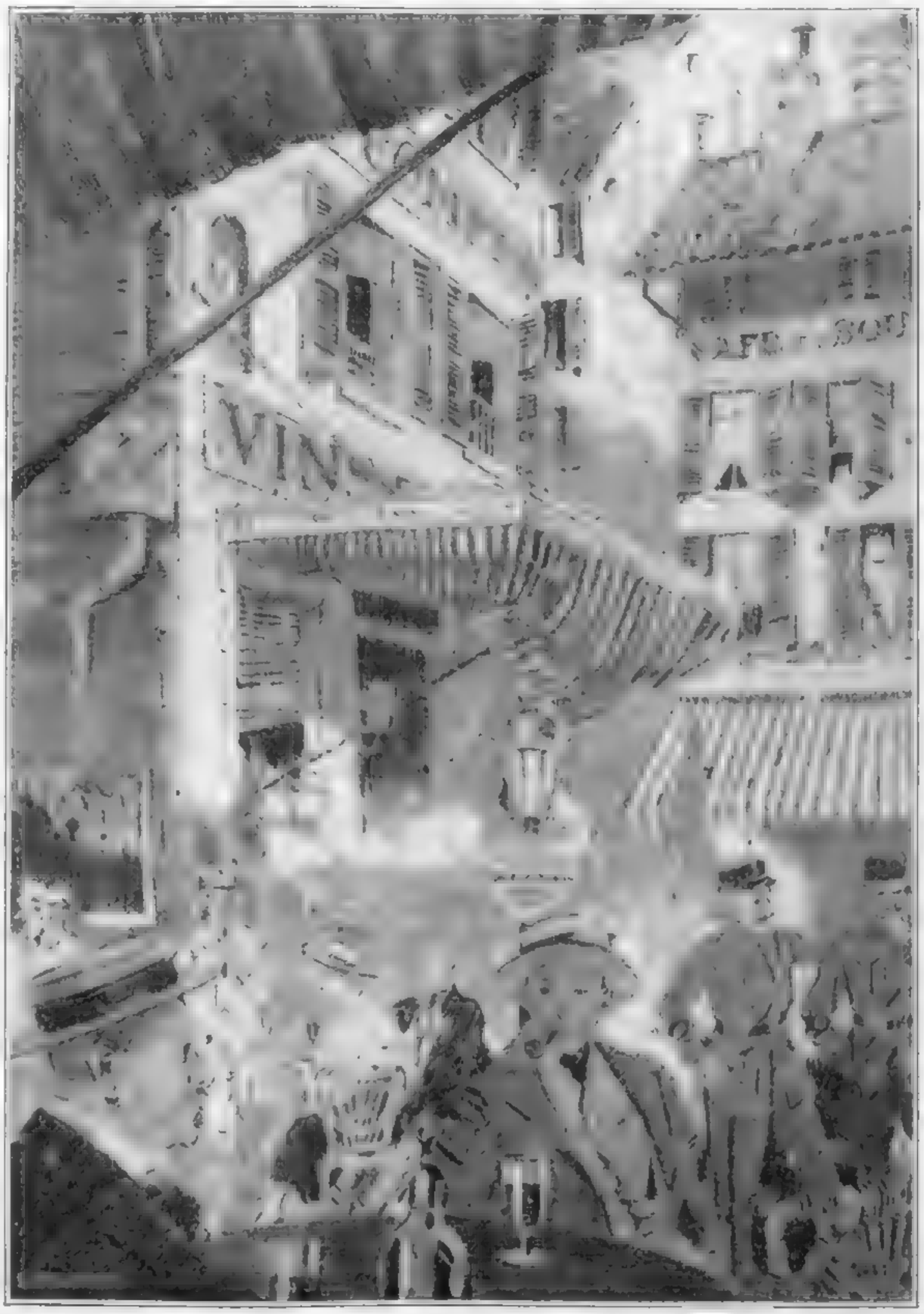
THE PARIS SECTOR

By Maude Radford Warren

DECORATION BY WILMER S. RICHTER



NOT long ago I was in Paris with my young, frank, soldier friend, Treasure Island, so called because of his rich qualities—hidden, by the way, from the eyes of his officers. Treasure Island was on leave from Germany, and we were to see the sights. He was fresh from a Rhineland billet, where he slept in one blanket on the floor, still ate from a mess kit, and had to use a certain amount of strategy to get all the hot water he required. When Treasure Island saw the soft bed assigned to him in the Y. M. C. A. hotel he made a salaam to it. He handled the china dishes as gingerly as if they had been newborn infants, and he conversed with a certain amount of diffidence, as one not yet used to the society of ladies. In effect Treasure Island, though it was months since he had fired a shot, was still a front-line soldier.

We stood on the steps of the Madeleine, and Treasure Island, making a gesture as if he were brushing cobwebs from before his eyes, said pathetically: "I can't see anything. There's too many Americans gumming up everything!"

We looked down the Rue Royale and across the boulevard, and all we saw was khaki uniforms and Y. M. C. A. uniforms and Red Cross uniforms and Y. W. C. A. uniforms and A. F. F. W. uniforms and K. C. uniforms and nurses' uniforms and Salvation Army uniforms and those uniforms made by certain big nationally known tailors who clothe the great American public. And what we heard was not French, but the Northern and Southern and Western accents of our own beloved countrymen. Those rivers of uniforms and rivers of United States voices quite swamped the French. Treasure Island called upon his Maker and shook his head mournfully.

At the Crillon

WE TOOK our way to the Hotel Crillon, the stamping ground of the American Peace Commission. We had business there, but it scarcely looked to us as if anyone else had. Never, never have I seen so many people standing round and sitting round, with impressive expressions on their faces, soldiers and civilians alike, as if idleness were a very serious and superior work which they were undertaking for the good of the nation. Scarcely anyone lacked an expression of importance—the same kind of expressions people used to have in the hotels in Washington where the dollar-a-year men stayed.

The usher who met us at the door had it as he asked our business, with the implication that it could not be very important since we were not preceded by a flock of heralds and did not have an appointment. The civilians wore it as they wrote letters and cables in the waiting room. The young officers had it who were talking to the pretty girls in the dining room; and the girls had it as a sort of reflected glory.

It wasn't merely the look of the clawsses; it was the look of people who felt they were engaged in saving the nation.

The person whom I had come to see arrived, an officer upon whom Treasure Island looked distrustfully because of his air of leisure. I had last known of this officer as in the south of France.

After we had transacted our business I asked: "But how did you get out of Tours?"

"It got to be pretty dull there, and I thought I'd like to be in Paris." He spoke, conscious that he was one of Fortune's beloved, who have but to ask, to receive.

"But what are you doing?"

"I'm with the peace conference," he said with that air of weight with which a year or so ago our fortunate youth used to remark "I've been called to Washington."

"Yes, I know. But what are you doing?"

"Why—er—I'm here, you know; and I stand ready to be called upon in conference if they need me."

Treasure Island gave an inarticulate grunt, which I hastened to cover by remarking: "Meantime you are seeing Paris."

"Yes, and I've had a trip up to the Front too," he said animatedly. "We went all the way from the Marne to the Vesle; Vaux—did you ever see a town shot up like that one!—Château-Thierry, Fère-en-Tardenois—all of it. All of the fields pitted with shell holes, you know. Why, I give you my word, some of them were punctured like the top of a pepper shaker! The woods—well, honestly, I hadn't thought that woods could look like that. Up toward the Ourcq I saw some of the red marks the Germans had put on the trees to sight by. Next week I'm going to the St.-Mihiel sector and through the Argonne. Little bit hard to get the trips so close together, but I think it can be arranged."

I saw that Treasure Island was seething, and I bore him forth as quickly as I could. He walked down the Rue de Rivoli and he made weird gestures and gave forth brief yelps. When Treasure Island becomes temperamental I am never quite sure whether to act as if he were suffering from shell shock or to walk away, pretending, as it were, that he's no relation of mine.

Intrepid Lads

HE BEGAN to intone. "Oh, no, people at home," he chanted, "the war is not over. You think it is because the armistice occurred sometime ago and the peace terms are taken care of. You are slugging along, trying to get your world adjusted to the new peace basis. But over here, behold the noble hordes of soldiers and civilians breasting the dangers of Paris. Brave officers! See them dauntlessly driving up the Champs-Elysées, ladies like jewels hanging upon their necks. But do they complain? Our men never complain! Their Allies! They carry on alone—'carry on' is a good word—for the English are mostly gone, and the Italians and the Belgians, while the French soldiers are harvesting the crops or running elevators or tending bar.

"But our men prefer to conduct the campaign without the help of the Allies. They don't even want the help of publicity. Leave the dear ones at home to enjoy the bliss of ignorance. If a little knowledge is a dangerous thing a whole lot of it would disrupt our trusting homes. Watch our officers as they storm Montmartre, as they leap from café to café, besieging the hotels and dives even more dire. No wonder that the high military command grows anxious over their valor!

"Brave lads, those officers! They endure these nice little quarters with an attentive dame to serve them breakfast.

"I hear these dames are trained to make people comfortable, and that's why they've got the reputation of putting it all over the feminine of other nations as regards this here charm! They bear up, these boys, under drinks and shows and dances. See them fight their way to the commissary and let their friends buy off Uncle Sam by pretending said friends are running an officers' mess. They don't care what they do! Intrepid! 'Intrepid' is the word!

"Oh, hell!" he concluded. "The Battle of Paris! Stretcher bearers at the double! Douse that glim, will you! Look out for that shell hole! Oh, the anguish of the suffering in Paris! Don't let the folks at home know what they have to endure. For the sake of their families, for the

sake of the morale of the troops, for heaven's sake keep it dark about the bloody Battle of Paris!"

Treasure Island rotated his arms in opposite directions and glared madly, to the huge delight of a slim French manikin. A burst of rain subdued him, and we stood in front of a jeweler's window and watched the taxicabs reaping a harvest.

Presently we became aware of the conversation of a couple beside us, also sheltering from the rain. The man was a handsome young private, wearing the gold fleur-de-lis that signified that he belonged to the Paris Division. The girl was a pretty creature in uniform. We judged by what we heard that she had but recently arrived and that he had been expounding to her the horrors of war.

"Yes, I suppose it was pretty bad here in Paris," he said with a modest-hero air; "Big Bertha disgorging a cannon ball every little while, and then the Gothas constantly coming over. Just as a fellow would get to sleep after a hard day's work, whoo-oo-oo would come the wail of the sirens, and we were supposed to beat it to the cellar; but after the first or second alarm I'd just turn over and go to sleep again. I figured that if I was to get mine I'd get it. I believe the French people always went down cellar; used to have cribs for the babies there, and all that. I suppose, all the same, that that sort of thing gets on a man's nerve. The next day, when I'd be in the office, I'd hear in the square near by the snapping short crash that meant Bertha had sent over a little memento."

"Oh!" the pretty girl breathed. "How dreadful! And you really were as cool as all that?"

"It's all in a day's work, you know," he said nonchalantly.

Treasure Island listened with dropped jaw.

"Can you beat it?" he whispered. "I bet he never saw a trench in his life, except the ditches they made back in training camp. Come on. If not, I'll disgrace you by saying something."

I drew Treasure Island toward the rainy street, but suddenly he left me and plunged back.

Treasure Island's Words of Wisdom

"SAY," he remarked to the hero of Paris, "where were you and your Paris Division in the Argonne drive? We needed some of you brave birds up there. You'd got something besides a few stray bombs. There wouldn't have been just one chance in five hundred thousand of their hitting you, as there was here. You'd have had plenty of chances to die for your country, and you'd have had to take the chances too. Only I guess it's as well you didn't come. The cute little golden emblems on your sleeves might have got rusted."

Treasure Island joined me, his face scarlet.

"Of course I shouldn't have butted in," he said, "but I hated to hear that idle bird showing off before a girl as pretty as that. Did you notice her eyes? And she had them turned up to that boob as if he really had been killing the Germans. These guys that stick round Paris make me sick!"

He muttered like a Roman mob as I conducted him to a café on the boulevard near the Place de l'Opéra. We sat down, took a cooling drink and watched the world go by—the American world. Presently Treasure Island signaled to a stout impressive-looking young man in civilian clothes.

"He's a fellow from my burg," he said. "He was a couple of months above draft age, but perfectly sound in wind and limb. I never expected to see him, but I might have known I would. He's a great little old excursionist. I bet if I sat here long enough I'd meet every joy-rider I know."

The large young man had by this time threaded his way toward us. Introductions made, he sat down and accepted a beverage.

"So your work is over," he said patronizingly to Treasure Island. "Well, we'll be mighty glad to see all you boys back in the old home town. We shall not forget what you have done for us."

"'Ch obliged," mumbled Treasure Island. "What are you doing in Paris?"

"I'm on a commission," replied the young man importantly.

"Oh, yes. I've heard they have been having some of those things. Secret?"

"Not at all. I came over to investigate the sort of reconstruction work that is needed in Northern France. I'm on a committee, too, that is interested in the French war bonds. If it seems wise we may raise a fund in our part of the state to help in the reconstruction."

"Oh, yeh; President appoint you?" inquired Treasure Island.

"No."

"Oh, I thought, you being a Democrat ——" insinuated Treasure Island.

"This commission is—ah—only semiofficial," explained the young man.

"Oh, yes," were Treasure Island's words. But his looks said: "I see. Self-appointed commission. Used your political pull to get over."

"Well," he added bluntly, "you didn't have to come over here to find out what sort of reconstruction work was needed. The papers and magazines have been instructing us on that ever since the Germans first began to march on Northern France."

The big young man was not at all thin-skinned. He caught no implication in Treasure Island's next question, which he asked casually:

"Seen the Front yet?"

"Why, no," said the young man. "Of course I have seen some of the back areas of the devastated country, but that was through the courtesy of the French. I appealed to our military authorities over two weeks ago, but as yet they have not seen fit to grant my request. When I got a little insistent they sent me from one person to another ——"

"Yeh; just passing the buck," said Treasure Island. "We don't let them do that to us any more. It makes us lose our goat."

"Well, I've lost mine; but it didn't seem to get me anywhere," said the young man ruefully.

"It's a darned shame!" said Treasure Island with sudden fervid sympathy. "Here you've come all the way from home and ought to be getting back. You've got to have material to talk before the chamber of commerce and the business men's clubs and the women's clubs and the church. Fellow can't go home and give an intelligent account of things over here if he hasn't seen the Front, and the Army owes it to itself that intelligent investigators should carry home to the American public a fair statement."

"Just exactly what I told them," said the stout young man warmly.

"I bet you did!" returned Treasure Island. "And I bet you they told you that they had an awful lot of people to take care of. Well, I sympathize with you. I've bucked up against the Army for some time myself."

"Of course a soldier has to be under discipline ——"

"But the war's over and the bars might be let down for the privileged classes of the United States to get in," said Treasure Island. "Sure, I know."

The young man looked at him a bit doubtfully, but Treasure Island's face was as calm as an infant's. His slightly dropped jaw gave him a guileless expression, but his eyes had a faintly sardonic gleam.

"Well," replied his fellow townsman, "there's work to do in peacetime now, just as there was in war. I left my work and paid my expenses over here to do my bit, such as it is; and now that I am here I oughtn't to miss the opportunity of a lifetime; I ought to see the Front."

"Sure," agreed Treasure Island. "Things haven't been policed up so much but that you'll almost feel as if you were there while the fighting was on."

"I figured it that way," the young man said, while I rose, finding the conversation interesting but a little uncertain, considering Treasure Island's particular brand of humor. He and I departed to keep an engagement to luncheon with a cousin of his own.

"He's an officer," Treasure Island explained as we wended our way toward a certain military office, "but he'll have to be seen on the street with me if I require it, because he owes me money. I'll let him down easy. We'll lunch somewhere inconspicuously, so a buck private won't shame him. I don't know what his job is, but he always did have a talent for loafing."

The Worried Pink-Faced Captain

WE FOUND him at a desk hard by a group of people waiting to see him. He was a pink-faced young captain with a worried brow and a strained smile. He was working his head off. Civilians and officers were sifting through his hands at the rate of two every eleven minutes, and his low-voiced talk with each was punctured with telephone interruptions. We would hear bits of the talk both over the phone and direct to his clients.

"I am very sorry it can't be arranged" or "I wish I could promise you, but I should only raise hopes to disappoint you." "How many in the party? . . . Well, I'll do the best I can, and I'll let you know as soon as I can." "Yes, I know it is important, but we have so many applications."

Ten minutes later, over the luncheon table, he was pouring upon us a cornucopia of vivid complaint.

"I may be the one person in Paris that doesn't want to be here," he said, "but I give you my word that though I don't want the war to start again on my account I'd rather be in the Argonne drive, even, than doing what I am doing. I'm just a military Cook's Tour manager—nothing more. Here comes State Senator John Smith heading a party to look into this and that concern, which he considers vital to the welfare of the United States. All right. Experts could tell him what he wants to know right here in Paris; for the matter of that, he could have cabled over for what he wants and had it sent back. He interviews a few people and then he's fit to round off his experience by seeing the Front—all of it, please. He would follow our men from the Toul or Luneville sector, through the Marne-Vesle, the St.-Mihiel, and the Argonne drive; and if we are willing to furnish the cars he'll go up into Germany too."

"Here's a crowd of educators investigating the schools for the soldiers, and they've got to see the Front. Here's a gang of business men—I've forgotten just the angle they've given their war work, but they won't be able to round out the business unless they see the Front. Here's a lecturer—how's he going to get material if he can't see the Front?

"I can't begin to enumerate the commissions of all kinds, the observers, the American officials belonging to the organizations over here that save the soldiers, the churchmen, the writers—they all come! The officers too—fellows that, willingly or not, were safely parked down in the rear while the war was on. Now they've swarmed up here and demand to see the Front. I didn't know there were so many people with pull in the world. I didn't know there were so many different sorts of reasons for coming over here.

"I'm the man that runs the merry-go-round. Not the big boss that sits in the chair and watches her spin, but the poor boob that supplies the juice and the elbow grease, and helps 'em on and off, and grins and bows and makes excuses and takes kicks.

"I've got to send up those who can't be refused and turn down those we can't find room for. The rolling stock and cars and gasoline these people take would pretty nearly win another war."

"I wish I could have done something for my country," said Treasure Island wistfully. "I only fought at the Front. Who won the war? The fellows that fought and are fighting the Battle of Paris."

A Mecca for Joy-Riders

IT CAN'T be denied that from the beginning of our share in the war there have been certain offices in Paris where American officers and civilians trickle in about ten, open a few letters, dictate a few more, go off at twelve, return at two-thirty and half doze till four, when they call it a day and go off to tea, where they may now have in unlimited quantities the cakes for which Paris is famous. There are men clad like them with much the same time schedule in Germany; likewise in Washington, D. C. Doubtless the waste that accompanies all war accounts for them. No mere civilian can hope to fathom the purposes of the war office. It's not his job.

No doubt most of the commissions that came over have been valuable. I suppose there was some occult reason why a manufacturer of chemicals would be benefited by seeing how the soldiers lived in a quiet sector; or an architect or a state senator. Greasing the wheels is doubtless a necessary function. Anyhow, it is extremely human to try to get to the Front.

The joy-riders have been, of course, in the minority. Ever since the beginning of the war there have been in Paris countless American soldiers and civilians to whom Paris has been nothing but an office. Ever since they arrived to work for their country they have kept their noses so close to the grindstone that they have scarcely looked up to see the sights. They haven't even put in a requisition for one of these little sightseeing excursions. Perhaps during the war soldiers from the Front and not afraid to speak had told them how this and that division needed ambulances and gasoline. Perhaps they measured human life against their pleasure. In any case they stuck to their jobs, men and women alike; and we take off our hats to them.

But the observer in Paris could not fail to be struck with the difference that showed in the American contingent as soon as the armistice was signed, could not fail to marvel at the holiday hordes of officers and civilians that began to file into Paris. Useful or not, they have crowded Paris as never before. From December on, it was practically impossible to get a taxicab at a Paris station. The hotels were so full that privates coming in on furlough had sometimes to walk the streets all night. The Y. M. C. A. hotels had them packed in every available space and kept the wires hot hopelessly telephoning to this and that hotel for more space. The cafés were full not only of diners but of people clustered hungrily in the doorways.

The hordes in Paris are less interesting than the reaction of the soldiers toward them. Time after time since Paris and the Front became a Mecca for joy-riders I have heard privates say something like this:

"Take it from me, when the returned soldier expresses himself at home he will have a lot to say about the tin soldiers of the Paris sector, and in general all slickers and slackers hereinafter named. As far as we fellows who did the fighting are concerned, all this may be called the Battle of Paris."

The soldiers' attitude toward the Battle of Paris has been forming for a long time. "The Paris sector" they mean to be descriptive of persons whom they consider in soft jobs—"gold-brick boys." Anyone, in brief, who never saw the Front or who, at the Front, was in some safe headquarters job or who loafed on his job or who was connected with the staff.

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THE FRANKLIN SEDAN

IF you are accustomed to motoring, get into a Franklin Sedan and go over a rough road. Notice how fast you can travel with freedom from jolt and jar. Note the entire absence of that racking pound and vibration so often experienced by the average motorist.

That will give you the first evidence of the advantage of light weight and flexibility in an automobile, and particularly in an enclosed car. You will better understand why the Franklin Sedan is used for motoring unusually long distances in a day, comfortably and safely. Also, why it can go wherever any open car can go, why it needs no shock absorbers, and why it relieves owners from worry over tire troubles.

You find that the Franklin is direct air cooled — no water to boil or freeze. Then you realize why it has year 'round usability and why it cuts out the annoyance and expense incidental to 177 parts of water cooling machinery.

Its economy is definite, conservatively margined, and a matter of public record:

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation

Wide Observation Windows and the V-shaped Slanting Windshield allow an unequaled breadth of outlook. The two Wide Doors give accessibility and seating convenience. These exclusive features, together with the Sloping French-style Hood, make the Franklin Sedan attractive as well as practical.

Actual comparisons with the performance of other cars have made sales of the Franklin Sedan increase faster than those of any other fine car.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

A NATIONALLY KNOWN ELEVATOR MANUFACTURER WRITES:

"During the last eighteen years I have owned and driven thirty different automobiles, most of them the higher priced makes. About a year ago I purchased my first Franklin, a Sedan, and since that time have driven it 19,000 miles. No other car that I have owned has given anywhere near the satisfaction that this one has."

Good MENNEN Morning!

What is pep?

"Pep", according to Mennen, is mental activity made possible by bodily comfort.

You can't think and chafe at the same time. Itching is death to ideas. A man who works with his brain must forget that he owns a body. A good Mennen morning means a good working day.

The brisk towel work after bathing is good for skin and leaves it invigorated. A shower of Mennen Borated Talcum soothes and interposes a silky, protective film between skin and clothing. It makes clothing feel loose and prevents it from sticking.

Then shave with Mennen Shaving Cream. Use cold water—and lots of it. Work up a moist, creamy lather for three minutes with the brush—don't rub in with fingers. You'll enjoy a glorious shave and your face will feel great afterwards, for Mennen's has a marked soothing and cooling effect.

After shaving, flick a bit of Mennen Talcum for Men over your face. It's neutral in tone—doesn't show like a white powder.

But the most important rite of all is to use Kora-Konia where it will do the most good. Do you chafe? Does vigorous exercise rub your skin raw so you can't walk, play, sit still or sleep without discomfort that spoils life and drives you frantic?

Kora-Konia will bring you blessed relief. Dust it on freely wherever you chafe. It's particularly grateful under a collar.

Kora-Konia is a really wonderful preparation. It's waterproof and clings where it's put for hours. Perspiration doesn't readily wash it away. It cools, soothes and heals. Takes all the discomfort out of chafing. Keep it at the club for golf. Greatest thing in the world for sunburn. Kora-Konia is remarkable for baby rashes.

Mennen Talcums—Shaving Cream—Kora-Konia—the formula for a Good Mennen Morning.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

Laboratories: Newark, N. J. Montreal, Quebec

Sales Agent in Canada
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

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But they applied this term with peculiarly sardonic zest to the staff officers and to members of the quartermaster's department. If, for example, a toiling mud-smeared infantryman, hungry, cold and perhaps wounded, beheld a spick-and-span gold-decorated officer riding in a limousine quickly away from the direction of the Front he would remark: "There's a guy that belongs to the Paris sector."

Or if a meal was unusually good someone was likely to say: "They must have done a little salvaging for this from the Paris sector."

Again, if a division was ordered to the active Front instead of being given the rest it was promised—and this happened to more than one divison—amid the cursings and revilings that rose would be a remark something like this:

"Say, fellows, who are we to grouch? What does it matter if we are shot to pieces for the umpty-seventh time? Aren't we saving the lives of the Paris sector? Isn't that worth dying for? Why, say, them fellows might get their pants dirty if they came up to mix in with the Germans. If their usual good luck should keep them from getting near the Germans, just think what they would suffer from association with roughnecks like us. We've got to die to put them in a position to go home and tell lies for the rest of their lives."

Here and there in the A. E. F. a man was to be found who had thought the question through; a man who would say something like this:

"Somebody has to be in the front lines and somebody in the back. We've got to have the Paris gang, and we've certainly got to have the S. O. S. If we didn't we'd lose the war, for we have to have a supply of food and that food has to be carried up. Those men there are winning the war just as much as we are. I am certain that some of them are working their heads off, just as much as I am certain that others are loafing on the job. I know, too, that men got in the S. O. S. to save their skins; that, from the general army-efficiency point of view, doesn't matter if only they do their work. From the point of view of winning the war it doesn't matter what individuals are killed—it only matters to the individual. Well, we individuals at the Front have one sort of luck and the men at the back another sort; that's the way we've got to look at it. We came over here to spend our lives, if necessary, and the particular way in which that spending is exacted of us is not the point."

Beefing With Reservations

"We've got to have the S. O. S. and the staff, and we've got to have a big trust in the people that are guiding us through this thing. We must realize that they are doing not only the best that they can but also the best that can be done. If we see what we believe are examples of waste and inefficiency and injustice we've got to know that it's either merely seeming or it's always what happens in war, and can't be helped.

"If we're on the point of getting bitter at the sort of luck we're in and contrasting it with the luck of some other fellow—then we've only to remember that the same inequalities prevailed back in civilian life. In peace and in war some work is dirty and some clean, and both have to be done. Then it is up to the fellow that has the dirty work to grin and bear it, and when he beefs to beef with reservations."

But the average front-line soldier doesn't possess that mature philosophy. To begin with, long before he went overseas he was well acquainted with slickers and slackers. He knew a man who, when the draft was pending, hastened to get married in the hope of escaping. Or he knew a man whose wife was self-supporting, who made her give up her work so he'd have the dependent's excuse in case he was called. Also he knew a man whose father and mother bought a farm and used the plea that he was needed to work on it and support them. He knew several men who, during drafting time, hastened to enlist in the quartermaster's department. He despised them and resented them. His own idea was to wait to see whether he was drafted or not and then to go where luck sent him. The one man he really respected was the man who enlisted and said:

"I could choose my department, but I won't. I'll go wherever Uncle Sam decides to put me."

There were thousands of boys who did just that, and there were thousands of others who chose the safe jobs. There were also thousands sent by the Government into safe jobs who fretted and who wanted to be up at the Front, tried every device to be transferred to where there was danger; but the average soldier up at the Front lost sight of these last thousands. All he knew was that "these safe-job lizards" that crawled into soft spots at home did the same thing in France.

In the spring of last year I was in a quiet sector with soldiers who were getting their first experience of war. Often my doughboy friends would make remarks to me like this:

"Those guys that hang round headquarters have it pretty easy, don't they? Here's Bill, that went away from home, a noble young hero, all keyed up to die for his country if necessary, and if he doesn't die, then he is to come home and get the reward of marrying the prettiest girl in town. How's Bill dying? Oh, pretty comfortably, thanks. He's left his billet in the stable back of the major's house, and he's picked himself out a nice clean room in a house of the court where you get the gasoline. He's made himself a bed of chicken wire and fence posts with nice straw, and he's got a real pillow. Where I've been for the last twelve days the only choice of billets was the puddle of mud with the reddish color or the puddle of mud with the brownish color, one blanket and no pillow."

Bill's Imagination

"Bill was grouching about his food today. He gets three meals, but he's sore because he hasn't had butter for two days, only sirup, and he suspects the quality of the coffee. Why can't they leave Bill to die on real butter and Java and Mocha mixed? 'Course I know we fellows in the trenches can only get two meals; we don't want more, because it would mean death to the fellows that bring it up to us. But Bill—why, Bill ought to have just what he wants for his three meals, when he's dying in a clean room back of the gasoline. I don't think!

"Say, these guys back of the front line know how to fool themselves, don't they? Because a few bombing planes have come over his village Bill thinks he's in danger of death. I'd like to see the letters he writes home; some lies, I'll bet you. Yes, he's got the noble-hero-with-his-breast-high attitude. And you ought to hear him kicking about the fellows in the S. O. S. This is what he had the gall to say to me this morning:

"'Say, Jack, the colonel took me down with him to Jevre, and I must say the fellows there have it pretty soft. They don't know the deprivations we fellows up at the Front have to put up with. Why, I'd be afraid to tell you how often they have steak, and it's the best of steak too. The Y huts are big and fixed up lovely, and lots of nice girls for them to talk to. Why, say, all those fellows have to do is to open their mouths and someone pours a drink down their throats. If they're at work on an automobile or something and need a bolt they just sit round and wait till someone brings it to them. They've no idea of how hard we work up here.'

"Says I to Bill, 'Well, do you want them birds to be put on, say, two meals a day?'

"'No,' says he. 'But I don't think their food ought to be a bit better than ours. It oughtn't to be as good. They ought to be made to pay a little for being in a safe place.'

"Well, there's a lot in what he says. I think myself they ought to live plainer and work harder as the price of having their lives spared. But it's funny that old Bill has fooled himself into thinking that he's a front-liner. The only people that really work hard are us in the front lines. Look at the staff! I suppose we've got to have a staff, and I suppose the staff has got to run the Army. But why doesn't the staff come up now and then and get a little front-line training? The line officers could teach them something about their job. I'll tell the world that! I overheard two of the officers talking last night.

"One of them said: 'Here is another intelligent staff order. Read it. For the love of Mike! If we obeyed that and carried out the patrol the way it directs, it would take us about fifty yards beyond the German wire. You'd think those armchair officers would get it through their heads that the whole conduct of a patrol will have to be altered sometimes by such a little thing as the changing of a German observation nest from one tall tree to another tall tree. I'll be glad when we get on the active sector; then we can disregard some of these orders. I hear we can get away with anything in an advance.'

"Well, they said a whole lot more about the staff that just makes me wonder if these guys that don't have to be under fire see us as men at all. They act as if we were figures on paper or something. Well, I don't want Bill or a staff officer or a slacker to look on me as a little black pencil mark. I want them to know that when I get hit with shrapnel it hurts. As it is, they feel that if I'm killed there's plenty more like me, but that the war can't be won unless they stick safe in their jobs."

As the drives went on, and especially in the weariness of the Argonne drive, the spent doughboys waxed increasingly bitter against the Paris sector. I remember once, on a dreary November day, when I was feeding a doughboy, he used his first strength to curse the lieutenant in charge of his supply wagon.

"That fellow was a soldier of Paris, if ever there was one," he said. "I just hope I get a job that pays enough so I can afford to go where he lives on my first vacation. I haven't decided what I'll do to him. What I had against him was, he was such a hog. I wish I could say that he was yellow, but I don't honestly know that he was. He was just a prize hog. Yes, sir, the reason why I'm starving is that our outfit had just one supply wagon and the lieutenant didn't have much room in it for our chow, because he took along for himself a tent, a cot, a big roll of bedding and some private stores of food. And at night after the tent was up he'd go inside; and his orderly would sleep outside beside the tent, so he could be hollered for if he was needed. He had to sleep on the wet ground with just one blanket."

"Your Soldiers are Used to Mud"

In the last drive a certain battalion of very brave and very hard-worked doughboys went up from a village where they had been in reserve, and endured grueling hardships and did magnificent work. Then, weary and drooping, they were withdrawn and sent on a long march back to the very billets in which they had been in reserve. By this time it was well in the background, and the stables and little houses in which they had slept were occupied by a number of field clerks, telephone operators and other behind-the-lines men. They were not dispossessed, they were not doubled up; but the doughboys were sent out to camp in an adjacent field, where they lay without tents and some of them without blankets on the muddy ground.

"I went out and slept beside them," said the officer who told me about it. "They offered to find quarters for me in the village, but I wouldn't accept. One of the officers in charge there was a man I knew.

"'Look here,' I asked him, 'why can't you turn your fellows out for my men? Look what my men have been through! They're half dead from exhaustion. They deserve at least a roof over them.'

"'No one knows better than I do what they deserve,' he said. 'They fought magnificently; but, you see, these billets belong to these clerks and operators now, and I have no right to displace them. I don't know where I could put them. Perhaps if you applied to ——'

"But here I interrupted him. I have had the buck passed so often in this man's army that I can see it when it's coming.

"'You might cut red tape a little for men who have fought like these,' I said. 'Can't you double up your field clerks?'

"'They're packed like sardines now.'

"'Well, then, let them camp out in the fields for once,' I said, 'and give my men a chance for one night's rest.'

"'My dear fellow,' he said, 'these men of ours have a great deal of important work to do. They're not used to exposure as your men are. If we sent them out to-night, as you suggest, half of them would be sick to-morrow; and our work would be held back. Now your soldiers are used to lying out in the mud in blankets, and they're so tired that just lying down will be all they'll need.'

"Well, I saw it wasn't any use to say anything more. But from that day to this I've had my reservations about the staff."

I have known some staff officers who have wanted nothing so much as to be line officers and who had a very sympathetic appreciation of the line officers' difficulties, and I have known others who had not so much imaginative penetration as could be desired.

When I was with the Army of Occupation in the Rhineland I took my meals for a time with a casual officers' mess, and I used to listen very attentively to a perennial discussion raging between a staff lieutenant who had been nothing but staff, and a staff captain who had been a line officer and whose sympathies were distinctly with the line. This is a sample of it.

"What I maintain," the captain would say, "is that every officer in the staff ought to have his turn in the front line. That's the only way to make him a good staff officer, to give him an appreciation of the difficulties, to make him intelligent enough and sympathetic enough to handle his job. I don't say you didn't do it well. All I say is that you'd have done it better if you'd realized what the doughboys were up against."

"We did realize it. Don't you suppose we backed them up to the limit of our power? Don't you suppose we worked overtime?"

"Worked overtime? What do you call a few hours' extra work? How would they offset what the doughboys went through with?"

"But we had hardships too. My boys and I worked one week—and well I do remember it—up to one or two in the morning, without a fire. Cold—no one knows how icy that office was! We could hardly move our fingers ——"

At such a point as this the captain invariably exploded, called on his Maker for patience, and said something like this:

"A cold office! Overtime till one or two in the morning! Can't you realize that the doughboys worked time and overtime twenty-four hours of the day? Man, don't you know that when you were cold in your office you were at least sitting on dry chairs, your feet on dry floors, not a chance in a thousand of a shell reaching you? But they lay in mud and bloody water with no cover, shells smashing out their lives and no come-back possible. For God's sake, don't ever talk about hardships to a man who has really been at the Front!"

When language became as vivid as this I used to retire. I rather like staff officers. All I have ever met—except two—were useful and competent. But I can see how the soldiers felt.

The Doughboy's Answer

Perhaps to the eyes of weary mud-covered soldiers returning from the Front there was something particularly irritating in the sight of a spick-and-span staff car.

One doughboy with an edged tongue was staring hard at a staff officer in a closed automobile. The car stopped; the officer spoke to the chauffeur, who called to the doughboy to approach.

Said the officer to the doughboy: "You saw me. Why didn't you salute me?"

Replied the boy: "My orders were to salute all officers, colors or standards not cased."

After we got to the Rhineland I stopped trying to defend staff officers. Indeed any little thing that happened to the doughboy in Germany seemed hard to bear. The war was over, and to sit round in Germany seemed foolhardiness. If someone borrowed a mess kit and failed to return it a soldier brooded over that as if it had been some mortal wrong. When they were informed that military discipline was to be strictly enforced they were incensed.

So, to come back from a long explanation, the sardonic attitude of the doughboy to the fighters of the Paris sector has a psychology behind it. When he gets up to Paris on leave he sees a concrete picture of what he has long believed to be the life of soft ease lived by the men in the city of gayety. His first reaction is a thankfulness that he really was at the Front, sometimes coupled with a wish to take down those who were not at the Front but who nevertheless give themselves airs. The next reaction is the wish to go to it and have a good time so long as Paris and the leave last. It's the final call.

But Paris is lagging now. It's pretty warm and the postscript of the business of war seems about fully written. The soldiers are nearly all home and the civilians are trying to get home. Commissions and investigations have just about had their day. The cream has been skimmed off the Front. The Battle of Paris is drawing to a close.

TRAVELING THE OLD TRAILS

(Continued from Page 21)

St. Louis and the adjoining settlements. This company had developed the trade through permanent posts to which the savages came with their furs. Old Manuel Lisa, the first trader up the river after the return of Lewis and Clark, as early as 1807 had taken on the idea that it was a good thing to have loghouse protection for himself and his goods on the ground in the Indian country.

In 1810 the Missouri Fur Company had a post in the very rich beaver country at the Three Forks of the Missouri, and would have become rich had not the increasing hostility of the Blackfeet driven them out. They seemed to have become permanently embittered because Meriwether Lewis killed one of them on Maria's River on his eastbound journey. It was a dozen years before General Ashley went into the game that Andrew Henry—later to become one of his lieutenants—left the post at the Three Forks and headed south for safer country away from the Blackfoot range. Henry discovered that beautiful body of water known as Henry's Lake, in Idaho, twenty miles west of what is now Yellowstone Park; and also the tributary of the Snake River which became known as the Henry Fork. Here he put up a sort of cabin of his own which became known as Henry's Post, or Fort Henry.

The varied reverses of these, his immediate predecessors and associates, and the long death roll which they had sustained at the hands of the savages, would have daunted any man but one of Ashley's courage, and he soon found plenty of trouble of his own. He lost a keelboat with ten thousand dollars' worth of cargo, and when he and his first party got to the Arikara village he found those treacherous tribesmen as bad as the Blackfeet. They stopped his expedition, killed several of his men and sent his division of the party back down stream, it seeming to be their attitude that they had seen that country first. As the hostility of these upper tribes increased, Ashley resolved to strike out on new lines altogether. To him belongs the credit of the development of the fur country south of the Upper Missouri and the institution of the successful pack-train trade in the Middle Rockies.

It was under General Ashley that the great annual rendezvous of the Rocky Mountain traffic came into existence—that wild pack-train market in the heart of the wilderness to which his own parties, those of other companies, and also the free trappers scattered here and there, came each season to turn in their furs and take on their supplies for the ensuing season. At these annual encampments there were sometimes two hundred or three hundred white men, at one almost five hundred, not mentioning the Indian visitors. There had never been at any time in our history more picturesque scenes than those of the several annual rendezvous on Horse Creek, on the Green River, in Pierre's Hole, or other of the agreed meeting places for the wild population of the wild trade.

Ashley's genius and independence of thought, as well as his executive ability in organization and in handling men, entitled him to the success which came to him. He did not strike it rich on every expedition, but he made one or two hog killings—as we now would phrase it in commercial speech—and cleaned up enough so that he could quit and indulge his preference for national politics. In 1824 he brought down to St. Louis a hundred packs of beaver, each presumably round one hundred pounds in weight. In 1826 he had 123 packs and in 1827 130 packs. Counting in the gleanings of his first year or two before he got well under way, he is thought to have brought in at least five hundred packs of beaver which—at prices then current in St. Louis—meant more than a quarter of a million dollars.

That figure is not much to-day when we remember that the fur sales at the New York auction in the spring of 1919 amounted to more than five millions, and that the St. Louis auction that same spring brought in almost half of that amount. These prices of course cover all of the minor and modern classes of fur with which Ashley would have nothing to do. Neither he nor any of his fellow traders paid any attention to buffalo robes at that time. Their one desire was beaver fur, on which the market was staple and very high.

The real pioneer of the Missouri River trade, chronologically speaking, was that strange character, Manuel Lisa, a Spaniard of St. Louis, who brought into the wilderness the sort of personal qualities which are of most value there. He did not die possessed of the fortune that Ashley gained, but he broke the trail for Ashley and many others. Lisa was married twice—not counting a certain alliance among the Omaha Indians taken on for commercial reasons. His second wife was the widow of John Keeney and a daughter of Stephen Hempstead. She survived Lisa by almost fifty years and died at Galena, Illinois, at the advanced age of eighty-seven. My own personal friend, the late Hempstead Washburne, once mayor of Chicago, was the son of Elihu Washburne, United States Minister to Paris during the Franco-Prussian War. The Gratiots, Washburnes and Hempsteads were all related, and I have often heard Mr. Hempstead Washburne say that this old lady was always known as "Aunt Manuel," and that her voice had weight in all the family councils of her day. So short a time ago was this wild phase of our national history it scarce seems out of personal touch even to-day. There remain of course in St. Louis many well-known families whose fortunes were founded in the early days of the fur trade.

No one told General Ashley how to run his business. He figured that out for himself. In response to government inquiries as to his methods, he gave some interesting information:

"In the organization of a party of, say, from 60 to 80 men, four of the most confidential and experienced of the number are selected to aid in the command; the rest are divided in messes of eight or ten. The party thus organized, each man receives the horses and mules allotted to him, their equipage and the packs which his mules are to carry; every article so disposed of is entered in a book kept for that purpose. When the party reaches the Indian country great order and vigilance in the discharge of their duty are required of every man. In this way I have marched parties of men the whole way from St. Louis to the vicinity of the Grand Lake, which is situated about one hundred and fifty miles down the waters of the Pacific Ocean, in 78 days.

"In the month of March, 1827, I fitted out a party of 60 men, mounted a piece of artillery—a four-pounder—on a carriage which was drawn by two mules; the party marched to or near the Grand Salt Lake beyond the Rocky Mountains, remaining there one month; stopped on the way back fifteen days, and returned to Lexington, in the western part of Missouri, in September, where the party was met with everything necessary for another outfit; and did return—using the same horses and mules—to the mountains by the last of November in the same year."

General Chittenden has preserved for us some of the old accounts in which one Johnson Gardner was interested. It is supposed that this is the same man for whom the Gardiner River—of what is now Yellowstone Park—was named. From the accounts it would seem that Mr. Gardiner, or Gardner, was of a convivial turn, because about one-third of his total outfit cost went for food and drink—especially drink:

1832		
June 28	Share of advances to Tullock & Co.	$12.00
	Liquor $8.00, feast $4.00	12.00
29	" $4.00	4.00
30	Shirts $8.00, pantaloons $5.00	13.00
	Liquor $11.00, feast $2.00	13.00
July 1	" $6.00, suit of clothes $70.00	76.00
	Knives $4.00, powder $3.75, shoeing horse $3.00	7.75
July 2	Tobacco $1.75, cow skin $1.00	1.75
3	Liquor	3.00
6	"	12.00
7	" $10.00, tea $2.00, pork $2.00	14.00

All business with the trappers and traders was done on strictly business lines in those times, for the merchants of St. Louis were educated persons. We may note the cost items of a hunter's equipment under date of July 9, 1832:

16 Traps $12.00	$192.00
5 Horses $60.00	300.00
1 Horse in January, 1833	80.00
5 Saddles and apichemons	25.00
8 Trap springs $16.00, Flints $1.00	17.00
Powder $9.00, balls $12.00, file $1.50	22.50
Knives $7.50, kettle $5.00, axe $3.00	15.50
Wages of 3 men	750.00
	$1352.00

Of the early fixed trading posts put out by individuals or large associations whose names varied from time to time—the American Fur Company, the Missouri Fur Company and the Rocky Mountain Fur Company were the most important—there was a long string extending from the mouth of the Kaw River up the Missouri and across the Upper Rockies. It would not be interesting to name all of these vanished centers of the old trade. Far more important is it to keep our eye on the old Missouri River.

In 1817 the first steamboat reached St. Louis, but it was not until 1831 that the first up-river steamboat—the historic Yellowstone, built by the American Fur Company at the solicitation of Mr. Chouteau, of St. Louis—reached a point above Council Bluffs; and not until 1832 that the same boat reached the mouth of the Yellowstone. This latter feat changed the whole complexion of the fur trade from that time on, and had the most astonishing and wide-reaching effect upon the history and indeed the geography of the great Northwest. Nothing so epochal as this event took place in the Missouri country until the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad.

The Yellowstone left St. Louis for its first great voyage on March 26, 1832, and it did not make Fort Union, just above the mouth of the Yellowstone River, until about June seventeenth. It ran on an average of one hundred miles a day downstream. A steamboat schedule of 1843 will show the usual upstream speed—at that time thought marvelous as compared with the old keelboat records. The distance from St. Louis to Fort Union was about 1760 miles:

In 1841 the trip up consumed 80 days and the trip down 21 days.
In 1842 the trip up consumed 70 days and the trip down 22 days.
In 1843 the trip up consumed 49 days and the trip down 15 days.
In 1844 the trip up consumed 54 days and the trip down 16 days.
In 1845 the trip up consumed 42 days and the trip down 15 days.
In 1846 the trip up consumed 44 days and the trip down 31 days.
In 1847 the trip up consumed 40 days and the trip down 14 days.

"The trip of 1847 was the shortest, both ways, of those here given. The average daily speed up was 44 miles, down 123 miles." So says the historian; although the daily log for 1847 must have been closer to 126 miles, which would bring the total distance to 1764 miles.

Fort Union was an important post of course, situated as it was near the mouth of the Yellowstone River, where two great highways of the savages met. The head of the Missouri River, or the Three Forks, made another interesting point. Indeed the mouth of any great tributary river, up and down which the ways of aboriginal travel naturally ran, would be a natural site for one of these trading posts.

All of the posts were much alike—there usually would be a stockade with a few log or adobe cabins inside. Sometimes the posts were located in a country which might be hostile, and the traders' goods were too valuable to be left readily accessible. At that time the traders did not often send outfits out to the Indian

(Continued on Page 49)

The Year 1848 Marked the Passing of the Buffalo

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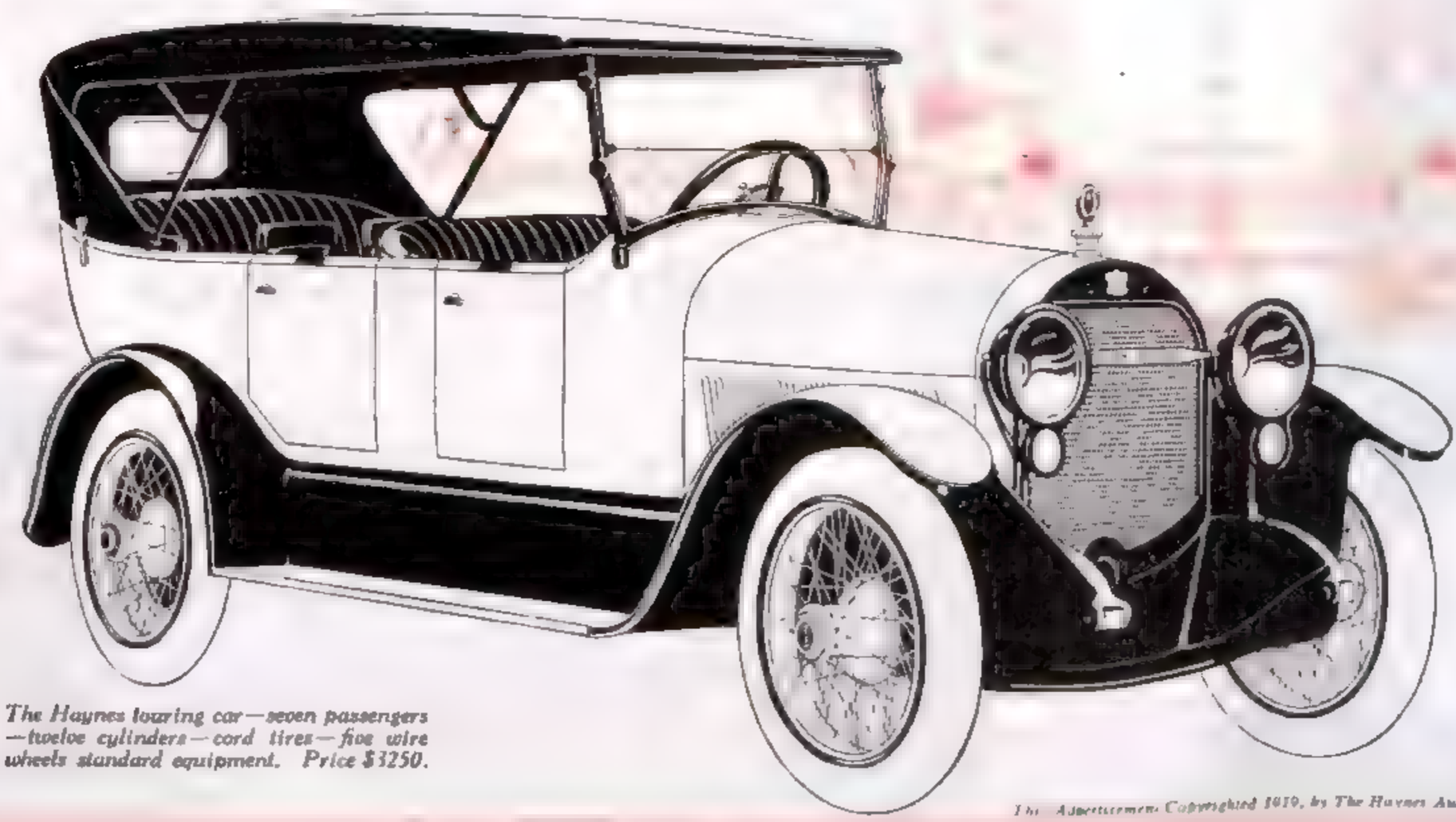

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1893—THE HAYNES IS AMERICA'S FIRST CAR—1919

(Continued from Page 46)

villages. The great expeditions of Ashley and his fellow pack-train outfitters were not localized. They sent out small bands of trappers from place to place; hardy men who took their chances in their own personal wanderings and were out of touch until the annual rendezvous.

These great meetings of the whole male population of that wild and free mountain country ended as soon as it became no longer profitable to hunt beaver. The fur trade itself, however, cannot be said to have ended then; and following it up the old pathway of the Missouri there came wave after wave of other populations and other supplies for those populations. The miners, the skin hunters, the Army men, the ranchmen—all these had to go north up the Missouri after the first steamboats began to ply on that turbulent stream. We come, therefore, to old Fort Benton, most famous of all the historic posts of the Upper Missouri.

This old frontier outpost, the head of steamboat navigation on the Missouri, became the best-known capital of the wild commerce of the Upper West. From this point wagon trains—bull outfits as they were called—went on out to supply the miners of 1863 in Virginia City and Alder Gulch. Earlier than that and later than that pack trains and even wagons started out from Benton on different quests. Ranchmen outfitted there in the earlier and wilder days of the cattle trade, and in its own line Benton was the capital of that particular phase of the fur trade in which some men took on trade goods at Benton—mostly of the liquid sort—and moved out to the Indian villages in search of trade; mostly in buffalo robes after the exclusive beaver days were past and gone.

The whisky trade among the Indians was the beginning of the end, not only of the buffalo but of the Indian. By 1883 the buffalo were gone. We may say that that closed the chapter of the old life on the Upper Missouri. Then they put up the gates for that ancient and splendid highway which first led us into the remote West.

In all stories of the early Missouri River fur trade you will see the name of James Kipp. He was an able and trusted agent of one of the great fur companies, a man of strong character in his way. I knew his son, Joe Kipp, very well some years ago when he was post trader among the Blackfeet in the country now occupied by Glacier Park. Joe Kipp lived there as a white man does to-day, in a very good frame house. He had a Chinese cook, a bathtub and a long table at which everybody ate who cared to do so. He was a great friend of the Blackfeet and a man of very sterling qualities. Joe Kipp had a story of his own—all of which never will be told. He spoke but little of some phases of it.

At the time when I knew Kipp he had living with him his old mother, an Indian woman, at that time more than eighty years of age. She was the last living member of the now extinct Mandan tribe. Her son was devoted to her and—knowing that she would always remain absolutely wild—he built for her a little cabin aside from his own house. Here the old woman lived entirely alone, never speaking to any white person and never showing at the table when anyone else was there. In her cabin she kept up the old tribal ways. On a hide line she hung her dried meat as in the old days. She sewed with sinew thread as her mother had taught her in another century, and still made the old bead work and quill work of the tribes.

I have to-day a tobacco pouch, or fire bag, Joe Kipp's mother made after she was eighty years of age. It is well done, with broad bright-colored stripings of dyed porcupine quills. It is not for sale.

It was Joe Kipp who led the Great Northern engineers over the low pass where their railroad lies to-day—the lowest over the Rockies. He would point out to me the old Kootenai Trail, which crosses what is now Glacier Park. He could always tell where the first grizzly bears would be seen thereabouts in the spring. Then sometimes he would talk of the days when the buffalo were there, and upon very rare occasions would say something of the old days when he traded robes among the villages. My friend, Joe Kipp, is now dead. I would not like to hurt his memory here, but it is from lives such as his that we get the most vivid notion of certain days which belong to all of us Americans.

The average robe trader of steamboat days would outfit his pack train or his wagons at Benton, and move out to procure commerce and not wait for it to come to him. He did not want any trading post, did not employ any body of trappers, and relied largely upon his own initiative and courage. Perhaps he would have but a single wagon. In this there might be a little paint, a few beads, an ax or so, possibly some strouding, a few blankets. But the secret of his success lay in certain well-guarded little kegs which had come up the Missouri River by steam. Bulky goods could not get up cheaply in the early days, even after steam had come. Straight alcohol was in those kegs. A little way out from Benton the trader and his assistant would dilute this alcohol about three or four times with North American water. It still had enough kick in it to set an Indian crazy—or to make him plumb liberal.

Word usually had gone out ahead to the village that at such a time the trader would come to buy the robes of the people. The village perhaps lay in some cottonwood flat close to a stream. From some distant ridge the trader from his wagon seat could see the tops of the tepees, smoke coming from each. There might be forty, fifty, a hundred tepees in the village. That meant abundance of robes.

When the trader rolled down into camp he was dignified but friendly. He would talk only to the head man of the village. When they had met a blanket would be spread on the ground. Perhaps the pipe of peace might not be passed, but something else would be. The trader knew the ways of his customer. He did not start in at once to do business. He acted as though he had all the time in the world—and so he had.

The first act was to put down on the blanket a few little articles such as the Indian heart prizes—a looking glass or so, perhaps a knife, some tobacco. These were spread down "on the prairie," as the quaint old phrase went—that is to say, were offered free. All very well, but the chief had something on his mind. Presently the trader took his tin cup and went to the tail gate of the wagon. He drew for the chief a tinful of this fiery liquid and spread that down "on the prairie" also. The chief drank. He asked for more. It was not customary for the trader to put his thumb in the tin cup when he was measuring the first drink for his savage friend; but at the second or the third it might not be noticed if his thumb went into the tin cup when it measured either whisky or sugar.

The liquor makes the heart of the head man warm. He says to the trader "My heart is good"—such being his phrase. He calls up the heralds of the village—the town criers—and sends them out to have the heads of the tepees come to the meeting place. The tribesmen thicken round the wagon at whose tail gate the trader sits. The latter suggests to the head man that it would be an excellent thing if he brought all the rifles, axes, knives and pistols of his young men and put them under the wagon before the proceedings went any further.

"Very good," says the head man. "I am pleased. My heart is good! Fine, excellent, bully! Have the kindness to go on with the trade, monsieur." Or words to that effect.

The trader in reply says: "I presume the buffalo are far away, but that your young men have plenty of robes to trade. I have come a long way to buy your robes, because my heart is good toward you. You see these presents which I have given to you 'on the prairie.' You know that I have a little—not very much—of this precious strong water which makes the Indian's heart good. But I have now offered all of this 'on the prairie' that I can afford. Suppose then that your young men bring on the robes and let us get down to brass tacks." Or words to that effect. So now the trade begins. The trader's clerk—let us say that he is the son of a good Eastern family, a college man, though we need not give any names herein—keeps tally of the trade of each Indian.

Perhaps the trader's wagon comes in at noon. At that time this is a peaceful village. By the time the fires are showing red the same village no longer exists. The women and the younger children hide out. Here and there a tall Indian rushes up and down the village street, murderously eager to find his squaw, whom he intends to kill. Laughter for some, insane fury for others, revels, hate, mirth, tragedy, coarse comedy—all the things which liquor means are here.

Sometimes the strong waters of the trader would mean suicide for some brave within a day or two. That was bad trading. The thing to do was to give an Indian as much as he could stand, and then string along the trade until all the robes were traded without any actual outbreak. It was a difficult and risky business enough; but the savages rarely robbed the trader who came among them, because they feared the consequences; and because sometimes—given a man like Joe Kipp—he knew their way of thought and was indeed one of them.

It is not a pleasant picture the day after to-morrow, or the day after that, or even later, when all the robes are folded and baled and in the trader's wagon. He drives off toward the distant range which wavers under the warm sun of the morning. Back of him lies a village in sodden and sullen apathy. Their robes are gone. They have a few things they can use. They have tasted the strong medicine of the white man.

The trader passes on across the range. He sells his collected robes to some middleman who sends them downstream from Benton, either in the great Mackinaw boats or as part of some steamboat's cargo. And so on until 1883. Then the buffalo disappeared. Another chapter of our Wild West was ended.

For many years the robe trade took the place of the earlier beaver trade. Then came the wolfers, following the skin hunters—white and red; and after them came the bone gatherers. The Missouri took them out, the Missouri brought down their products. And there began the ash heap of our Western history. You think it dry?

Neither white man nor red ever could realize how quickly it had ended. One of the ancient plainsmen who saw the West when it really was wild used to tell me that many times the Indians would come to him and ask him to lead them north to where the buffalo had gone. He told them that white men had traveled north from snow time to snow time and still found no buffalo; that men might go sleep after sleep and moon after moon and never see another robe. So much for Buckingham!

Joe Kipp and others of the earlier traders would sometimes tell of the way in which another phase of the merchandising of the upper plains was conducted. In any dangerous country the trader usually traded through a window in a room into which an Indian never was allowed to come. He pointed in through the window at the goods he wanted, and they were handed out to him for credit or such substitute for cash as offered at the time. It might be supposed that in the later relations of the white and red men much bad blood would arise. Even a man like Kipp, who lived among the tribes, was in continual danger of enmities formed for one reason or another at one time or another.

Kipp told me that one time when he was in his trading house an Indian came in, evidently working himself up into the fury which was necessary with an Indian before he could kill. He was really ready to froth at the mouth, which meant ready to shoot. He told Kipp that he had come to kill him. I need not detail the reasons for this. Seeing Kipp standing behind the counter unarmed, he took his time and told his own story; told Kipp how bad he had been and how he had forfeited his right to live.

"I have come to kill you," he said again.

Kipp was a man who had seen all of life and was also a man of great courage. He looked at his Indian now closely and said to him: "You have spoken and I have heard. The time comes for every man to die. If I must die now I shall die without any fear and like a warrior. Is not that well?"

His antagonist, rifle in hand, said yes, that was the way a man ought to die.

"Bill," called out Kipp again and again to his clerk in the next room, "shoot this damned Indian, quick. He's going to kill me if you don't!"

Kipp's own revolver was stuffed in between the folds of some blankets on the shelf behind him. He did not dare turn to get it. He knew that the Indian did not understand English. But his clerk got cold feet and did not shoot. Kipp saw he had to see the thing through alone.

"Very well," said he, turning to his intending murderer, "I am ready to go. But just to show you that I am a brave man I am going to ask you to have one drink with me before we go—one drink 'on the prairie.'"

The warrior admitted that this was a very pleasant prospect and a fine spirit for a warrior to show. Joe reached back of him to a certain bottle which stood on the shelf in plain sight, full of a dark-colored liquid. He took down two glasses and filled them both. He juggled his glass. The Indian drank his off. He made a wry face soon after. For some reason he did not shoot, but turned and walked out of the door. Not long after that he fell to the ground. He never rose again. He had drunk four fingers of laudanum. It was one of the incidents of the trade.

Yet another Indian rode up to kill Kipp at his trading post—Calf Shirt, well known among the tribesmen thereabout. He was met, when Joe sounded the alarm, by several hunters who were playing cards in an adjoining room. While Calf Shirt was doing his war dance outside of the cabin they opened fire on him, killed him, cut a hole in the ice and pitched his body into the river. Exit Calf Shirt—very much exit.

"I felt bad," said Joe Kipp to me, "when not very long after that the son of old Calf Shirt rode up to my place for revenge. He was only a boy—not more than fourteen—and he had never struck an enemy in his life, or gone on a war trail. I suppose he was wearing his first paint then. He sat on his horse and I went out to meet him, my revolver in my hand. I didn't want to kill the boy, but was afraid I would have to. He was so furious that he trembled all over—only a boy, he was. I lied to him about his father and told him to go back home; that he would not be safe here; that Calf Shirt had gone on a long trail and perhaps he might come back some day. Of course he never did. But at last the boy went on away and I was glad."

Joe Kipp's life of itself would make a volume. His was a strange history, which could have occurred in no other country. His father, James Kipp, loved Joe very much, and when he left the Missouri River trade he took the half-breed boy home with him to the village in Illinois where he intended to settle down and marry another woman—a white woman. He promised Joe an education on condition that he would never let anyone know who was his father or where he came from. Joe stood it for a while, but at length he ran away. He found his way back up the river and finished his life in the wild region of the Upper West. His Mandan mother he never forsook so long as she lived.

I was once talking with a business man of Helena, Montana, well-dressed, respectable and respected by all who knew him. He himself dated back to the early days of his state and once had had a hand in part of the commerce of a day when business opportunities were not wide. I need not give the man's name, but of the accuracy of his story there exists no doubt whatever. This man and a friend were wolfing—that is to say, poisoning wolves for their hides—on the buffalo range. They were on the Sun River in Montana with a pack horse or two besides their riding animals, and had along outfit enough to last them for their trip. One morning when they were in camp they were surprised and surrounded by a bunch of thirteen Indians who moved in and took possession on the spot.

"I thought they were going to kill us," said my informant. "They drew their bows and I could see the tip of more than one buffalo arrow quivering at the hand grasp of a bent bow not more than a foot from my breast. I expected to get it any minute."

The Indians, however, did not shoot these two men. Something changed their minds, and childlike they broke away to follow that stronger impulse, intending to kill the two white men after a while. Some one of them had taken the horses and had found in the packs at the fireside some flour and other stuff, so they proposed to have a feast first and kill the white men afterward. Meantime, the white men, seeing them busily engaged, slipped off into the willows unobserved. They did not try to get away, for to do so unarmed and on foot meant death without doubt or question. But in the meantime they had formed a little plan of which the Indians knew nothing. All wolfers use strychnine and each of these men had a bottle of strychnine in his pocket. One of them, seeking to placate the Indians, opened a sack of flour and showed them how good it was - stirring the flour round with his finger. He put half a bottle of strychnine into the top of the flour sack.

"We watched the bucks from our hiding place in the willows," said the teller of the tale. "They were wild to get at the flour—no doubt had not seen any for a long time. They made their bread Injun fashion and the way white men sometimes do, pouring

some water into the top of the flour sack, stirring it round, then taking a stick and rolling it round in the dough until they had a ball on the end of the stick. When each one of them had his gob of dough on his stick, they all sat down by the fire and began to toast the dough, this being the only way they knew of baking bread.

"We watched them for a time, because we had a considerable interest in that particular feast. They got their bread done and came back and sat down in a little bunch. They were laughing and talking and did not seem to mind us.

"All at once I saw one of the Indians stop and look thoughtful. He put his hand on his bosom and turned and said something to the next buck who sat near him on the ground. I don't know what he said. After a time he let out a yell and jumped straight up into the air. We knew then that we were safe. They all had got the strychnine.

"In a few minutes they were all on the ground. After a while we went over to the fire and got a piece of broken skillet and went down to the creek and got some water. We gave every one of them a drink. Well, you know what happens when you put water on top of strychnine. There were thirteen of them in all, and I have always since then believed that thirteen was an unlucky number—especially when there is strychnine in the flour."

Toward the close of the buffalo days a party of frontiersmen known as the Bozeman Expedition made a campaign east of Yellowstone Park with the purpose of rebuking certain tribes who had been active in accumulating horses and other property without the formality of paying for the same. This band of men gave the Indians the severest lesson they had had in many a year. The Indians attacked them time after time. They faced an Indian charge deployed as skirmishers, each man dropping on one knee with his big buffalo rifle loaded and his hat full of cartridges on the ground before him. The Indians never got up to them at all and lost many warriors killed.

The white men had two men killed, one of whom died in tragic fashion. He had his leg shattered so that he could not ride. The party had to leave him or stand another severe attack. He told them to go on and leave him. They refused to do that and his pal said he would stay back with him in any case until the end. The wounded man asked for his own revolver, and though his friends knew what he intended to do, his wish was granted. He placed the muzzle of the revolver against his head and pulled the trigger. The cartridge failed to explode. He looked up at his friend, who stood near him, and then at the gun.

"That is the first time it ever failed me," said he quietly.

Then he rolled the cylinder one notch, tried again—and killed himself.

Old Bill Hamilton, at times employed by the Army as a scout, was one of the oldest of the mountain men to come down out of the passing days. Born in England, he came to this country as a boy, got out into the mountains and was long a protégé of Bill Williams, associate of Carson and other well-known characters. When I knew Bill Hamilton, more than twenty years ago, he was quite old, very gray and thin, his blue eye paling a bit, but he was still tough and wiry. He was living in a little cabin at the mouth of the Stillwater River, near the town of Columbus, Montana. He always kept the United States flag flying over his cabin and was very proud of his former connection with the Army.

Bill Hamilton saw all the life of the old mountains and plains, and as a young man he was wild enough. He was one of the few white men who could strip to the skin, take a bow and arrows, and riding bareback kill his buffalo in the chase as well as any Indian. Indeed he had lived among the tribes so long that he was almost more Indian than white. At one time he was sheriff of one of the tough Montana counties, where some strange stories are still preserved regarding him.

In those times everybody drank whisky whenever he could get it, and when Bill did get it it was his custom to remove all his articles of white man's clothing and revert to the savage lack of costume. He was hardy as any wild animal and proud of it. At one time Bill offended an Englishman out in his country, who challenged him to mortal combat. Bill accepted the challenge and named the weapons and conditions. Each man was to take an ax and stripped naked—go out on the ice of the Yellowstone River, cut a hole through it and then get down in the hole up to his shoulders. The first man to quit his ice bath was to be declared loser of the duel. This strange contest actually was fought. The Englishman stood it for some time, but at length, with a yell, climbed out on the ice and broke for the town on a keen lope. Bill, accoutered as he was, followed close at his heels, calling him every name he could think of. He was adjudged to have won the duel.

It was Bill's practice, when he had illuminated the town for several days, to sober off in the back part of the central saloon and general merchandise store, where he usually went to sleep with his head on a cake of ice. He was thus engaged one day when a practical joker opened the door and called out:

"Injuns! Injuns!"

That old war cry always was enough for Bill. Not fully awake, he rushed out through the store, picking up the only weapon he could see, which happened to be a long cheese knife. He ran to the middle of the street and asked to be shown to the savages. In consideration of his fashion of apparel he is said to have presented rather an extraordinary spectacle at the moment.

In his later years Bill Hamilton was a very gentle, soft-spoken old man. He was rather difficult to interview, but everybody in that part of the state liked him very much. John Losekamp, one of the pioneer merchants of Billings, took care of old Bill during his last years, when he was in reduced circumstances. Mr. Losekamp himself—dead now, I hear, as are all these men whose names are mentioned herein—was the first man to begin the buying of elk teeth among the Indians. When I knew him he had trunks full of elk teeth, many of which were stored in New York. That was more than twenty-five years ago. He was opposed to the elk poaching in Yellowstone Park at that time. He was a man who came west with the railroad and saw wild life at the head of steel in early Montana days.

In my hunting among the Blackfeet I used to meet John Monroe, the half-breed son of old Hugh Monroe, one of the first fur traders in the Rocky Mountains, who came down from Canada. The discovery of Great Salt Lake usually is credited to Etienne Provost; but there are not lacking a good many friends and earlier acquaintances of my own who knew Hugh Monroe and who always thought from the old man's recountal of a journey he made into that country that he was the first man to set eyes on the Great Salt Lake. The mountain called Rising Wolf, at the head of Two Medicine Lake in Glacier Park, was named after Hugh Monroe, whose Indian name was Mah-queè-a-pah, or Wolf-gets-up, as his son, John Monroe, translated it for me. John Monroe himself in his time was a mighty hunter. He is the only man I ever knew to kill a grizzly bear with the bow and arrow. He did that from horseback. The story is known to be true.

With some of these men of older days and some members of the splendid Blackfoot tribe, who at that time had no dream of the modern circus Indian days round the park hotels, I sometimes would hunt in the Blackfoot country for sheep or bear, but I enjoyed most the stories of the old times they all could tell about. Sometimes we would lie round the tepee fire together in the winter, when the snow was many feet deep in the mountains all round. Such an experience made an impression not easily eradicated from the mind. It was more interesting to learn of the Custer fight through Billy Jackson, one of Reno's scouts, who survived it; or to learn of Alder Gulch and Virginia City through old Crosby Boak, a man bent and crippled with injuries received at the hands of a desperado in the wild placer days. The tales of eyewitnesses are more vivid than the best of impartial history. These men brought the old West astonishingly close. Every one of these friends above mentioned now has crossed the divide.

A hardier or a harder population never lived than that of the Upper Missouri River at the various profile peaks of the old water trail. The first explorations of the river in a commercial way began about 1807. Steamboat traffic was well established by 1850. After 1860 the placer mines demanded supplies, which were taken from the head of navigation on the Missouri. Enter now upon the upper plains another historic figure—the freighter with his bull outfit. Then came the railroads. Meantime there had come the north-bound cattle trail, whose terminus was on the upper Indian plains. The year of 1885 may be said to have doomed the old cattle-trail days. The year 1883 marked the passing of the buffalo. If one cares for dates, a few of these rough stages in the downhill progress of the Wild West may be marked in this way. What with the old fur trader, the free trapper, the skin hunter, the wolfer, the placer miner, the freighter, the cowpuncher—all successors of the wild keelboat men who showed them the way—the character of the population of the upper Missouri country certainly could not have been called delicate or effete.

"I Have Come to Kill You," He Said Again

Yet the charm of the wild life of a land where there were no Ten Commandments had strong appeal to men even of gentle rearing; and we are by no means to call all of that bold population merely ignorant and brutal. Naturalists like Audubon, painters like Catlin, were early up the Missouri. The Englishman, Palliser, a Cambridge graduate, knew and wrote fascinatingly of the buffalo country long before the rails came; and the pages of Ruxton, another man of education and means, give us the full flavor of that life as viewed by the adventurer who left home and friends to take up the wilderness life, which offered only danger and discomfort, but seemed to him the happiest of all human existences. For instance, Ruxton writes:

"Though liable to an accusation of barbarism, I must confess that the very happiest moments of my life have been spent in the wilderness of the Far West; and I never recall but with pleasure the remembrance of my solitary camp in the Bayou Salado, with no friend near me more faithful than my rifle and no companions more sociable than my horses and mules, or the attendant coyote which nightly serenaded me. With a plentiful supply of dry pine logs on the fire and its cheerful blaze streaming far up into the sky, illuminating the valley far and near and exhibiting the animals with well-filled bellies standing contentedly over their picket pins, I would sit cross-legged enjoying the genial warmth and—pipe in mouth—watch the blue smoke as it curled upward, building castles in its vapory wreaths and in the fantastic shapes it ascended. Scarcely did I ever wish to change such hours of freedom for all the luxuries of civilized life; and unnatural and extraordinary as it may appear, yet such are the fascinations of the life of the mountain hunter that I believe that not one instance could be adduced of even the most polished and civilized of men, who had once tasted the sweets of its attendant liberty and freedom from every worldly care, not regretting the moment when he exchanged it for the monotonous life of the settlements; nor sighing and sighing again, once more to partake of its pleasures and allurements."

Such are some of the short and simple annals of life in the Far West. They might easily be multiplied. The human documents of those earlier days are now pretty much gone. Had you been in the West even twenty-five or thirty years ago—as it was my own chance to be, who went West nearly forty years ago—you might have known many men of the old fur-trade days; pathetic figures, looking about, dazed, on the new world which had swept in round them. Even then there were new men of new trades on the range who scoffed at the long hairs, as they called them; accusing them of doing nothing in the way of taxes, of living upon nothing but bull elk and bear grease.

But what memories remained in their minds, and how men like these loved the old times; how they lingered over them, dwelt upon them! And what times they were! What splendid vitality marked them! What a splendid thing it was to have known that day!

We read over and over again the story of John Colter, running the gantlet naked and barefooted from the savages who pursued him, and by sheer physical superiority escaping down the Missouri—only to go back again to the wilderness which he had helped Lewis and Clark to find. We read how Kit Carson once amputated the leg of a man crippled by gunshot on the Santa Fé Trail, having no better tools than a butcher knife and saw and a red-hot iron bolt—the operation done so well that the man recovered and died in bed full of years. But there is the authentic story of that other man, shot through the leg and left alone in his war house up in the Missouri River country, who cut off his own shattered leg at the thigh, drawing it up by a rope so that he could get at his work the better; who lay alone until he got stronger, then made himself a crutch of cottonwood and hobbled a hundred miles to the nearest trading post.

Then there is the classic story of old Hugh Glass—sometimes called John Glass—and his encounter with a grizzly bear in the Upper Rockies. Glass and his companion shot this bear but did not stop it. It got up to Glass, who fired his pistol into the animal and then used his hunting knife, plunging it again and again into the body of the beast. He was badly mauled, the flesh being stripped from his ribs and his scalp nearly torn off. He fell with the bear and his companion ran away, thinking that he was dead. After a time the captain of the band of trappers sent two men back to the spot. They found the bear dead and Glass barely breathing, presenting a horrid spectacle, the flesh being torn from his body in strips and lying all about him. There were more than twenty knife wounds in the body of the bear. As it was supposed that Glass was the same as dead they took his arms, stripped him of his hunting shirt and moccasins and left his body. To the others at the camp they reported that they had buried Glass, though really they had not. What was the use?

Some months afterward this same party of trappers were approaching a trading post when they saw a horseman coming up, a man so scarred and disfigured as scarcely to seem human. It was John Glass himself, whom they all had considered dead months ago. Glass said that when he regained consciousness he was unable to walk, and fed on the body of the bear for several days. He carried some of the meat with him when he was able to travel at all. For the most part he lived on roots and berries, but in some superhuman fashion he managed to make his way to this trading post, which was eighty or ninety miles from the scene of the encounter. He declared himself perfectly recovered, and—to use his own phrase—"as slick as a peeled onion." He said he lived in order to kill the men who abandoned him, but at last he forgave them.

It was only the hardiest and strongest of men who could endure such experiences as these; indeed no man could live in that country on any basis except that of the savage fit to survive. There was no law, and had there been it must have been difficult of enforcement among these white savages. Of that type was the notorious Mike Fink, keelboatman, whose pleasant sport with his friend, Carpenter, was shooting a cup of whisky each off the other's head. Mike killed his friend in treachery one day and later himself was killed by his friend's friend, Talbott. Wild men and wild days—but what days they were! Is it cause for wonder that our boys still want to go fighting Indians?

There is something very much more than mere thrill and shudder which we ought to salvage from the traditions of that early country. If we were not Americans then, we never are going to be. If we did not then know how to take and hold our own, we never are going to learn now. If that was not our land of freedom, then America never will be free again. And if the American character was not born and bred in those times—restless, strong, generous, insistent on its own rights or its own desires—then that character was born not west of the Missouri, but east of the Atlantic and we no longer may claim flavor of our own soil and sky.

There are two views of America—which is your own? Either this country is ours for us Americans; or it exists for those who are not Americans but who now live in America. Either this is a land of opportunity for the sons of those who bought and paid for this country, or it is the feeding ground of men who have bought no rights and do not intend to do so.

(Concluded on Page 53)

EVEN if your first strongly favorable impressions were not confirmed by the experience of Liberty owners, you would know that a car which rode and drove so beautifully must be superior in design, and in the scrupulous care with which it is built.

Liberty Motor Car Company, Detroit

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GREDAG
A WONDERFUL LUBRICANT

(Concluded from Page 50)

Which is your country? What would red-headed Will Clark and dour Meriwether Lewis have said to the May Day bomb outrages of this current year of grace? What would my old long-haired hunter friends among the Blackfeet have said could they have seen five thousand I. W. W.'s following the coffin of a man who was lynched because he went further in voicing treason than certain Americans could stand? What would the old captains of the fur trade say to state socialism in that country where they picketed their pack trains before state lines were known? What would those men who went up the Missouri and down the Columbia have said could they have seen a trainload of treacherous men shipped east across this continent for deportation to the land which bore them—to which, by the way, they have never yet been sent?

There are the two countries. Which is yours? Our young men are coming back from the European war, and they do not care for their commissions. They think light of their honors and they say: "Let us get back into business—we must, or we shall be lost in these days."

And that is the truth. No intelligent man to-day ought to look back. His eyes belong forward; and if he be wise he will know that for all the rest of his life he will have to fight to get on here in America. The old and easy days have gone.

They are not gone in all their phases, or in all their lessons. There are still savages in America—savages whose numbers are increasing. They intend to take our wagon trains, to steal our stock, our goods, to take away our women. Sometime on the old buffalo range of America there may be another war with savages. What blood will win that war? If we need it, where shall we get that fighting blood that was of the old Americans? It is blood that is strong, not brains; it is the fighting instinct and not the dictates of reason which endures. If the men of the old Missouri trails beat their steel traps into reaping hooks, what came of that? Is it peace that came? Are we so assured that every man in America long is going to have his chicken in the pot? Are we so assured that our women, our goods, our wagon trains are going to be safe in America forty years from now? Are we so sure that a man's property, what he has earned by his own brains and his own courage and his own hands, after the Bible doctrine of the old West, is going to remain his own property twenty years from now? Are we Americans or something else, "something just as good?" I am curious to know. I am curious to know about our livestock and our women and our wagon trains thirty years from now.

When fighting blood calls out for fighting blood, against whose back would you rather place your own shoulders? The old blood was good blood. We still have it in our veins. From St. Louis to the Mandans, from the Mandans to Fort Clatsop on the Columbia we beat the savages once. We can handle them again. It was a good country, found by fighting men and held worth fighting for. It is worth fighting for now.

DUDS

(Continued from Page 25)

Durand reseated himself facing her. "As for my personal habits, *ma petite*, there again you are unfair to me. When the day's work is over and one is safe and snug with a pretty playmate, why not a little relaxation? We cannot deny ourselves a little pleasure always. The game would not be worth the candle. There must be some relaxation."

Patricia straightened in her chair. Her eyes widened in their startling way. She stared over Durand's right shoulder at the door. He twisted quickly about to follow her gaze, head thrust forward, shoulders hunched. His hand slipped to the side pocket of his coat, seemed to grope there for something which it did not find. At the same moment Patricia's arms slid from behind her. Phineas caught the flash of metal in one of her hands. Durand heard the rustle, turned sharply, and looked into the muzzle of an automatic pistol, his own.

"Hands up, *mon ami!*" Patricia murmured.

Durand obeyed the order slowly. His jaw dropped, then closed with a snap.

"Dimitri! Stephano! *A moi!*"

Patricia laughed. "Are those names to conjure by? The charm does not appear to work." She wriggled her knees, scuffled with her feet, drew one of them through the loosened cords round her ankles. "You are more stupid than I could have hoped, *bon homme*. Our struggle downstairs taught you nothing. Did you think that a person of supple muscles like mine would stay long bound? Have you never watched the performances of Houdini? And the joke of it is I picked your pocket as you dragged me up the stairs."

Durand was waiting for something. Phineas, spellbound with astonishment and admiration, did not budge. It flashed through his mind that Patricia's attention must not be deflected for an instant. Durand was too close to her, directly in line. Phineas could not have fired without grave risk to the girl. To appear suddenly would startle her, give Durand the mortal fraction of a second to strike with knife or fist.

So for an instant the tableau vivant was immobile. Then Phineas saw Patricia's teasing smile whip up the corner of her mouth and the end of the left eyebrow lift. Her pistol was leveled at the root of Durand's nose—the nasofrontal suture, to be precise—where the entering ball would pass at an upward angle, for his head was tilted slightly backward. The tendons rose slowly on Patricia's white wrist as she squeezed on butt and trigger. There came a sharp click—and that was all.

Durand lurched forward in his chair. Despite the lack of any report one would have said that he was shot. He would have said so himself, for he had not missed the contraction of the girl's hand, the committal to Avernus in her tawny eyes. He might have pitched head forward on the floor, played dead for a few moments like a trained dog, not purposely but reflexly, had it not been for the second click, and then a third. The second arrested him en route. The third rallied to him a realization that the pistol—his pistol, kept always loaded—had in some mysterious manner become empty.

Then he acted. The palm of his thick hand shot upward, the ball of it thudded against the angle of the girl's jaw underneath—a soft padded blow but on a vulnerable spot. She slipped down into the chair, unconscious for many minutes to come. The pistol clattered to the floor. Durand whipped it up and turned.

"Dimitri! What sort of a joke is this?" A flame of rage swept through him. "Oh, you wanted to see me killed!"

The portières were flung aside. A figure which was not that of Dimitri or Stephano stepped down from where these worthies should have been. It advanced upon Durand in a curious stately way, as though leading a parade. He gaped at it an instant then turned and scurried for the door. Nemesis overtook him as he was reaching for the knob.

XVII

PHINEAS turned and looked with dread at Patricia's limp form huddled in the big bergère. He had not been able to see precisely what had happened but thought that Durand had knifed her. This seemed to be the price of waiting to hear what Durand might say, his taunts and boastings.

But a swift examination failed to discover any wound. There was not so much as a bruise, for Durand had struck upward with the ball of his hand. His square bulk had been between Phineas and the girl. Her pulse and breathing were slow and shallow. Phineas thought she must have fainted at the shock of finding her weapon useless and Durand about to seize her. Even such astounding strength as hers must have its limits.

He gathered her in his arms and laid her on the divan. There seemed no immediate danger. Durand was dead and Jules was dead and the two visitors were dead. It was amazing, outrageous, but true. Each separate act of the drama had worked out with a sort of dovetailed destiny, its several performers walking up and offering their silly necks to the scythe of the Reaper. "Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed."

Then it struck Phineas that even the present situation had its advantages. He did not wish Patricia to know of Karakoff's complicity; at any rate not yet. He must first decide what to do, what action he should take. It was rather perplexing to be hired by a man to ferret out a criminal system and then to find his employer to be at the head of it. Karakoff had issued his ukase that he and Patricia be spared, no matter at what risk or loss. Should he now turn and destroy the man?

Phineas glanced at the unconscious girl and his eye was caught by the rim of the long stepladder under the divan. He drew it out, set it up under the scuttle, then went to the safe and drew out several small ledgers. Slipping off his belt he fastened these together, pocketed his pistol and some loose papers which he found in a drawer, then climbed the ladder, unbolted the scuttle hatch and made his way back to his own room. Jules was lying as he had left him, sprawled across a corner of a mattress in the fumigation closet. Phineas locked up the documents in his trunk, then returned to Patricia. The weather had changed and the snow was falling in large moist flakes.

As he stepped to her side Patricia stirred, drew a long shuddering breath and opened her eyes. Phineas raised her hand and stroked it reassuringly.

"It's all right," said he. "There is no more danger." He stepped to the table, poured out a little cognac and held it to her lips. She took a swallow or two. "I got the brute just as you fainted—or a second later."

Her eyes rested for a moment on his face, then swept across the room to the crumpled figure of Durand, then back to Phineas with deep questioning. Seeing that her mind was clear again he explained briefly all that had happened, holding back only the identity of Karakoff.

"I did not faint," said Patricia. She raised her hand to the angle of the jaw. "He struck me there. I wonder how the pistol came to be unloaded? Why should he have had an empty pistol in his pocket?"

"If Jules could speak he might be able to answer that question. I have an idea that they may have had a row and that Jules intended to make a clean-up and beat it. After his visit to me he may have planned to crack the safe and did not want to risk a bullet from Durand while working at it. He may have intended to kill and rob Durand before leaving. Perhaps he decided that the place was no longer safe with you here, and that he had better go while the going was good."

Patricia nodded. "What did this man look like who took the stuff from the safe?"

"Like a prosperous shopkeeper; middle aged, dark hair and mustache, Grecian features. These other two were Greeks."

"We must find that man, Phœbe."

"If I do I shan't denounce him."

"Nonsense!"

"I mean it. I shall merely warn him to quit. He gave strict orders that we were not to be hurt."

"Bosh! Sentiment has no place in an affair like this."

"It has for me."

"Well, we'll discuss that later. We'd better go." She sat up and raised her hands to her hair.

"See here, Patricia, I've thought it out. We had better go back over the roof. Then you can slip out of the lodging house. This whole business will be laid to Jules' account. It is snowing and our tracks will soon be covered. I can leave this jimmy beside him and it will look as though he was trying to make his get-away through Slater's to avoid the chance of being seen going out of the store."

"But the empty safe?"

"There is nothing to prove that there was anything in the safe; in fact, as Durand dealt in antique furniture the place might be thought arranged merely for show purposes, a suggestion for a millionaire's private bureau at his home."

Patricia nodded. "That's possible; but Jules would have rifled these men. You must take their watches and money and jewelry and put them in his pockets. You had better give their papers to me."

"To you?"

"Yes. You might be searched."

Phineas nodded noncommittally and set about his repugnant task. Rather to his relief there proved to be no papers; not even passports. Patricia rose and steadying herself against the table watched his search. There were a few bills of small denomination, watches, rings and scarfpins. Phineas knotted these up in a small table cover, then looked at Patricia.

"Your hat?"

"That's so. My head is still humming. It's in the closet where I was locked up. I'll get it."

He handed her his torch. She went down the stairs, presently to return with the fur toque. They climbed out of the place, crossed the roofs, on which the snow was falling fast and resting wetly. It was still dark but the day was not far distant. Dropping the ladder into the fumigating closet they descended. Phineas placed the bundle in Jules' pocket and put back the ladder as it had been. They stepped out into the upper hall, locked the closet door and stood for a moment listening. No sound came from below. Patricia took Phineas' hand and pressed it.

"You've saved my life and more to-night, Phœbe. I shall not forget. Meet me to-morrow in the café of the Lafayette at noon."

"All right," he whispered. "Good night."

She slipped silently down the stairs. Phineas went into his room and looking out the open window saw her flitting like a shadow down the deserted street. He undressed in the dark, put on his pyjamas and got into bed. His thoughts were milling about confusedly. Patricia's suggestion that he might be examined by the police disturbed him. If a search of his effects were to be made the finding of the records in his trunk might result disastrously not only for Karakoff but for himself.

What proof had he that he was not Karakoff's confidential agent? The other dealers, honest merchants, would probably be skeptical. It seemed to Phineas that the case against Jules must appear so obvious that a harmless lodger like himself ought not to be disturbed or subject to more than a cursory questioning. But he could not be sure. His room was next the fumigating closet, and Slater's house and its patrons might not be any too reputable. Besides, he might have left some trace of his own presence, finger prints or the like. He thought of the jimmy, which he had gripped so hard, and slipping out of bed went to the fumigating closet. He picked it up in a fold of Jules' coat, rubbed the part he had gripped, then squeezed the dead hand of the *apache* round it, impressing upon it the thumb and fingers.

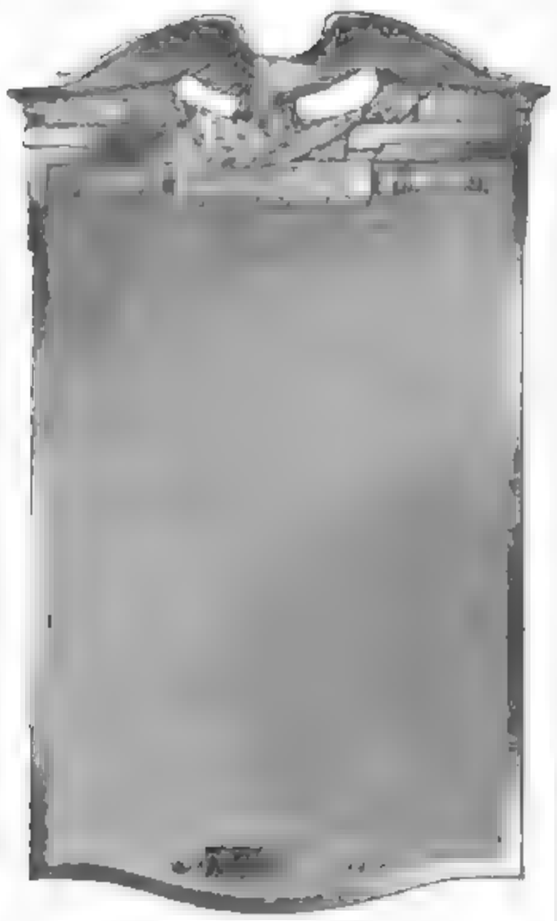
Phineas began to feel as though he were himself a criminal, a murderer. There in his trunk were not only the records but the tools, which he had not used. If a search were made how could he explain possession of them? But the records were the most vital, the most dangerous, and suddenly it occurred to him, why not destroy them? Hiding place there was none. He did not wish to risk going out, and what could he do with them if he did? And he had no desire to ruin Karakoff. Though engaged in a bad and unlawful commerce the man himself was not so bad. There was also Olga, who would be left alone in the world, her life ruined, her future dubious if her father were to be sentenced to a long term.

Nobody would be stirring in that house for another two hours at least. Phineas pulled on slippers and gown, opened his trunk and took out the records. He touched the meager radiator. It was fairly warm; there must be fire enough in the furnace. He thrust the tools into his pocket and stole out and down the stairs to the basement. The cellar stairs were not difficult to find. There was a good fire in the furnace, of which the door was ajar. Phineas thrust the small ledgers and other papers into the bed of glowing coals, closed the door and opened the dampers. Slater had been pretty drunk that night and would be forced to think that he had forgotten to regulate the furnace.

The tools Phineas tucked away in the crevice over an upper beam of the coal bin. Then he stole back to his room, got into bed, wished himself good luck and went to sleep. He was very tired and as he drowsed off he murmured: "Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed."

XVIII

A YELL in the hall roused Phineas from his beauty sleep. He had been subconsciously waiting for something of the sort and therefore was not startled at a pounding



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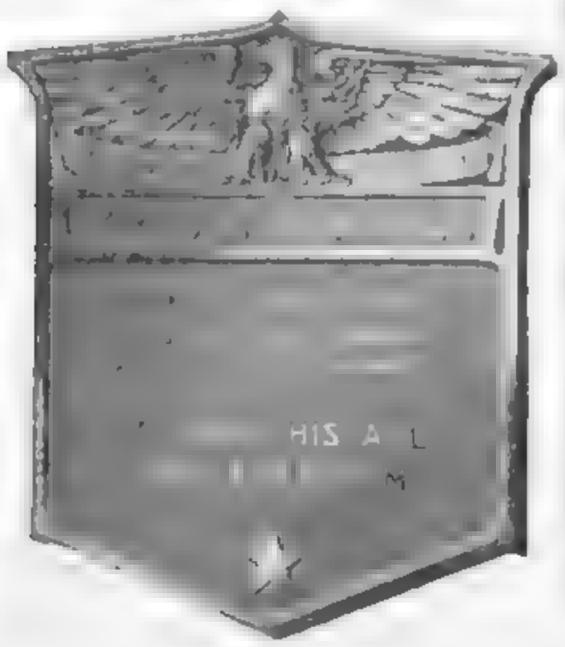

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on his door and his landlord's voice, husky and tremulous with excitement and the aftermath of impure alcohol, imploring him to awake and come and look.

"Hey, cap, wake up! Jeese, come look what we caught!"

Phineas leaped up and opened the door. A warm draft swept up from below. The temperature of Slater's lodging house was at least fifteen degrees higher than it had been at any time that winter, thanks to Phineas' manipulation of the furnace about three hours earlier.

"What's the matter? House afire?"

"Say, she does seem sort o' stuffy." Slater's face looked like wet putty and he was all ashake, the shock of his discovery striking him at an enfeebled moment. But he was making a manful effort to hold himself in hand. "Look-a-here!" He took Phineas' elbow in a trembling hand and led him to the door of the closet. The glare from the open scuttle struck down on the upturned face of the corpse like a limelight, giving it so horrid an aspect that Phineas himself was startled. His part was not difficult to play.

"Gee—whilliken! What's this? What's this?"

"It's that there clerk o' Durand's. That feller Jules. He piped that roll o' yourn and come in over the roof to git it. What'd I tell ye? 'Tain't ever safe to flash no kale in this here neighborhood. He dropped in and the gas got him. Hell, matey, I feel sick."

Slater swayed, seemed about to fall. Phineas seized his shoulder and gave him a shake.

"Come now, brace up, Slater. What of it? He had it comin'."

"Tha'—that's right. If it hadn't been him it 'ud ha' been you."

"Sure. It's plain enough what happened. I thought yesterday he had all the earmarks of an *apache*. Chances are he was full of dope and the first whiff fixed him. Buck up, old man! It's none o' your funeral. Throw a stiff drink under your belt and then call the cop. I'll get dressed."

"Say, you're all right, matey. It sorta upset me like. They can't put anything on me, can they?"

"Of course not! You'll get the thanks of the court. Shows you to be a clean, sanitary landlord too. Brace up and carry on!"

Thus encouraged Slater obeyed. The police were quickly on the premises, when the condition of the jimmy was observed, which with the open scuttle led immediately to an inspection of the room in Durand's loft. The whole affair seemed absolutely obvious, its motive theft.

Such complications as presented themselves to the police in the peculiar features of Durand's establishment were not brought forward in connection with the presence of Jules' corpse in Slater's fumigating room, nor were the landlord and Phineas subjected to more than a brief examination. A supply of heroin was found on the person of the corpse and the doctors declared without hesitation that a habitué of the drug like Jules dropping into an eight-by-ten-foot closet filled with formaldehyde gas would be stifled, his respiration cut short by the first inhalation.

Phineas testified that he had heard a bumping about sometime in the night but thought it was the landlord coming up to get some of the fumigated bedding. The authorities appeared pleased and grimly amused at the trap into which the *apache* had fallen, and the police surgeon complimented Slater on his sanitary precautions. No examination of Phineas' effects was so much as suggested. So far as Slater's house and its occupants were concerned there seemed not the slightest ground for suspicion. It was perfectly plain: Jules had come over the roofs—the snow was still falling and there were, of course, no tracks—dropped down into the gas chamber and been immediately stifled.

Under the influence of cane rum and the consciousness of virtue Slater's nervousness soon passed, giving way to pride in his quality of swift if unconscious instrumentality in the suppression of crime. Phineas felt infinitely relieved and there was a general expression of the sentiment that he had played in extraordinary luck. He thought so himself.

The inquest consumed all the forenoon, and a little after midday Phineas went out and telephoned Patricia at the café that he would not be able to keep his appointment. She asked him to call after three at her apartment on South Grove Street, and this he agreed to do.

It seemed to Phineas that it would look more natural than otherwise in view of what had happened for him to give up his room at Slater's, so he told the ex-steward that the affair had got on his nerves and that he proposed to return to the commercial hotel where he had been stopping previously. Slater said that he did not blame him, that he was all right, presented him with a quart bottle of smuggled rum and parted with him almost tearfully.

Quietly clad but in a troubled state of mind Phineas had his lunch, then turned his steps toward the quarter of the town where Patricia lived. He had a premonition that there was a duel of wits ahead, that she suspected him to be possessed of information which she would spare no pains to extract. He felt that he was about to undergo a cross-examination of the third degree.

Behind this lay the shadow of his prospective interview with Karakoff. Phineas could form no idea at all as to the probable result of this. He felt like a mariner about to enter uncharted waters dangerously sown with reef and shoal.

Patricia's apartment proved to be in a small modernized building where the front door clicks open by reflex action on the brain above, thus obviating service by that prying French pest, the concierge. By this superior American invention one may carry to one's rooms almost anything that is portable—a dead body or a very live one—without fear and without reproach. Of course there is always the chance of colliding with a housemate—but then, there is an element of chance in everything.

Phineas pressed the magic button. "Open sesame," and the latch snicked. "Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed," murmured Phineas, and mounted one flight, as per serial order of the button he had pressed. A door opened, noiseless and without invocation.

But on entering all such suggestion vanished. The little apartment was fresh and dainty, and so was Patricia in a Parisian tailor skirt and blouse trimmed with Breton lace. She looked as if she had materialized that moment from some fashion illustrator's mental image of a chic and stylish type—a little overimagined, perhaps, as to skin and hair and eyes and things, but charmingly impossible.

"There is no such girl," said Phineas. "Was last night honest and truly?"

"My part of it was. I'm not at all sure about yours."

"Neither am I—so far. The official finding in my case was a politely veiled 'a fool for luck.'"

"I shall not deny the luck part of it, Phœbe, but you are very remote from the fool which your Phœbus Apollo face might indicate to the myopic. Sit here, facing the light, so that I may take a lesson in featural expression as a mask for emotion."

"You flatter me. The blankness is the true exponent of my top story."

"A pretty awful night, Phœbe."

"Precisely. That's just what convinces me that I really haven't any mind. It was a ghastly, fantastic night—and leaves me without any horror at all. I climb over the corpse of a man who has come to kill me, kill three others myself with a baby crowbar, and to-day feel as if it had never happened at all or if it has that it doesn't matter very much."

"Don't I matter?"

"Of course you do! That's the outrageous part of it. I must be lacking in appreciation, powers of absorption. Or else I've looked at so many *apache* movies and read such a lot about trench warfare that my mind is fed up on such stuff. Besides, that sort of thing has been in my thoughts ever since I started this game. I had got mentally adjusted to it, just as I was mentally prepared for fighting at the Front. That's the reason, I think. The Front moved over here to meet me. A case of Mohammed and the Mountain."

Patricia nodded.

"All of which argues a mentality of rich imagination rather than none at all, *mon ami*. A mind which is swiftly adaptable to the stress of circumstance. A lesser one would be numbed or horrified. It is the war soul of 1914–18. Countless numbers have it."

"You are very comforting. I was beginning to think that I must have either a bloodthirsty streak in me or else be solid hide to the backbone. Well, thank God, the rotten job is finished with! Yours as well as mine, I imagine."

(Continued on Page 56)

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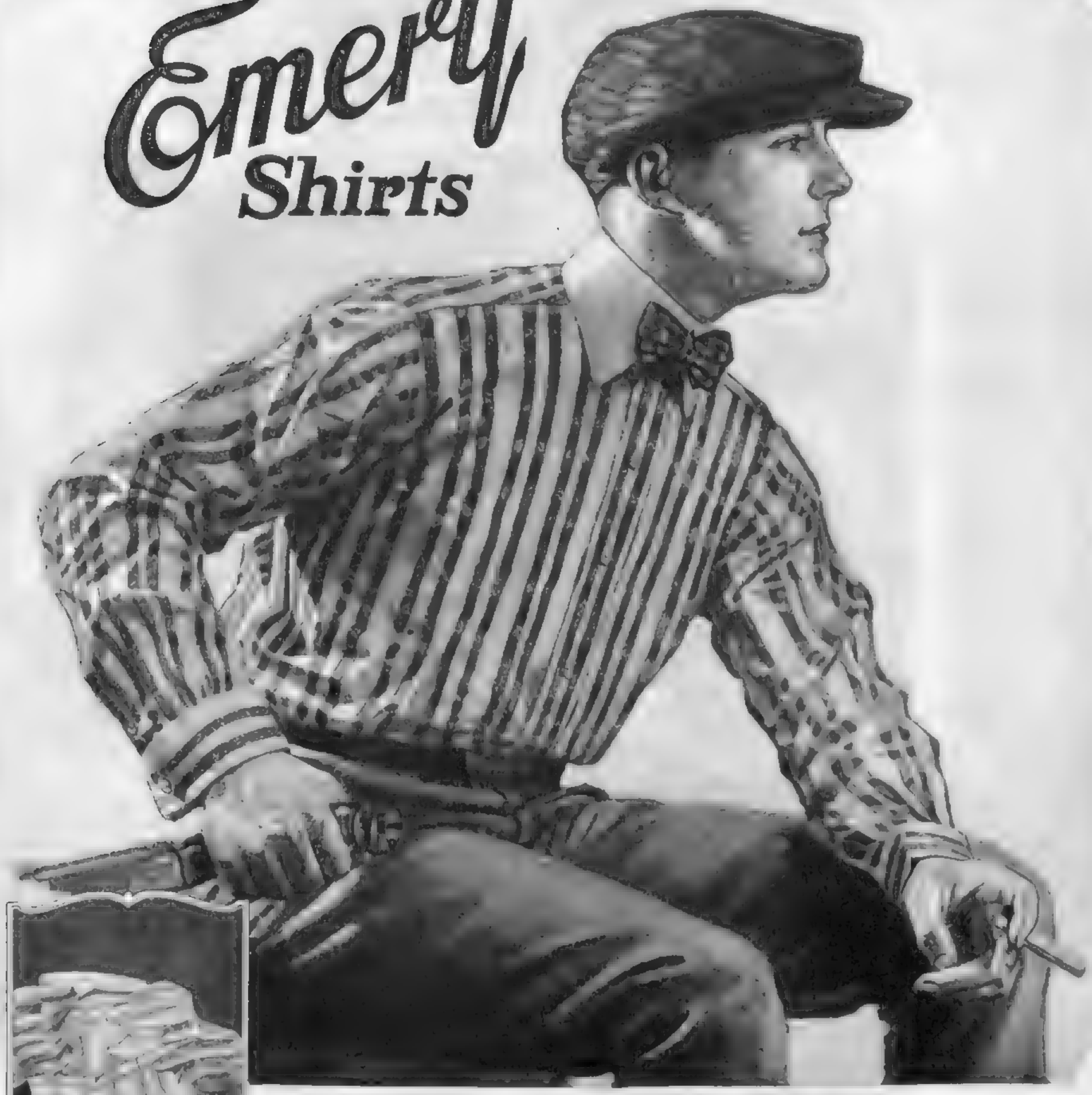

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(Continued from Page 54)

"Finished? What do you mean, Phœbe? We have only begun. Just because one little nest is broken up ——"

"This was not a little nest. It was the American headquarters of the concern, and the general distributing depot. The man who left was its organizer and head. I got this from the conversation of the others after he had gone. He is not an out-and-out crook who would stop at nothing, but merely a buyer of war loot which he smuggled in and disposed of in this country. Beyond that there probably is no other system. It is a limited affair of his own promotion and he is sick of it and wishes to chuck it. It was plain enough from what he said that he had got in deeper than he intended, for he gave absolute orders that there must be no bloodshed, no matter what came of it. When he learns what has happened he will close up the affair."

"What makes you think that? It's preposterous."

"Nothing of the sort. It will be perfectly plain to him that it was the work of some secret-service agent or agents. This chief knows that he is only one jump ahead of arrest. They knew that you were getting very warm and that I was working with you. By this time all the evidence will have been destroyed. He must be perfectly well aware of precisely what happened."

"But why should he not think that it was Jules who killed the others?"

"For a number of reasons. Really, Patricia, I'm afraid that your headpiece has not entirely recovered from its two violent jolts, which is not to be wondered at. In the first place, it is not the nature or method of the *apache* to make an open attack. In the second, he could not have got away with it. In the third, he would not have left you alive in the house. And in the fourth, the chief left the safe wide open and obviously empty. Jules' motive was robbery, and he would have seen on entering the room that the valuables had been removed. Besides all this, why should he have wanted to chuck what must have been a very profitable job for a few dollars' worth of plunder and the certainty of capture?"

Patricia dropped her chin on her knuckles and stared at the wall. Her face was expressionless, but Phineas could guess that she was bitterly disappointed.

Presently she asked: "Then you really believe that this is all the business amounts to?"

"Positive. If there had been any more to it or any rival concern the character of their conversation would have brought it out. Of course they must have their buying agencies on the other side, and these may try to reorganize. But for the present there will be nothing doing. The chief was about ready to quit anyhow. After what has happened he will take his warning and obliterate all possible evidence against him."

"And you mean to quit?"

"I certainly do. I am convinced that there is nothing more to do; that by this time all operations are called off. I've done all they hired me to do, and more."

"Do you mind telling me who 'they' may be?"

"Not in the least. You guessed right. My services were engaged by a crowd of the city's leading jewelers who suspected that something of the sort was going on. Rosenthal was with them. They wanted somebody like me, not a professional detective; and my name was suggested by a dealer at whose shop my family used to have an account—Karakoff, Antiques - you know. I'd seen him a couple of days ago while job-hunting and asked if he didn't want to sign on a buyer. I've always been something of an amateur in that sort of junk. Well, he'd read all about my newspaper muckraking fiasco and been tickled by my sleuth work, so he suggested me for this stuff and they took me on."

Phineas Thrust the Small Ledgers and Other Papers Into the Bed of Glowing Coals

"But your work is not finished, with this chief at liberty."

"Pardon, mam'selle, but it is. I was not engaged to make any arrests, but merely to find out what was going on, and how and by whom it was being run. It is a private investigation and none of my business what my employers see fit to do about the information I may give them."

"But you don't know who this chief is."

"Some of them are pretty sure to recognize him from my description. He sat with his profile presented to me and I have always had a knack for caricature. I could do a study of his mug that would look more like him than he looks like himself."

Patricia leaned forward, her face eager, eyes glowing like the molten metal in the bottom of a goldsmith's crucible. "Oh, Phœbe, dear, will you do one for me?"

Phineas smiled and shook his head. "Sorry," said he, "but that wouldn't do at all. This information belongs to my employers. I've got no right to give it away. It's for them to do as they like about it. They may want to handle this bird themselves. For all I know he may be the son of one of them."

If Patricia had been suddenly transformed into a *loup-garou*, a werewolf, Phineas could not have been more startled. For the fraction of a second as their eyes met he felt his mind in a panic. The dénouement of this girl's inner nature was instantaneously revealed as a flash of lightning might show the unsuspecting hunter a tigress about to spring in front of him.

In that second he thought that he understood her. She was pure huntress, the materialized Spirit of Police, an incarnation of the soul of Javert and his cult. To her nothing else mattered—love or passion, riches or high estate. Her entire entity was unicellular, single motived, her whole existence possessed by an elemental objective like that of the alchemist or yogi; in her case the man hunt, the pursuit and capture of the enemy to the state.

Wherefore Phineas thought he could appreciate the fury of exasperation that now blazed within her. She had set herself to the unraveling of this tangled trail, picking up a bight of it here, a loose end there. Astute, patient, fearless, prepared for any risk or sacrifice to gain her end, now, with her quarry almost in sight, it had fallen into the net of a blunderer whom she had thought to use as a passive tool.

It did not matter one iota to Patricia that Phineas had furthered her efforts with skill and courage, saved her life at grave risk to his own, even while knowing that she had tricked and lied to him. She considered only the ultimate result, and this now drove her nearly mad. She believed what he had just told her to be true. So far as this organization was concerned all operations were no doubt at an end, its records destroyed, its head at liberty and to be dealt with according to the findings and ability of a group of merchants who had no affiliations with the police.

In fury and despair she felt the trail to be obliterated. Her instinct and experience told her that such a criminal affair could be run down only while it was in active function. Finished, there seemed nothing to which she could fasten. Even if she knew the identity of its head there might be no means of securing his conviction. But as matters stood she had not so much as the knowledge of this man's personality. She could give her chief of service no satisfactory assurance that his activities were indeed at an end. Last night's work had ruined everything.

And this complacent young man with the drawling voice and vapid face of a club lounger had it all. Patricia believed him when he said that with a few strokes of pen or pencil he could produce a character sketch that would furnish instant recognition. She knew that anybody possessed of such a knack had this ability. A fairly clever caricature with facial peculiarities emphasized is far easier of identification with the original than a photograph, often than a serious study.

But Phineas refused to give her this key, and he could guess at her exasperation. She could not pick the pockets of his mind and she had already run against the wall of his obstinacy. She must appreciate that his refusal was conclusive and be all the more infuriated because she felt that it would have cost him nothing to comply; that he was merely paying her back in her own greedy tender of exchange—nothing.

It seemed to Phineas that Patricia found this so maddening as to lose for the moment all control of her expression, but he failed to see the danger that might result from this last thing which she would have desired. The reason was this, that Patricia, masked and mistress of whatever emotion she might feel, repelled him, froze him up, whereas Patricia in the full flame of her temperamental qualities produced an entirely different reaction. She roused him. So that now, as she glared at him in an impotent fury of rage at what she apparently considered to be his stupid and selfish refusal to give her what she wanted, Phineas suddenly found himself in the grip of an irresistible desire again to dominate her.

As he saw it there was something unwarrantably insulting in the savage hate with

(Continued on Page 59)

CONGOLEUM
Gold Seal
ART-RUGS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

The Gold Seal is Your Protection

WHEN you go to buy a Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rug be sure you get *genuine* Congoleum bearing the Gold-Seal Guarantee, reading:

"Satisfaction guaranteed or your money will be refunded"

This Gold Seal is your protection against inferior and unsatisfactory imitations of Congoleum. *We mean every word of this guarantee and will positively stand behind it.*

If you do not find the Gold Seal pasted on the face of the rug, *insist* on seeing the name "Congoleum," which is on the back.

The Most Economical Floor-Covering

Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs are the most economical floor-covering you can buy for every room in your home, because of their *low price* and their *long wear*. The patterns are designed by expert rug designers, with studios in Paris, London and New York, and the colorings are rich and beautiful.

Congoleum Art-Rugs lie flat on the floor, without fastening in any way and do not curl or "kick-up" at the edges.

They lighten housework because they are so easy to keep clean. No heavy sweeping or beating—just go over a Congoleum Art-Rug occasionally with a damp mop to keep it bright.

6 x 9 feet	$ 8.75	9 x 9 feet	$12.75
7½ x 9 feet	10.60	9 x 10½ feet	14.85
	9 x 12 feet	$17.00	

Congoleum Gold-Seal Floor-Coverings

Congoleum is also made in roll form in a variety of beautiful designs and colors for use in halls, kitchens, pantries, bathrooms, and in other rooms where an *all-over* floor-covering is desired. It comes in two widths—the usual width of two yards at 90 cents per square yard, and a special width of three yards at 87 cents per square yard. The *Gold Seal* is pasted on the face of the goods. Look for it.

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

The Congoleum Company
Department of
The Barrett Company
Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., San Francisco, Boston, Toronto, Halifax, N. S.

The pattern shown here is Congoleum Rug No. 330. If your dealer cannot supply you with Congoleum Art-Rugs and Floor-Coverings, write us and we will. Booklets free.

Tells At a Glance Whether Current Is On or Off

EVERY user of an electric iron appreciates the value of this at once. And what a convenience that little switch is! You just press the white button for "on" and the black for "off". No fumbling with connector plug or socket.

C-H Seventy Fifty 70-50 SWITCH

More than a safeguard and a wonderful convenience, it saves current—makes the appliance last longer—prevents socket and cord trouble.

How It Saves Electricity

On an iron it tells you instantly whether the current is on or off—no danger of leaving it on by mistake and scorching the clothes. You use current only as you need it.

How It Prevents Breakdowns

Most sockets now in use were designed for lamp-bulb service, which takes but little current. This switch protects them against the ten-fold strain of electrical appliances—keeps the latter in good working condition—avoids delays, waiting for iron or toaster to be repaired.

Modernize Your Appliances!

You can have this switch convenience on the older-model toaster or iron you have. Take one of your cords to your dealer and he will put a C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch on it for 75 cents. Use it awhile and you will see why all the more modern electrical appliances come C-H Switch equipped.

When you buy a new appliance, ***look for the C-H Seventy-Fifty Switch.***

The Cutler-Hammer Mfg. Co.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin

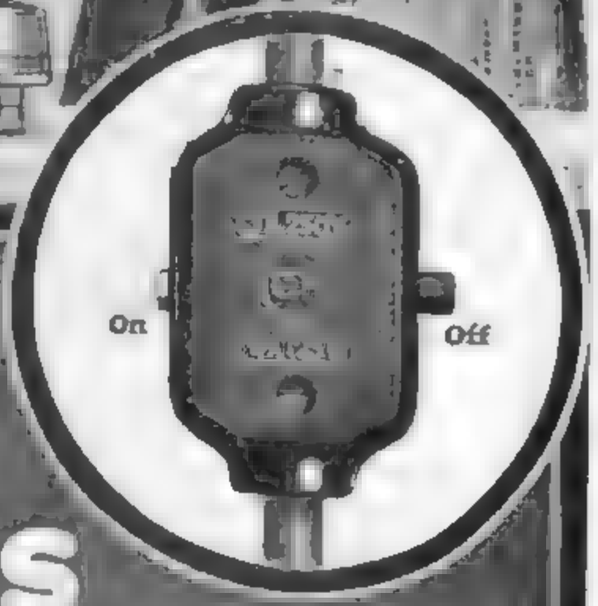
If your dealer can't supply you, we will mail switch on receipt of 75 cents

What Is a Switch?

A switch turns the electric current on or off, just as a water faucet controls the flow of water. A switch should not be confused with a lamp socket—a socket is the part of the fixture into which you screw the lamp bulb.

No Danger

of leaving the iron "on" by mistake, wasting electricity and scorching the clothes. The saving in the current alone soon pays for the switch many times over.



C-H Seventy Fifty (70-50) SWITCHES

(Continued from Page 56)

which she eyed him, the venomous hostility which he could feel her projecting, as though she would have asked nothing better than to wring out his information on the rack or by means of slow fire. It roused in him the same passion which it had in the cabin just before their furious struggle, and during it. But now it was even stronger because charged above the bursting point with resentment at her ingratitude for his rescue of her when at the mercy of Durand.

The blood surged up into his head. He leaned forward and caught her by the wrists with no gentleness.

"Stop that!" he growled. "Don't you dare look at me as if you would like to murder me! Haven't you any human instincts? Any sense of decent feeling? Don't you think you owe me something?" And then Phineas left Patricia's apartment and turned his steps cross-town.

XIX

IT IS often difficult to estimate the price of victory, but Phineas was comforted by the thought that whatever this might have been or to whom awarded he had not divulged a word that would lead to any suspicion of Karakoff.

The entirely different character of the girl's attack had not altered Phineas' attitude of mind toward her. He still felt that indescribable alien sense, as though they were of different cosmic schemes, and he did not believe that any degree of intimacy would be able to alter this. One thing was certain, that he was safe from the peculiar spell which she had possessed for him. And he felt that she must be conscious herself of this and that henceforth she would leave him undisturbed. But as he walked away he could not help but wonder what she would have done to him if she had known that he had burned the records in Slater's furnace.

Phineas returned to his hotel and there found a note from Karakoff asking him to call that evening at ten. It occurred to him that the dealer after reading the account of the crime and singular Nemesis which had overtaken the supposed criminal must be anything but easy in his mind about the records. It seemed probable, however, that Karakoff had guessed pretty closely to the truth but might have thought that Phineas roused by Jules' dying struggles had managed to enter from the street after his departure, when he had liberated the girl and killed the three men while in their cups. In this case he would reason that Phineas must have the records, but possibly these might not be incriminating except through an explanation extorted from one of the gang.

It was therefore in the expectation of giving a lively shock to the man who had promised him a fifty-thousand-dollar bonus for unmasking him that Phineas arrived at the dealer's apartment on the appointed hour. Karakoff greeted him in his usual quiet, cordial manner and led him into his private reading room. Olga was not in evidence. Karakoff mentioned that she had gone to the theater with some friends.

"Well, captain," said he as they seated themselves, "it appears that you have had a mighty narrow escape."

"I am not the only one, Mr. Karakoff. If I had not heard you give positive orders that neither Miss Melton nor I was to be in any way injured you would never have left that room alive."

Karakoff did not move a muscle, even to the flicker of an eyelash. He stared at Phineas steadily for a moment, then smiled. It was not a sinister, a disagreeable smile. His handsome face showed actual amusement. "So you were on the stairs?"

"Behind the portières. I back-tracked Jules over the roofs."

"I see. And bolted the scuttle after you. Upon my word, you are a continual source of fresh surprise! Not one man in ten would have bolted the scuttle. Still, in that case you really cannot call my escape a narrow one, because I would have killed that swine Durand myself if I had suspected for a moment that he would dare disobey."

"I believe you," Phineas answered. "It was plain enough to me that your scheme did not go beyond evading the customs, and you felt that if the business could not be managed without bloodshed you would have nothing more to do with it."

Karakoff's face lightened. "You are very generous, captain. I am not trying to let myself out when I say that I decided on my way home to chuck the whole rotten business. I started it in a moment of bitter resentment at the loss of a Russian estate which I or Olga should have inherited one day, and which I felt would have been saved us if the governments of this country and the Allies had done their duty by Russia. My country was a great well-meaning, helpless child, tricked and bewildered, good of intention but confused and needing only a strong and friendly pressure to find itself. The stupid giant wanted to do what was right. America knew it, the Allies knew it. Germany knew it—and was quick to act on it."

Phineas nodded. "I thought it might be something of that sort," said he. "Aside from that, your orders to Durand were enough to lead me to cover your tracks."

Karakoff stared at him fixedly. "In what way?"

"By destroying your records."

"What! Captain, did you really do that?"

"I burned them all, letters and everything, in Slater's furnace."

"You—you ——" Karakoff's iron self-control appeared to slip a cog or two. He grew rather white and a rime of sweat appeared on his forehead. "And the girl—Miss Melton?"

"She knows absolutely nothing of your connection with the affair. I have had an interesting afternoon convincing her that she might as well quit."

Not until then did Phineas realize the terrific strain the man must have been under. Karakoff looked for a moment as if he were going to collapse; then he rallied himself. The tears came into his eyes.

"Listen to me, captain. I swear to you right here and now that every cent of which I have defrauded the Government shall be repaid. That is the least of my atonement. As I have said, I started this illicit commerce in anger and resentment, never guessing for an instant what it was bound to develop. I began to regret it too late. I could not see any way out of it without measures which I did not desire to employ—the measures which I imagine you were driven to last night."

"Perhaps I had better tell you the story from the start," said Phineas, and did so.

Karakoff listened with glowing eyes. When Phineas had finished he sat for some moments in utter silence.

Then he said: "I have been an avaricious man, captain, and have not always kept within the limits of the law. But I have never done anything like this before. I did not need to do it. I am already twice a millionaire, and this business which I have taken over is profitable enough for anybody. It was sheer cussedness on my part to start this infernal scheme; to profit by the filthy deeds of a bestial soldiery and defraud a Government which has afforded me protection for the last twenty years. I must have been crazy. I allowed myself to be carried away by an angry impulse."

"Can you get clear now?"

"Yes. Durand was the only one I had to fear. He had the power to ruin me, but could not have managed it without ruining himself. He had a double identity."

"So Miss Melton told me."

"Durand was doubly useful because he could operate both here and on the other side. He knew the ropes, had been a fence of thieves, and was such a cringing coward that one felt pretty sure of his obedience. I must say, though, that when I was taking the plunder from the safe I thought my chances of getting a bullet in the back were rather more than fifty-fifty."

"The others tried to make him shoot," Phineas said. "Why did you leave the records?"

"They involved Durand even more than myself. He would have burned them. It would have been a bit awkward for me. Besides, if I had taken them it might have precipitated things then and there, and I was not yet ready."

"Do you think there is any other organization like this of yours, Mr. Karakoff?"

"No. It would be better if there were, because an organization has always a loose end to follow up. There is no doubt a lot of individual smuggling. Those two men last night were independent buyers and smugglers who sold to me through Durand. Formerly they were hotel and villa thieves who worked principally along the Riviera. Old clients of Durand. They were the two who threw the boxes overboard."

"Was that house in South Brooklyn one of your depots?" Phineas asked.

"Yes. But that was not known even by those running it. They thought it to be a side line of Durand's. One of their scouts followed you and Olga here. That was the man who tried to get you a couple of nights later in Madison Square. I knew nothing about it until later, and then I gave Durand orders to see that you were not molested. He was very much opposed to my scheme of taking you on as a sort of gauge on our work and to bluff the other dealers. He had you shadowed by Jules, and it was Jules who followed you and Miss Melton to Long Island City and saw you start on the road for Babylon. Of course he guessed what you were up to, but it was then too late to warn Durand's boat. The two men in her must have been drowned, as nothing has been heard of them. So you see, captain, you have made a pretty clean sweep."

"Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed," Phineas murmured.

"Precisely. But Durand picked you for the Dilly. He did not know about the girl until Jules saw you leave with her in the car."

"Does Olga know anything about your part in this affair, Mr. Karakoff?"

"No. It would break my heart if she were to find it out. She learned about that South Brooklyn fence from an acquaintance, the daughter of a sort of society pawnbroker, a man who lends large sums to the fashionable and demimondaine set on their jewels and furs and things. These two silly girls thought it would be a lark to slip over there and buy some trinkets, but at the last moment the other lost her nerve and Olga went alone."

Karakoff appeared to reflect for a moment. "A most singular train of circumstances, captain, and one which proves the terrible results so easily to follow any infraction of a country's law. Examples are not lacking, God knows, and yet some of us persist in making fools of ourselves. One reads of a bootlegger who shoots two excise officers and is himself killed over a pint of whisky. A young man loses his head over a girl and goes to jail for six months because he takes her ten miles in a train from one state into another. His future career is ruined. A rich and previously reputable dealer is angry because he loses an estate through international politics. He determines to reimburse himself by smuggling and gets let in for an affair which might easily have cost the lives of two estimable young people and his own liberty. I do not know why I should have saved my skin so undeservedly."

"Are you sure that you have?"

"It rests with you. There is no other evidence strong enough to bring me to justice."

"You are safe so far as I am concerned," said Phineas. "But I shall have to impose certain conditions."

Karakoff raised his hand. "First let me tell you what I voluntarily propose. I will draw up an estimate to cover the full value of all the war loot I have smuggled into this country, and on that figure the amount of what I have defrauded the customs. The first shall be repaid in personal contribution to French and Belgian relief funds. The latter—that is, the customs—shall be contributed to the American Red Cross. I will myself accept the loss of what I have paid out in purchase money, plus the revenue duties evaded. At a rough guess I should say that the whole sum may stand me in the neighborhood of half a million dollars."

"That sounds fair."

"Hold on! Against this there is a clean profit of at least as much again because the stuff was bought far below its intrinsic value. That must be figured in with the foreign contributions. I shall give you the certified checks for those amounts and you may mail them to the proper authorities. By doing this I shall have made full restitution and paid a penalty of about half a million dollars plus running expenses for my foolish ethical error."

Phineas stared at him in astonishment. "Do you mind telling me why you offer voluntarily so much more than I would have demanded?"

"Not in the least. It is because I am honestly sorry and ashamed of the business. I cannot say that my conscience has troubled me up to this time, but it certainly would have given me the devil if any ill had happened to you and Miss Melton. With me it is rather a matter of hurt pride and shame that I should have started such a scheme and had dealings with these filthy beasts. I am fastidious, rather haughty, if you like, and I am filled with self-disgust and desire to punish myself. After all it is no very great punishment, when all is said and done. I shall still be rich enough, and proprietor of a profitable business."

"All the same, it strikes me that you are doing the thing pretty thoroughly."

"Partly gratitude at having cheated the jail if not the chair. But if you will pardon me for saying so, captain, your own methods are much less thorough. You have seriously endangered your life a number of times, you have killed off a swarm of poisonous human vermin, you have saved me from a ruin worse than death and by so doing will be the cause of bringing a considerable material benefit to a good many suffering war victims. And so far as concerns me, personally, God knows from what you may have saved my daughter. Yet you make no mention of any obligation due yourself."

"I have thought of that," Phineas answered slowly. "It seems to me that since I have muddled through and managed to accomplish what was required of me I am entitled to my year's pay and the bonus of fifty thousand."

Karakoff laughed outright: "Why the apologetic tone? Good Lord, man, do you think I shall let it go at that?"

"It's all I want. All I shall accept."

"I understand. Very well."

"Aside from that," said Phineas, "here's a proposition: Your line of trade is about the only one I've struck which I know anything about and which appeals to me. I'd like to put this fifty thousand into it and sign up on a partnership basis."

Karakoff laughed again—a light jovial laugh, its first notes of surprise melting into genuine amusement.

"My word, captain, but you carry about a sackful of jolts and hand me a fresh one every hour! There, I haven't had a laugh like that for months; didn't think I ever should again. Here I've been making the open confession that is said to be good for the soul and telling you what a rotter you've been working for, and more than half expecting that you'd want the whole thing in writing, duly signed and witnessed. Instead, you come along with a cheerful proposition of partnership. Do you really mean it? Would you go into partnership with a man who has done what I have?" He looked intently at Phineas, tugging at his crisp mustache. "What assurance have you of my future honesty except my word?"

"That's good enough for me. Even those thugs last night believed you to be a man of your word. They would scarcely have let you walk off with all the loot if they had not."

Karakoff drew down the corners of his mouth, as one who takes an ill-favored medicine.

"Well, as usual there appears to be method in your madness. But how do you know but what there may still be some loose end about the business? Something to crop up later and compromise you as my partner?"

"Can you think of anything of the sort?" Phineas asked.

Karakoff shook his head. "No," he answered slowly. "I do not see how ——"

The telephone on the desk between them rang sharply. Karakoff moved forward to pick it up and thus held the instrument close to Phineas.

"Hello. . . . Yes, this is Karakoff. . . . Hello, baron ——"

The receiver was not pressed close against his ear and such was the harsh vibration of the voice at the other end that it would have been audible across the room. Phineas could not help but hear Rosenthal's startling words.

"I t'ought I should tell you that Olga iss in bad company. She is wit' two French crooks—a man und a voman. She and the voman got in the limousine of a big black car and I heard the man say in French to his chauffeur: 'Bay Ridge Yacht Club.' I vas caught in der jam beside dem in froont of the theater. Und say, Karakoff, if you see Ploonkett tell him from me to look out for Mees Patricia M. It vas she, der voman—und she iss a cr-rook."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

JORDAN

Imagine a car like this

JORDAN has always had a distinct aversion to the commonplace—the obvious. He believes in more gaiety and less drabness in motor cars.

So the Jordan Silhouette was produced.

Sturdy, graceful, long, low and colorful. Solid aluminum rattle-proof body. New European, wide-opening doors. Mouldings of rectangular design. The newest French angle at the dash.

Cocky seat cowl. Perfectly flat top-edge, without the slightest bevel—certainly most refreshing in these days.

Deep-section full crown fenders—slightly taller hood—tilted sport type windshield—deep soft seats that permit you to sink down into them at a perfect comfort angle—gun-metal instrument board—non-rattling spring shackles—tailored top—cordovan leather boot-and-saddle bag built into the tonneau.

Imagine a car like this. Picture it as it is—the lightest car on the road for its wheelbase—and the best balanced.

The whole tendency of the Jordan Silhouette is toward forward movement.

It is perfectly balanced—a car to ride in, as well as to look at.

With the substantial appearance of the finest heavy cars it possesses the beautiful slimness, lightness, lowness, and balanced character of the racing class.

The chassis, including all the finest universally approved mechanical units, possesses a factor of safety which is sufficient to more than meet every possible strain—and little detailed improvements have been added that give it a new superiority.

Imagine a car like this—and you see the Jordan Silhouette. Finished in Brewster Green or Burgundy Old Wine. Equipped with either four or seven passenger bodies.

JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *CLEVELAND, OHIO*

DOMESTIC-HAPPINESS STUFF

(Continued from Page 9)

has compelled them to seek the suburbs. Long Beach, Glendale and Culver City claim a few of them, but for the most part they are found scattered throughout Hollywood, a paradise of palms, peppers and handsome estates, that lies in the foothills of the Santa Monica Mountains, halfway between the city and the sea.

Herein dwell some twenty thousand people, two-thirds of whom make up the population of the merry land of make-believe. Just as in war, for every one who appears in the first-line trench there are five people behind the lines to make that appearance possible, so on the screen we require at least five functionaries for every actor. Truly it is one of the strangest towns in history, for practically its entire life is dedicated to making entertainment, and in a war-torn world many regard its output quite as important as that of Pittsburgh or Akron.

The citizenry of the unique community appears upon the streets in costumes and vehicles of such grotesquerie as would cause arrest in any ordinary humantown; yet here these people pass without the slightest comment, except for the excited tourist who comes to sniff the magic air breathed by the happy filmopolites.

Archbishops and elephants go unheeded about their celluloid affairs, while Bolsheviki and the Grandest Dukes sponge cigarettes and borrow money from the hated bourgeoisie who tend their homely wants in stores and restaurants. And so inured is the impressionable schoolboy to this phantasmagoric life that he will not lift his eyes from algebra to the mad dash of an engine answering the call of many smoke pots; or even a band of bandits riding forth upon location.

Here is a city in which unrealities have become real, and one looks up into the face of a parson or policeman and is surprised if he wears no grease paint. Should King George himself appear upon our plazas the passing populace would simply say: "Pipe the new character man." It is queer to abide in a place where everything is made up; where one's husband appears before his children with head shaved like a prison bird, or our handsome friend calls wearing the shaggy growth of a lumberjack. Not only are faces made up, but characters as well, and I often think when talking to these filmy folk that even their minds are made up, for in many ways our social life is as artificial as our art.

Over a Fossil Zoo

It is hard to realize this unreality when it has become a matter of daily routine, but I am constantly reminded of it by the letters I get from fans, hungrily asking the most commonplace questions regarding the domestic affairs of Gloria Gladsome, their goddess of the films. I also achieve a passing detachment by living at the Girls' Studio Club, high up in the hills overlooking the town and far from all its turmoil.

This unique organization is under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., though not bound to the usual rules. Its purpose is to provide a refuge for picture girls who wish home life; and under the patronage of the leading women of Hollywood and the direction of our housemother we come nearer to living like human beings than anybody else in town. Secretaries, office girls, decorators and the better class of young movie actresses—we have very much the same life as girls in a college sorority.

Here at night we gather on the balconies of this fine old colonial mansion, buried deep in the foliage of live oaks and palms, and discuss not only the affairs of our mimic world but the things that go on in the other world from which we all came a short time ago.

Tuesday night, while some of the girls were writing in their rooms, and my roomie, Hazel Templeton—who is a free-lance social secretary for several well-known stars—had gone off to a preview of a picture, I turned out the lights, curled up in a morris chair before the window, and drinking in the beauty of the scene below me wondered if I could not write of the enchantment I felt.

It all seemed such a fitting set for the off-stage account I wished to make of our bubble lives of Movieland.

Through the vistas of the great formal row of palms lining the driveway the lights of Hollywood looked like a myriad jewels set in a fairy garden, the moonlight softening the contrasts in an opalescent haze. Here and there the geometric regularity of the city's arcs was punctuated by great splashes of luminous color that told of some studio shooting night exteriors. A gorgeous fête at the Climax added a wonderful jewel to the design, and a battery of flashing searchlights far off on the right proclaimed a mimic battle at the Filmart. And way off toward the La Brea fields Chinese fireworks and huge red lanterns added still more carnival spirit to the night and reminded me that Passova was filming her great Oriental superdrama.

Besides this magic of prismatic color great Nile-green lozenges appeared throughout the tracery of the fairy panorama. These were the glass studios, some large as crystal palaces, that were working under a ghastly glare. And I thought of the movie folks sweltering in the sickening rays of those cruel lights; yet most of the fans think our film work only a few hours daily in the pretty sunshine.

But all this was merely a foreground of the picture. Far out beyond, on the floor of the valley, floated a cloud of twinkling lights like a magic carpet of iridescent fireflies. Beneath them hummed the great metropolis of the Southwest. At the left, high on the mountain back of Pasadena, a searchlight from the observatory traced arabesques upon the heavens, and at the right, ten miles away, the lights of the beach cities looked like radiant pearls cast upon the shore of the great Pacific.

Nor did the seduction of the scene end with my eyes. The scent of orange blossoms and magnolias was in the soft night air, and distant music added ravishment to my ecstasy. As the bands at the Climax carnival reminded me that peace had come, faint battle cries mingled with far-off explosions made me realize that no league will ever do away with wars in the wondrous land of picture making. But it was the roaring of a lion resenting custard liberties with his majestic jungle temperament that jolted me from the present and set me dreaming of the past and of the future.

The Officers' Mess, Exposition Park, Los Angeles, June, 1918. Extreme Right, Mary Pickford. Beside Her, Col. R. J. Faneuf, Commander of Regiment. This Was Miss Pickford's Adopted Regiment of Which She Was Godmother and Honorary Colonel

Wonderful as was the panorama from my window these hills of Hollywood have looked down upon still stranger sights, for long, long years ago battles were fought right here that must have shaken the very mountains from their bases. Where now human pygmies make merry at Cinema's flickering shrine huge beasts the size of Pullman cars once stomped and raged among the tropic splendors of this garden spot.

Daily the mummers of Movieland dance upon the graves of monsters that are now but Paleozoic pictures in our schoolbooks. Within a stone's throw of several studios the skeleton of every huge creature of the Pleistocene zoo has been dug out of the asphaltic zoo. Giant sloths, mastodons, camels the size of motor lorries, saber-toothed tigers and even the primitive horse with cloven hoofs have been found in numbers, and every bone intact.

One day when out on location near a famous pit I beat it over to a little hut where the patient excavators were at work, and I asked one of the begrimed fellows how it happened that all these monstrous creatures should be found together in one pit.

"Well," said he with scientific nonchalance, "this plain was once an asphalt lake and the winds no doubt covered it with dust. The surface probably was hard enough to support the smaller animals, but when a big fellow weighing twenty tons wandered out he went through the crust and began to thrash about in the asphaltum. Instantly his natural enemies came after him, and in the fight that followed they all went down in the black paste, which fortunately preserved them to this day."

You may wonder what all this has to do with my theme. Only this: Here, daily under our feet, is one of the greatest fossil finds in all the world, yet there are not a handful of mummers in Hollywood who have the slightest knowledge of it.

Ugly Temples of Art

One day after Jack Brandon had staged the big punch in his famous war drama he remarked: "Well, I guess that is the biggest battle ever pulled in these parts."

"Not by 300,000 years!" I replied. And when I told him the story I have just related he only yawned.

"Well, mebbe it's true, but it's too darned far off to interest me. Gimme a cigarette, Punk, and call the bunch for nine A. M."

The truth is, the ephemeral humans of Filmopolis live in only the present. The past is as nothing; and as for the future, they agree absodarnlutely with Omar Khayyam. So let us forget those horrific actors of the long ago and focus our attention on the pretty players of the important present, who are moving happily about on the same great set that staged those terrific dramas of the past.

Perhaps the greatest disappointment of the visitors to Movieland is the architectural hideousness of so many studios. As temples of art they would suffer in æsthetic comparison to the meanest warehouse ever dedicated to the reception of bottles, bones or rags. This is due largely to the mushroom growth and instability of the early companies. It is little wonder that the wealthy citizens of Hollywood, who sought beauty in God's garden spot, fought their desecrating presence, and that Pasadena has to this day debarred them. Gradually, however, these dumps of boards and scantling are giving way to great establishments of dignity and grace. One huge plant over against the Baldwin hills exhibits the classic splendor of an exposition building of the fine arts, while close by another famous company houses its marionettes in a splendid reproduction of Washington's stately home on the banks of the Potomac.

The loudest profaning fear was no doubt voiced when it was learned that our greatest comedian was to build a studio almost within the academic shade of Hollywood's handsome high school. But to the surprise and chagrin of the local protestants the art classes now flock forth to study the charming row of English cottages that house the offices of this Harlequin of the screen.

Thus the location is alibied into which we may now introduce our characters. Though the photodrama is often called the art of democracy those who make it have adopted a rigid system of caste more elaborately stratified than any social organism in the real world without. Generally speaking, we divide them as follows: Atmospheres, extras, bits, parts, leads and stars; with

four of the latter achieving the magnificent name of the macadoovies. The various other functionaries such as stage hands, camera men, location hunters, the office force, scenario writers, directors and managers, take collateral places with the mummers.

Fortunately I can begin this social register at the bottom, for I was once a despised atmosphere myself. Shamelessly I admit it now, though my family believed I came to California as a stenographer in a citrus company. At that time I had silver dreams, and like thousands of other poor half-wits I thought I should be in heaven should I touch the edge of Movieland.

But my life was anything but heavenly. Living in cheap boarding houses and cheaper flats, with still cheaper girls, and associating with ingrowingly cheap men, my beautiful bubbles did not last long. First of all I was rather shocked to learn that extra girls did not have the run of the studios, where they could splash round in simple equality with the beautiful stars. Even in the studio cafeteria there was no chance to sneak in and sit beside one's film favorite, for the caste barriers were brazenly indicated: "These tables reserved for directors and leads."

Indeed we were lucky to get into the studios at all, and three days' work was considered great good fortune—and it was work. The first I got was at night in a rain picture—technical rain—and I nearly froze standing round in wet clothes until one A. M. Furthermore, we went from our dressing rooms to the set and back again and then off the lot—just as quickly as we could get to the gate.

Vanity, Vanity!

Let me state at the outset that a few successful stars came into the pictures atmospherically—but mighty few. One occasionally finds upstanding, serious-minded girls struggling up from the bottom; and also there are quite a number of well-behaved and earnest workers who are trying to pick up a few dollars on the side or are stalling along until they are married; yet the vast majority of the atmospheres and extras haven't the wit or gumption of a cash girl. As for the men, they are for the most part poor, burnt-out derelicts or just plain loafers.

The girls I lived with down on Temple Street were too shallow, lazy and vain to work in a laundry. They were movies, and this fact added a certain glamour to their tinseled lives. We spent our days bombarding the studios, and most of the girls spent their evenings smoking cigarettes, reading cheap fan magazines, tearing round to the picture shows, and, when possible, going to the resorts where the stars were thought to congregate.

Our alleged profession gave excuse for the most featherbrained to paint their faces and appear in cheap and gaudy raiment, and as the vamps were holding high carnival in popular esteem at that time these poor characterless youngsters imitated as nearly as possible the supposed sex attractions of those soul destroyers of the male.

When work was dull and the weather bad many girls would spend days at a time in bed, eating package food and drawing heavily upon their youthful constitutions. The life was cheap, tawdry and full of blasted hopes, yet it seemed to act as a drug upon their stupendously ignorant egos.

One of their shallowest vanities was in proclaiming to all the world that they worked in the pictures, though many of them survived, or pretended to, on one day's work a week. Their grease paint and swagger plainly marked their profession, yet they reënforced this impression with conversations that were addressed much louder than the necessities demanded. And the one impressed was supposed to gather that the poor simpleton was a headliner because of her intimacy with the great stars.

"Why, my dear, Mary says to me 'Sweetie,' she says, 'I'll sure have a bit for you in my next picture; mebbe a part. You've got the makin's in you, Sweetie,' she says."

"Oh, but she's a wonderful woman all right," the other replies. "When I was playin' with her in ——"

Nor must it be thought that snobbishness is an invention of the bourgeoisie; we find it quite virulent down among the humble proletarians. If by chance any of these great but suppressed artists should bear the slightest physical resemblance to a star, and this happy coincidence should come to the notice of the casting director, seeking some boob to take the bumps of his little pet, he would hire the human buffer to fall off a train or through the ice, and reward him or her with a ten-dollar ticket.

Instantly the artist has achieved fame, and though he has less brains and talent than all the others in his class he has reached terrific social distinction. From that moment on he will punctuate all conversation with: "Now, when I double for Harry LeGrand, I always ——" In the depths of his heart he couldn't understand how Harry got the big ticket while he was such a ringer for him.

I knew one girl who sat on a cake of ice to double a certain star, and developed a fine case of pneumonia. She nearly died, but would have done it all over again because of the class it gave her with the bunch. Vivian Vane's double! You have no idea what a distinction that is.

It is but natural that women of the tenderloin should wish to break into the pictures. Besides the glamour, the title "movie actress" is a lot more alluring than the one usually ascribed to them. This is particularly true in publicity when their domestic affairs are disturbed by the police. So if they have ever worked a day at any studio they always hang their occupation on the poor old photodrama.

Time was when the lowly camera kid could work in his lady friend, but nowadays even directors have difficulty in landing favorites. The cold-eyed Saint Anthonys in the window of the casting director are usually quite immune to the blandishments of the most reptilian vamp.

The game has grown so big and business-like that extras and atmospheres are employed just like so many horses or other necessary living props. This has given rise to great employment agencies that attempt to supply the studio all its mobs. As some of these organizations have been shamelessly robbing the poor extras by having the studios turn in all their checks to them, out of which they take grafting commissions, the æsthetic worms turned and organized their own union and employment office.

Each member pays a dollar a month, registers and awaits a call. Every day the place is thronged; the men usually beat it right away when there is no work for them; but the women hang round, while the older ones especially pull all sorts of hard-luck tales on the poor secretary.

Incidentally the extras are quite aware of the artistry that separates them from the next stratum above; so if one is appearing as atmosphere and is called out by the director to hold an umbrella or open a carriage door he forthwith goes and demands that his five-dollar ticket—three, if it's a woman—be changed to seven-fifty. Why? Because he has acted a bit! And bits are higher than atmosphere.

Art begins young in the movies, even nursing mothers registering their newborn offspring. But fortunately the law has established a minimum age limit to such infantile performances. No child under three weeks old is permitted to appear in the pictures! Any actor who claims to have entered this profession earlier than that has broken the speed limit.

Six months was all that little Marjory Jones could stand of sordid and muggy atmosphere, so I threw art to the winds and went right after an office job where I could earn my salt and keep my self-respect. Fortunately my training, cultural environment and education equipped me to rise out of the stratum of tinsel and disappointed hopes. The rest was easy. At present I am drawing fifty dollars a week for being the guide, philosopher and social buffer to Gloria Gladsome, one of the greatest successes of the screen. She says I've helped a lot, and I think there is something in what she says. However, she has the looks, which is a pretty good start in this business, for if one is bright she can hire a set of brains to provide her with all the domestic-happiness morals the fans will stand.

It is queer how few people are satisfied with the things they have; the poor pursue the plenitudes while millionaires seek out the simple life. The same paradoxes are observed in Movieland. The folk who have come in from commonplace quiet domestic walks are the ones who plunge into the hectic and artistic artificial vanities of sham and seeming, while the actors from the legitimate stage are now at last sating their souls beneath their own rooftrees. Every mummer who has lived a life in trunks and railways dreams of the day he may have his little home—and here he finds it. This is made possible by the security of his dramatic work and the fixture of his habitat.

Erstwhile Broadway stars who thought that grapefruit grew on grapevines are now living upon ranches, literally counting their chickens before they are hatched and talking profoundly about the mysterious results from arboreal cross fertilization. Some are raising horses and some Belgian hares, and one of the greatest is interested in nothing so much as bee culture, while another will talk only of motor boats.

Life Among the Stars

They say that artists have no head for business—actors especially have been considered boobs; yet we find them here upon directorates of banks and plunging into other still professions. One well-known comedian is a professional photographer, another owns a ball club, several have gone into aviation as a business, and one has even become a manufacturer of sassy frocks for women.

Up to this point the picture of our social life may be somewhat depressing to those who have been looking for—well, call it verve; but now we have come to the third reel and the big punch, and when I say punch I am speaking paregorically.

The truth is, the extras do live a life of tawdry tinsel, insecure employment and poor pay, while the character people and many of the lesser leads enjoy a most commonplace domesticity and respectability. But when we get up among the stars especially the new ones—then, oh, oh, oh! things are not so dull.

I suppose every human has at one time or another dreamed of what he would do if he had a million dollars. Mostly the dreamers were full of sweet charity and high purpose, yet with all material longings satisfied. But the occasional fulfillment that one witnesses does not seem to work out that way, for with the actual sudden arrival of the million, purposes seem to change, appetites increase faster than their sating; and as for needy relatives—well, let 'em need.

A newly rich poet or peasant is always a subject of lively contemplation by the villagers. How now will he deport himself? Imagine, then, the consequences when the fiscal dreams of half the village are achieved. The social fireworks shot off when shop-girls, motormen, stenographers, taxi drivers and pugilists are spending fairy fortunes are bound to be lively and entertaining.

It is natural that this new wine should either go to the head or burst the bottles, for few people can suddenly adjust themselves to such violent changes. Outsiders are constantly amazed at the number of divorces among the movie folk, but what can be expected when paupers

(Continued on Page 65)

Mary Pickford Speaking From the Steps of the Sub-Treasury, Wall Street, New York City, During the Third Liberty Loan Campaign. Her Speeches in Various Cities Throughout the East During This Drive Helped to Sell Millions of Dollars' Worth of Government Bonds

Out of oil again!

Few motorists realize that half of ordinary oil is wasted by excessive evaporation

MILES from home, your engine over-heats, your radiator boils and you have to stop.

Out of oil! Yet you started with a full supply—more than enough, you felt sure, to bring you safely home again.

Take the cap off the oil filler. The oil is evaporating in a thin cloud of smoke just as steam rises from a kettle of hot water.

The intense heat developed in an engine—200° to 1000° F.—causes ordinary oil to evaporate rapidly.

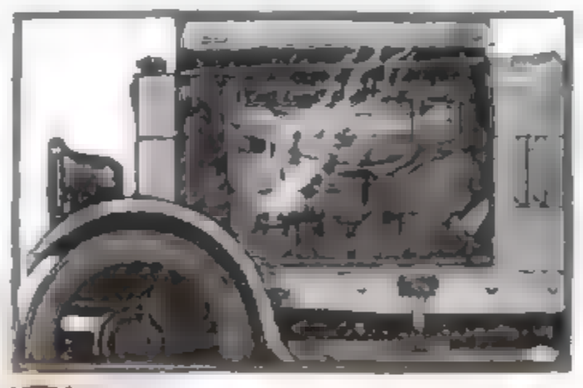
How to prevent waste

Only an oil that resists heat will prevent rapid evaporation and waste. In laboratory tests, as well as in road tests, some oils make a very poor showing, their losses by evaporation running twice as high as Veedol, the lubricant that resists heat. The average loss in ordinary oils is 40% more than in Veedol. When measured by the number of miles per gallon, Veedol is more economical than ordinary oil, because of this reduction of evaporation.

Laboratory tests for evaporation show that oils which evaporate rapidly also form large quantities of sediment which has no lubricating value and which increases the wear on the working parts of an engine.

The hidden toll taken by sediment

Ninety per cent of engine troubles are caused by the sediment found when inferior oil breaks down under the heat of the engine. This sediment crowds out the good oil which should form a lubricating film between the cylinder walls and pistons, and other fast-moving parts. Damage results, which can be repaired only by means of costly replacements. Premature wear cuts the life of your engine in two. This is the hidden toll taken by sediment in your oil.



Just as water, heated in a kettle, escapes in the form of steam, a large part of the average motor oil evaporates through the oil filler pipe and is wasted

After thousands of laboratory experiments and road tests, Veedol engineers discovered a new method of refining by which a lubricant is produced which resists heat. This is the famous Faulkner Process, exclusively used for the production of Veedol, the scientific lubricant.

Solution of the sediment problem

How Veedol resists heat and reduces the amount of sediment formed is shown graphically in the illustration of the two bottles at the left. The left-hand bottle contains a sample of ordinary oil taken from an engine after 500 miles of running. A large part of it has been reduced to black sediment.

The sample of Veedol, shown in the right-hand bottle, was taken after a run under identical conditions. It contains 86% less sediment than is found in ordinary oil.

Make this simple test

Drain oil from crankcase and fill with kerosene. Run engine *very slowly* on its own power for thirty seconds. Drain all kerosene. To remove kerosene remaining in the engine refill with *one quart* Veedol. Turn the engine over about ten times. Then drain mixture of kerosene and oil and refill to proper level with correct grade of Veedol.

A test run on familiar roads will show that your car has new pickup and power. It takes hills on high that formerly required pulling in intermediate. Watch for several days and you will find that oil and gasoline consumption has been decreased.

Buy Veedol today

Leading dealers have Veedol in stock. The new 100 page Veedol book will save you many dollars and help you to keep your car running at minimum cost. Send 10c for a copy.

TIDE WATER OIL COMPANY

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Branches or distributors in all principal cities of the United States and Canada.

Ordinary oil after use *Veedol after use*

Showing sediment formed after 500 miles of running

There's no eleven o'clock hunger after an Aunt Jemima breakfast

YOU don't want to eat a lot of heavy food in hot weather. Yet, Man, how you hanker for a piping hot breakfast! That's where Aunt Jemima comes from the kitchen with her cheery smile and offers you a plateful of golden brown cakes, rich and tender under the knife. Heap on plenty of yellow grained butter, swim the cakes in maple syrup and you'll know what to do next!

Aunt Jemima Pancakes give a man an "I have eaten" satisfaction. That starved feeling fails to appear at 11 o'clock. You eat a light lunch and are awake and alert all afternoon.

We haven't said a word here about the good things in Aunt Jemima—carefully selected grain, powdered sweet milk—and so rich it needs no eggs. A little water, a minute's mixing, and the piping hot cakes are off the griddle as soon as the coffee's ready.

Order today a red package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—and enjoy a zestful breakfast. Learn what delicious muffins, waffles and breadsticks it makes.

"I'se in town, Honey!"

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

Copyright 1919 Aunt Jemima Mills Company (The Douglas Museum)

(Continued from Page 62)

are raised to princes overnight and erstwhile commonplace housewives suddenly find themselves the adored pets of a nation? Occasionally one finds a couple who have achieved the dizzy heights together, but for the most part one or the other is unequal to the blinding light and falls—or is pushed—from the ladder.

Only last night I was trying to comfort an unhappy and distraught wife who had been joyous and contented in the years of struggle before her husband had come into the pictures; but alas, she realized that he had grown away from her. She was mentally and spiritually his companion in the days when he was earning a pork-and-bean existence as a second-rate vaudevillain, but his tastes had changed with his new environment and he was now associating with beautiful butterflies she could not hope to imitate.

There is less ostentation of wealth in a manor to which the occupants were born than when a sudden child of fortune rents the place; and so we find these film children outdoing one another in vain display. Mr. Ludwig Blatz, the famous head of the Cinema Feature Company of New York arrives in town, so Bessie Beautiful entertains him at her home in a manner befitting his station in life. She serves a ten-course dinner with the famous quintet of Beethoven in attendance. Susie Sumptious gives an epicurean barbecue of fourteen courses and a jazz band of twenty pieces. Next, Gene Somejane crimps both these parties by adding to the quintet a Chinese orchestra and a band of Hawaiian ukuleles—a musical debauch quite harmonious to the cuisine. Then just when the poor girl reaches her social apogee, darned if Katherine Kiss, the newest star in the flickering heavens, doesn't rent the great dining hall of one of the big hotels and invite every star, director and manager in Movieland to attend a Dionysian feast that will nick the little lady's roll for perhaps five thousand dollars.

Cats and Kings

It is interesting to note that the caste system is observed at these banquets with a most regal precision and rigidity. The last one I was permitted to attend required great finesse in arranging the order of precedence, the censor who volunteered this delicate task being none other than Hank McFee, the famous comedy director, whose social class is shown by his decided preference for fine-cut rather than the ugly plug usually chewed by the lower orders. At the guests' table, elevated above the rest, sat the superstars, while immediately below them, at smaller tables, clustered the lesser luminaries; beyond, upon the outer periphery, sat the leads and such nebular dust as mere secretaries and office folk. This may sound catty, but I have often wished I could imitate the suave detachment of disinterest with which a cat beholds a king. Yes, there are stars of many magnitudes in the silver heavens, and at formal gatherings at least they observe the royal rules of precedence. You'll find no mere five-hundred-a-weeker butting into the orbit of the stars whose incandescence is costing Mr. Blatz ten times that sum.

I'll say this, however, that these dinners are not the rough and vulgar affairs such as the Sunday supplements depict among the ruling classes of the outer world. On the contrary, decorum and ritual being a somewhat new accomplishment of many of these bacchanalians, they are watching their knives and forks closely lest they become tangled in their peas and cues.

Another factor that often limits the brilliance to the bubbles blown by cinema cutups is the question of fuel. Los Angeles is almost dry! Here is a great metropolitan city in a wine-growing state without a saloon in it, and even in the hotels drinks may not be served after nine P. M. But, of course, it is not illegal to purchase a winery at eight-thirty and conceal the bottles under the table until the witching hour arrives. Though Los Angeles is a cafeteria town of bungalows and boost—heavens, think of the parties one could have if Hollywood was a suburb of naughty San Francisco!—yet after all it is merely a spot on the map. Beyond the arid boundaries of the city lie other towns with shameless moist morality, and here have been erected palaces of folly to which the bubble blowers may repair when their movie work seems dour and sad.

Down beside the restless sea a ship lies moored on piles driven in the sand, and in its low-beamed saloon one may wine and dine to his jazz content. Here one learns the latest steps evolved by the soup-and-fishermen of Filmland; takes a turn with his own partner from the citrus suburb or enjoys the terpsichorean achievements of a fiddler or the cornetist, for even the orchestra oft dances as it plays. But even the carnival spirit of a Coney Island palls upon those who take their joys expensively.

Sociologists who are interested in the pleasures of the shooting stars will no doubt claim that the biggest noise is to be found at a famous place politely called a club that lies hidden among the gas tanks and freight sheds of an industrial suburb that refuses annexation to what it irreverently calls Near-beer by the Sea. Here indeed we find a lily growing in a swamp; or to use a chaster figure, 'tis where society dances on the dump.

The president of the club is a distinguished baron of degree—the height of which I have never determined—and so powerful is he in the social life of the great Southwest that if any member shows excessive indecorum—such as starting a survival of the fittest—he merely raises his hand and says: "Cheese it, kid, or I'll cut out your night life." Such a threat will bring the custardist comedian to his senses.

Membership in the club is not exclusive and by simply paying four bits at the door all benefits are available to whosoever applies. However, the expected dues when once inside are quite forbidding to the social *hoi polloi*. Every social organism has its night owls, who display no such wisdom as that symbolic creature, and it is here—especially on Saturday nights—that certain movie birds flock whose syncopated souls crave jazz and whose spiritual appetites are of higher percentage than the law allows. They come to frolic and be looked at. I think the latter is the stronger urge, and as the lookers far outnumber the looked, they are made excessively happy.

Sports from Saginaw and timid tourists from Toronto flock hither to gaze upon their movie queens. On a floor that will hold a thousand couples they may actually touch elbows with these famous folk.

"My dear, if there isn't Harry LeGrand! Isn't he handsome? And as I live he's dancing with Katherine Kutie. Oh, look, look, Abner! There's Louise Lucious playing roulette, but you know she really isn't gambling, for they only play for credit. Oh, I wouldn't have missed this for a hundred dollars!" To which Abner will agree when he comes to pay his bill.

Many a daring traveler from the prosaic world of work and Sunday sociables has been shocked to see a lady standing at a bar with a gentleman, but the single standard is not *au fait* in Movieland. A queen has the same prerogatives as a jack.

In writing of the social life of the movies, superficial itinerant sociologists have stressed this club far too much. It is gay and spectacular, but only a small number of vain and light-living mummers make it their only diversion. The biggest stars, in fact, rarely go; and some of them have never even seen the place.

No, movie folk love admiration and, one and all, they get quite a little thrill when pointed out by tourists; but otherwise their interests lie among themselves, and here is where their competitions are snappiest.

When Bessie Flopit signs a new contract that carries a hundred-thousand-dollar bonus she straightway buys a new motor car that will make Dorothy Demure's look like a last year's straw hat. The parkings outside of every studio betray exactly who is working. Bodies in counterfeit of submarines and torpedo boats belonging to hatless heroes with bronzed brows and open shirts stand side by side with crystal and chintz equipages that none but a princess would profane. Some of these bizarre chariots of vibrating hues suggest nothing so much as gorgeous mobile show cases in which the ravishing queen sits amid silken furnishings and exotic orchids. One of our juvenile stars has a baby-blue limousine with pink velours cushions and lavender hangings, and when this young favorite sets forth to give the villagers a treat she looks for all the world like a fairy princess going to her coronation.

Lest the strange special bodies of cerise and fawn and cobalt blue do not properly identify their motors among the black hordes parked on downtown streets many of the stars have their initials modestly stenciled on the varnished sides; and one or two, fearful that they might perchance ride off in the wrong car, emblazon their names in golden script athwart the door on either side. Even my pet, Gloria Gladsome, in spite of everything I could say, has purchased two new cars that will add much color to our already colorful landscape.

"Marjory," she said, "I don't care if it is bad taste, I won't let Louise Laughter get ahead of me even in that!"

But when the prism has been exhausted in decorating strange bodies of vivacious design, and upholstery has run the gamut from bongo skins to silken flags of the Allies; and worst of all, when mere camera men and comedy directors sport fabulous foreign cars chauffed by liveried Japanese—I say, when all this is added up—competition must seek a higher level.

And so it has. The big stars now have gone in for estates. Spencer Grandon buys one and is photographically shown ambling about his splendid acres with his domestically happy wife, both displaying the careless ease of Lord and Lady Newclothes. Then straightway Bill Condon becomes a country gentleman, and purchases a place of feudal magnificence, and has his picture shot between the concrete lions that guard the portals. Stone lions, in fact, are now generally recognized as emblems of gelatin aristocracy, for even the common people know that such royal beasties are not rampant upon the threshold of a wooden bungalow. If the movie news reel shows Winona Wistful serving tea in a formal garden of her ten-acre estate Lourraine Loveless forthwith connects with a Georgian palace set in special scenery of twice that acreage.

And so it goes, each star outestating every other one, while happy real estaters run in joyous circles and build huge hotels with the fees they make. Rich Angelenos no longer travel to Africa to search for big game. They go gunning for the movie stars and sell 'em their handsome homes. We have one star, however, who has completely turned the tables, for he has built several palaces here and in the East, and after giving them distinction by his condescending occupancy sells them profitably to aspiring tradesmen's wives from the Mississippi Valley.

The naïve vanities of the lesser nobility is largely expressed in sartorial competitions, and some of the gowns brought forth on occasions by the baby dolls would cause apoplexy among French designers; and as for the overcoats worn by men—well, pictures of the futurists are old-fashioned by comparison. Whenever I gently chide Miss Gladsome for her amazing wardrobe, while Hungarian children freeze, she always says: "Well, you see, my dear, I need so many clothes in the pictures." They all say that, but it is merely an excuse to outdress their rivals.

Quite naturally these things are discussed on the balconies of the Girls' Studio Club—what is a girls' club for?—and one of our greatest indoor sports is in matching vanities by the secretaries of the movie queens.

"I'll bet my pet smells sweeter than yours," said the social pilot of Susie Sumptious the other night. "She has nineteen different perfumes on her dresser—all sent by the generous makers for merely signing a silly letter."

"Well, she'll have to bathe in it if she wishes to outviolet little Clarice Chaste," loyally answered the lady in waiting to America's Candy Kid, "for Clarice has twenty-two bottles, and not one of them cost under ten dollars per."

Competing Stars

"Well, I'll bet chocolate frappés for the crowd that my boy has the most shoes in the world," piped up Janet Steadman, office girl in the publicity department of Don Fairfax. "I heard Charley Fuhr say the other day that Don had forty-two pairs of boots."

"I'd like to know what a man knows about boots," retorted Gertrude Stoddard. "I went shopping with Harriet Handsome in New York, and she bought every shoe that fit her, costing twenty dollars and up. She spent twelve hundred dollars, so figure it out yourself."

Which reminds me of that classic trip to New York. These children could just as easily be stung at home, but there seems to be more class to the burglars of New York. What Mecca is to the Mohammedan, and Paris to the parasites of every land, New York is to the people of Filmopolis. For it must be remembered that many of our pets came from the provinces and rose in a few years to wondrous heights, without ever seeing east of Butte, Montana. So that first journey becomes a tremendous event. Publicity men and kind exhibitors lure the moths on to the great flame with tales of anxious millions waiting just to see their little favorite. But I'll draw the veil over this part of it, for alas, New York still has the legitimate drama, and the sophisticated populace aren't nearly so nutty over film favorites as the dramatically starved provincials. It is a terrible jolt to walk down Fifth Avenue and be unnoticed among the blasé throngs.

But if Mamie's arrival in New York did not tip Manhattan out of the water, you can bet her return will not go unobserved. I have said that even our social life out here is make-believe, and this is nowhere more obvious than in the welcoming back of the daring adventuress returning from the wilds of Gotham, for all her home-comings are dramatized.

When the train comes in bearing the precious queen and her still more precious cargo a great crowd is there to greet her, but just *entre nous* it is not composed of hungry villagers bent upon a homely welcome; our villagers see the film folk too often to feel such urgings. No, the welcomers are from the studio, given a holiday

PHOTO, BY COURTESY OF THE METRO PICTURES CORPORATION

The Sturdy Oak in This Orange Grove Is the Other Half of Nazimova's Domestic Happiness

for the purpose; and glad they are of the chance, especially the women, who wish to get a quick peek at Mamie's New York clothes and all the latest things.

And would you believe it, her own vulgar publicity man will be present with a bunch of still and movie cameras to record this spontaneous uprising! And worst of all, poor Mamie must reluctantly permit this purely personal reception by her happy subjects to be shamelessly photographed, so that the fans may have visible proof of her popularity. Here, on the rear platform, she stands, engarlanded in floral horseshoes, and trying her darnedest to register surprise and happy appreciation. Needless to say, however, the chief interest lies buried in those twenty trunks, and when she begins to break out in her four-hundred-dollar confections the rival queens register the whole emotional gamut.

There are some women of brains in the pictures, mostly those who have been successful on the stage, and there are a few from ordinary walks of life; thoughtful and of serious purpose, who have risen to the top, but for the most part our stars are butterflies of the moment. However, some of them though not intellectual are smart enough to know that their beauty is an ephemeral thing, and they are grabbing off all the money they can while the grabbing is good. The others simply live for the day and spend everything they have in satisfying their vanities.

Hiring Good Taste

True, a few of them have tutors and instructors in salon accomplishments, but this is mostly affectation to help them in superficialties. They will cancel a French lesson any day for a social whimsy. Some, upon the advice of their managers or publicity chaps, hire their brains and good taste, and leave their letter writing and signed interviews to better educated secretaries. That is how Hazel Templeton holds her unique position of free-lance helper to several movie stars. If they have letters to write requiring tact and taste they turn them over to her.

There is one young queen, however, who shows a refreshing contrast to her more ephemeral sisters. Though money and fame have come to her in amazing quantity she unblushingly renounced a court of fawning sycophants and humbly attended high school. And though her location work took her far afield and sometimes edited her curriculum the wise and sympathetic educators arranged that her lessons on those days should be done by correspondence. By far the most worthy and dramatic event of her fair young life was her graduation in June. One of the girls in the club who finished school last year says that this unspoiled child was the brightest girl in her Spanish class. If others had her wisdom they could laugh at the morrow. I have tried my best to interest Gloria Gladsome in cultural pursuits, and though she is kind and sweet and for the moment exhibits an intellectual hunger, it dies the moment after. The poor little simpleton with her lap full of pearls is as characterless as a bisque doll and as interesting in conversation as a child of six.

The question is often asked if the movies mix much in local society. Very little; for the most part neither cares for the other. The most exclusive clubs accept no one connected with the pictures, but this causes no ill feeling, for the film folk prefer to flock together in small and intimate cliques. Surprising as it may seem, there are many stars who have never even met one another.

The citizens of Filmland touch elbows with the outer world only in patriotic and charitable affairs. The stars appear as simple curiosities at Red Cross teas, where they sell signed photographs; or at society circuses, where they are merely public performers. In floral parades the stars, advertised as riding upon gorgeous floats, are usually represented by doubles. Unlike the Continent, American society does not include its professional people. Even in New York, where Mrs. Astorbilt announces a grand-opera queen as among those present, she has paid the diva a thousand dollars a song for her appearance.

If society fears that movie mummers would not be equal to social etiquette it is greatly in error, for, strangely enough, though the new-rich of bourgeoisie society may literally spill the beans in their lofty positions, the film folk have been trained by their plays in all the rituals of society intercourse. So used are they to luxurious sets and splendid equipages that they would easily and naturally grace the actuality.

I recall a garden party, given by Don Fairfax on the handsome estate he had rented from a society queen, which was attended by even his cowboys and rough riders. The owner was present to witness the threatened desecration of her art treasures, but greatly to her surprise she found these fellows quite at ease in her palace and expressing intelligent appreciation of the rugs and furniture. She did not realize that film folk daily live and walk through sets of even greater magnificence, and feel no embarrassment in such surroundings. No millionaire could impress movie people with splendor; they have learned to know it perfectly in counterfeit.

The most interesting contact point of the films and the outer world is in the visits of celebrities to the studios. Here is where the great meet the great, and the pilgrimage of famous folk to the shrine of the cinema is so continuous that these actor people have become quite blasé to the world's headliners, however important.

The publicity fellows are, of course, alert and prepare no end of interviews and frolics for their charges; and I assure you the charges like it. Great generals realize these people are more famous than they, and are flattered to be photographed with the screen successes. Supreme Court judges smile like apple pies while posing with Gloria Gladsome.

I have often thought our million-dollar salaries were an impressive factor, for money is to a great extent America's measure of success. In any event the great visitors feel they are among their popular equals, and so they lay aside their fronts and, catching the spirit of play, jump in for a few hours of good time. Fritz Kreisler plays in a cabaret set, Melba sings in a lion's cage, while General Hunter Liggett puts Charlot through a manual of arms such as only this famous pantomimist can execute.

A Clown's Calling List

And speaking of Charlot, his studio calls irresistibly to every traveler coming to the garden of the setting sun; and however exalted the traveler, he wishes to meet the best-known man in the world. A list of visitors to this shrine of comedy would shame the doorkeeper of the White House, and as Shakspere made his fools wiser than his kings, so this classic clown is not in the least embarrassed in the presence of the sublimest ego.

Here is an amusing episode of a distinguished visitor—I'll change his name and country so as to save a possible royal blush. One day there came to the studio the Crown Prince of Nordoff, who was traveling under the democratic name of Harry Black.

When Harry struck Los Angeles his countrymen and the local boards arranged all kinds of receptions and parties for their distinguished guest, but Harry suggested one person he particularly wanted to see, and that was Charlot. So, passing up all formalities, he beat it right out to greet his favorite.

The meeting was a happy one, for Harry was in truth a prince, and as he had been patriotically looking upon the wine when it was red, white and blue he felt most expansive, and wished to have his meeting filmed in order to prove in Nordoff that he had really visited the king. The two of them cut up before the camera in the greatest of good humor, Harry submitting to hilarious indignities of his royal person, and though his entourage was shocked beyond words the royal laughter could be heard in Calabasas.

Months passed, and last week a letter came from Nordoff with royal arms emblazoned o'er the top and contents as follows:

"*Dear Charlot:* The film has been received and we have shown it with great amusement to the court, but I urge you under no circumstances, however patriotic or charitable, to show it publicly.

"If you ever come to Nordoff please let me know and I will give you a wonderful time. (Signed) OXNARD."

"Tom," replied the king's jester, "pay my distinguished respects to His Royal Highness and tell him I quite realize the impropriety of releasing a film of Nordoff's future king being kicked in the pantaloons, but that he must promise to be a good king when he gets his job or I'll give the film to the Bolsheviks and they'll laugh him out of court. Also say, if worst comes to best, I'll give him a job in the pictures, for he is a real comedian." And then he added as an afterthought: "Tom, if things ever go wrong with us we can live happily by blackmail."

For Oxnard is not the only notable whose lighter moments are preserved in the unique guest films of the famous Charlot.

Bertha Turnbull has just come bursting in with this: "Marjory, there's a story going the rounds of the papers that Katherine Kiss and her husband have quarreled, and I've got to kill it with a domestic-happiness tale. Katherine has offered Bert a thousand dollars if he'll submit to a bunch of stills showing them walking hand in hand round Brentwood Lodge. That's that swell place of the Randolphs, with the big lions on the front gate. Hayes, the location hound, has got the permit. You know the fans will be all shot to pieces if they believe this quarrel stuff."

"They'd be a lot more interested," I replied, "if they knew that Katherine bribed her poor fish of a husband to pose for the picture. You girls don't know the press value of a good snappy truth."

TUTT AND MR. TUTT

(Continued from Page 23)

blue woof of the sky above the New Jersey shore. It was not a day to practice law at all. It was a day to lie on one's back in the grass and watch the clouds or throw one's weight against the tugging helm of a racing sloop and bite the spindrift blown across her bows—not a day for lawyers but for lovers!

"Here's '76 Fed.,'" said Tutt.

"What's become of Sorg?"

"Gone. Mad. Says the whole point of the Fat and Skinny Club is in the name."

"I fancy—from looking at Mr. Sorg—that that is quite true," remarked Mr. Tutt. He paused and reaching down into a lower compartment of his desk, lifted out a tumbler and his bottle of malt extract, which he placed carefully at his elbow and leaned back again contemplatively. "Look here, Tutt," he said. "I want to ask you something. Is there anything the matter with you?"

Tutt regarded him with the air of a small boy caught peeking through a knot hole.

"Why—no!" he protested lamely. "That is—nothing in particular. I do feel a bit restless—sort of vaguely dissatisfied."

Mr. Tutt nodded sympathetically.

"How old are you, Tutt?"

"Forty-eight."

"And you feel just at present as if life were 'flat, stale and unprofitable?'"

"Why—yes; you might put it that way. The fact is every day seems just like every other day. I don't even get any pleasure out of eating. The very sight of a boiled egg beside my plate at breakfast gives me the willies. I can't eat boiled eggs any more. They sicken me!"

"Exactly!" Mr. Tutt poured out a glass of the malt extract.

"I feel the same way about a lot of things," Tutt hurried on. "Special demurrers, for instance. They bore me horribly. And supplementary proceedings get most frightfully upon my nerves."

"Exactly!" repeated Mr. Tutt.

"What do you mean by 'exactly?'" snapped Tutt.

"You're bored," explained his partner.

"Rather!" agreed Tutt. "Bored to death. Not with anything special, you understand; just everything. I feel as if I'd like to do something devilish."

"When a man feels like that he better go to a doctor," declared Mr. Tutt.

"A doctor!" exclaimed Tutt derisively. "What good would a doctor do me?"

"He might keep you from getting into trouble."

"Oh, you needn't be alarmed. I won't get into any trouble."

"It's the dangerous age," said Mr. Tutt. "I've known a lot of respectable married men to do the most surprising things round fifty."

Tutt looked interested.

"Have you now?" he inquired. "Well, I've no doubt it did some of 'em a world of good. Tell you frankly sometimes I feel as if I'd rather like to take a bit of a fling myself!"

"Your professional experience ought to be enough to warn you of the dangers of that sort of experiment," answered Mr Tutt gravely. "It's bad enough when it occurs inadvertently, so to speak, but when a man in your condition of life deliberately goes out to invite trouble it's a sad, sad spectacle."

"Do you mean to imply that I'm not able to take care of myself?" demanded Tutt.

"I mean to imply that no man is too wise to be made a fool of by some woman."

"That every Samson has his Delilah?"

"If you want to put it that way—yes."

"And that in the end he'll get his hair cut?"

Mr. Tutt took a sip from the tumbler of malt and relit his stogy.

"What do you know about Samson and Delilah, Tutt?" he challenged.

"Oh, about as much as you do, I guess, Mr. Tutt," answered his partner modestly.

"Well, who cut Samson's hair?" demanded the senior member.

He emptied the dregs of the malt-extract bottle into his glass and holding it to the light examined it critically.

"Delilah, of course!" ejaculated Tutt.

Mr. Tutt shook his head.

"There you go off at half cock again, Tutt!" he retorted whimsically. "You wrong her. She did no such thing."

"Why, I'll bet you a hundred dollars on it!" cried Tutt excitedly.

"Make it a simple dinner at the Claridge Grill and I'll go you."

"Done!"

There were four books on the desk near Mr. Tutt's right hand—the New York Code of Civil Procedure, an almanac, a Shaksperean concordance and a Bible.

"Look it up for yourself," said Mr. Tutt, waving his arm with a gesture of the utmost impartiality. "That is, if you happen to know in what part of Holy Writ said Delilah is to be found."

Tutt followed the gesture and sat down at the opposite side of the desk.

"There!" he exclaimed, after fumbling over the leaves for several minutes. "What did I tell you? Listen, Mr. Tutt! It's in the sixteenth chapter of Judges: 'And it came to pass, when she pressed him daily with her words, and urged him, so that his soul was vexed unto death; That he told her all his heart, and said unto her, There hath not come a razor upon mine head.' Um—um."

"Read on, Tutt!" ordered Mr. Tutt.

"Um. 'And when Delilah saw that he had told her all his heart, she sent and called for the lords of the Philistines, saying, Come up this once.' Um-um."

"Yes, go on!"

"'And she made him sleep upon her knees; and she called for a man, and she caused him to shave off the seven locks of his head.' Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Tutt. "Now, I would have staked a thousand dollars on it. But look here, you don't win! Delilah did cut Samson's hair—through her agent. *'Qui facit per alium facit per se!'*"

"Your point is overruled," said Mr. Tutt. "A barber cut Samson's hair. Let it be a lesson to you never to take anything on hearsay. Always look up your authorities yourself. Moreover"—and he looked severely at Tutt—"the cerebral fluid like malt extract—tends to become cloudy with age."

"Well, anyhow, I'm no Samson," protested Tutt. "And I haven't met anyone that looked like a Delilah. I guess after the procession of adventuresses that have trailed through this office in the last twenty years I'm reasonably safe."

"No man is safe," meditated Mr. Tutt. "For the reason that no man knows the power of expansion of his heart. He thinks it's reached its limit—and then he finds to

(Continued on Page 69)

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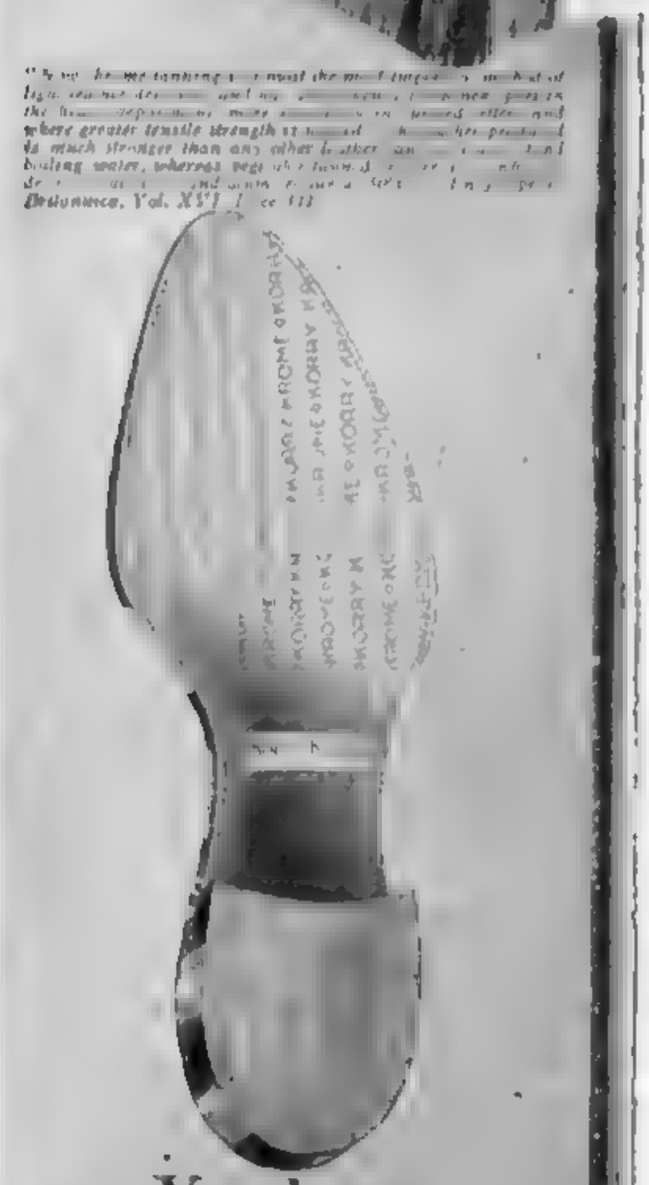

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(Continued from Page 66)

his horror or his delight that it hasn't. To put it another way, a man's capacity to love may be likened to a thermometer. At twenty-five or thirty he meets some young person, falls in love with her, thinks his amatory thermometer has reached the boiling point, and accordingly marries her. In point of fact it hasn't—it's only marking summer heat—hasn't even registered the temperature of the blood. Well, he goes merrily on life's way and some fine day another lady breezes by, and this safe and sane citizen, who supposes his capacity for affection was reached in early youth, suddenly discovers to his amazement that his mercury is on the jump and presently that his old thermometer has blown its top off."

"Very interesting, Mr. Tutt," observed Tutt after a moment's silence. "You seem to have made something of a study of these things."

"Only in a business way—only in a business way!" Mr. Tutt assured him. "Now, if you're feeling stale—and we all are apt to get that way this time of year—why don't you take a run down to Atlantic City?"

Now Tutt would have liked to go to Atlantic City could he have gone by himself, but the idea of taking Abigail along robbed the idea of its attraction. She had got more than ever on his nerves of late. But his reply, whatever it might have been, was interrupted by the announcement of Miss Wiggin, who entered at that moment, that a lady wished to see him.

"She asked for Mr. Tutt," explained Minerva. "But I think her case is more in your line," and she nodded to Tutt.

"Good looking?" inquired Tutt roguishly.

"Very," returned Miss Wiggin. "A blonde."

"Thanks," answered Tutt, smoothing his hair; "I'm on my way."

Now this free, almost vulgar manner of speech was in reality foreign to both Tutt and Miss Wiggin and it was born of the instant, due doubtless to some peculiar juxtaposition of astral bodies in Cupid's horoscope unknown to them, but which none the less had its influence. Strange things happen on the eve of St. Agnes and on Midsummer Night—even in law offices.

Mrs. Allison was sitting by the window in Tutt's office when he came in, and for a full minute he paused upon the threshold while she pretended she did not know that he was there. The deluge of sunlight that fell upon her face betrayed no crack or wrinkle—no flaw of any kind—in the white marble of its perfection. It was indeed a lovely face, classic in the chiseling of its transparent alabaster; and when she turned, her eyes were like misty lakes of blue. Bar none, she was the most beautiful creature—and there had been many—that had ever wandered into the offices of Tutt & Tutt. He sought for a word. "Wonderful"; that was it, she was "wonderful." His stale spirit soared in ecstasy, and left him tongue-tied. In vulgar parlance he was rattled to death, this commonplace little lawyer who for a score of years had dealt cynically with the loves and lives of the flock of female butterflies who fluttered annually in and out of the office. Throughout that period he had sat unemotionally behind his desk and listened in an aloof, cold, professional manner to the stories of their wrongs as they sobbed or hissed them forth. Wise little lawyer that he was, he had regarded them all as just what they were and nothing else—specimens of the Cycopia. And he had not even patted them upon the shoulder or squeezed their hands when he had bade them good-by—maintaining always an impersonal and dignified demeanor.

Therefore he was surprised to hear himself say in soothing, almost cooing tones:

"Well, my dear, what can I do for you?"

Shades of Abigail! "Well, my dear"! Tutt—Tutt!

"I am in great trouble," faltered Mrs. Allison, gazing in misty helplessness out of her blue grottoes at him while her beautiful red lips trembled.

"I hope I can help you!" he breathed. "Tell me all about it! Take your time. May I relieve you of your wrap?"

She wriggled out of it gratefully and he saw for the first time the round slender pillar of her neck. What a head she had—in its nimbus of hazy gold. What a figure! His forty-eight-year-old lawyer's heart trembled under its heavy layer of half-calf dust. He found difficulty in articulating. He stammered, staring at her most shamelessly, both of which symptoms did she fail to notice. She was used to them in the other sex. Tutt did not know what was the matter with him. He had in fact entered upon that phase at which the wise man, be he old or young, turns and runs.

But Tutt did not run. In legal phrase he stopped, looked and listened, experiencing a curious feeling of expansion. This enchanting creature transmuted the dingy office lined with its rows of calfskin bindings into a golden grot in which he stood spellbound by the low murmur of her voice. A sense of infinite leisure emanated from her—a subtle denial of the ordinary responsibilities—very relaxing and delightful to Tutt. But what twitched his very heartstrings was the dimple that came and went with that pathetic little twisted smile of hers.

"I came to you," said Mrs. Allison, "because I knew you were both kind and clever."

Tutt smiled sweetly.

"Kind, perhaps—not clever!" he beamed.

"Why, everyone says you are one of the cleverest lawyers in New York," she protested. Then raising her innocent China-blue eyes to his she murmured, "And I so need kindness!"

Tutt's breast swelled with an emotion which he was forced to admit was not altogether avuncular—that curious sentimental mixture that middle-aged men feel of paternal pity, Platonic tenderness and protectiveness, together with all those other euphemistic synonyms, that make them eager to assist the weak and fragile, to try to educate and elevate, and particularly to find out just how weak, fragile, uneducated and unelevated a helpless lady may be. But in spite of his half century of experience Tutt's knowledge of these things was purely vicarious. He could have told another man when to run, but he didn't know when to run himself. He could have saved another, himself he could not save—at any rate from Mrs. Allison.

He had never seen anyone like her. He pulled his chair a little nearer. She was so slender, so supple, so—what was it?—svelte! And she had an air of childish dignity that appealed to him tremendously. There was nothing, he assured himself, of the vamp about her at all.

"I only want to get my rights," she said tremulously. "I'm nearly out of my mind. I don't know what to do or where to turn!"

"Is there"—he forced himself to utter the word with difficulty—"a—a man involved?"

She flushed and bowed her head sadly, and instantly a poignant rage possessed him.

"A man I trusted absolutely," she replied in a low voice.

"His name?"

"Winthrop Oaklander."

Tutt gasped audibly, for the name was that of one of Manhattan's most distinguished families, the founder of which had swapped glass beads and red-flannel shirts with the aborigines for what was now the most precious water frontage in the world—and moreover, Mrs. Allison informed Tutt, he was a clergyman.

"I don't wonder you're surprised!" agreed Mrs. Allison.

"Why—I—I'm—not surprised at all!" prevaricated Tutt, at the same time groping for his silk handkerchief. "You don't mean to say you've got a case against this man Oaklander!"

"I have indeed!" she retorted with firmly compressed lips. "That is, if it is what you call a case for a man to promise to marry a woman and then in the end refuse to do so."

"Of course it is!" answered Tutt. "But why on earth wouldn't he?"

"He found out I had been divorced," she explained. "Up to that time everything had been lovely. You see he thought I was a widow."

"Ah!"

Mr. Tutt experienced another pang of resentment against mankind in general.

"I had a leading part in one of the season's successes on Broadway," she continued miserably. "But when Mr. Oaklander promised to marry me I left the stage; and now—I have nothing!"

"Poor child!" sighed Tutt.

He would have liked to take her in his arms and comfort her, but he always kept the door into the outer office open on principle.

"You know, Mr. Oaklander is the pastor of St. Lukes-Over-the-Way," said Mrs. Allison. "I thought that maybe rather than have any publicity he might do a little something for me."

"I suppose you've got something in the way of evidence, haven't you? Letters or photographs or something?" inquired Tutt, reverting absent-mindedly to his more professional manner.

"No," she answered. "We never wrote to one another. And when we went out it was usually in the evening. I don't suppose half a dozen people have ever seen us together."

"That's awkward!" meditated Tutt, "if he denies it."

"Of course he will deny it!"

"You can't tell. He may not."

"Oh, yes, he will! Why, he even refuses to admit that he ever met me!" declared Mrs. Allison indignantly.

Now, to Tutt's credit be it said that neither at this point nor at any other did any suspicion of Mrs. Allison's sincerity enter his mind. For the first time in his professional existence he accepted what a lady client told him at its face value. Indeed he felt that no one, not even a clergyman, could help loving so miraculous a woman, or that loving her one could refrain from marrying her save for some religious or other permanent obstacle. He was sublimely, ecstatically happy in the mere thought that he, Tutt, might be of help to such a celestial being, and he desired no reward other than the privilege of being her willing slave and of reading her gratitude in those melting, misty eyes.

Mrs. Allison went away just before lunch time, leaving her telephone number, her handkerchief, a pungent odor of violet talc, and a disconsolate but highly excited Tutt. Never, at any rate within twenty years, had he felt so young. Life seemed tinged with every color of the spectrum. The radiant fact was that he would—he simply had to—see her again. What he might do for her professionally—all that aspect of the affair was shoved far into the background of his mind. His only thought was how to get her back into his office at the earliest possible moment.

"Shall I enter the lady's name in the address book?" inquired Miss Wiggin coldly as he went out to get a bite of lunch.

Tutt hesitated.

"Mrs. Georgie Allison is her name," he said in a detached sort of way.

"Address?"

Tutt felt in his waistcoat pocket.

"By George!" he muttered, "I didn't take it. But her telephone number is Lincoln Square 9187."

To chronicle the details of Tutt's second blooming would be needlessly to derogate from the dignity of the history of Tutt & Tutt. There is a silly season in the life of everyone—even of every lawyer—who can call himself a man, and out of such silliness comes the gravity of knowledge. Tutt found it necessary for his new client to come to the office almost every day, and as she usually arrived about the noon hour what was more natural than that he should invite her out to lunch? Twice he walked home with her. The telephone was busy constantly. And the only thorn in the rose of Tutt's delirious happiness was the fear lest Abigail might discover something. The thought gave him many an anxious hour, cost him several sleepless nights. At times this nervousness about his wife almost exceeded the delight of having Mrs. Allison for a friend. Yet each day he became on more and more cordial terms with her, and the lunches became longer and more intimate.

The Rev. Winthrop Oaklander gave no sign of life, however. The customary barrage of legal letters had been laid down, but without eliciting any response. The Reverend Winthrop must be a wise one, opined Tutt, and he began to have a hearty contempt as well as hatred for his quarry. The first letter had been the usual vague hint that the clergyman might and probably would find it to his advantage to call at the offices of Tutt & Tutt, and so on. The Reverend Winthrop, however, did not seem to care to secure said advantage whatever it might be. The second epistle gave the name of the client and proposed a friendly discussion of her affairs. No reply. The third hinted at legal proceedings. Total silence. The fourth demanded ten thousand dollars damages and threatened immediate suit.

In answer to this last appeared the Reverend Winthrop himself. He was a fine-looking young chap with a clear eye—almost as blue as Georgie's—and a skin even pinker than hers, and he stood six feet five

"Do I Get the Five Thousand?"

in his Oxfords and his fist looked to Tutt as big as a coconut.

"Are you the blackmailer who's been writing me those letters?" he demanded, springing into Tutt's office. "If you are, let me tell you something. You've got hold of the wrong monkey. I've been dealing with fellows of your variety ever since I got out of the seminary. I don't know the lady you pretend to represent and I never heard of her. If I get any more letters from you I'll go down and lay the case before the district attorney; and if he doesn't put you in jail I'll come up here and knock your head off. Understand? Good day!"

At any other period in his existence Tutt could not have failed to be impressed with the honesty of this husky exponent of the church militant, but he was drugged as by the drowsy mandragora. The blatant defiance of this muscular preacher outraged him. This canting hypocrite, this wolf in priest's clothing must be brought to book. But how? Mrs. Allison had admitted the literal truth when she had told him that there were no letters, no photographs. There was no use commencing an action for breach of promise if there was no evidence to support it. And once the papers were filed their bolt would have been shot. Some way must be devised whereby the Rev. Winthrop Oaklander could be made to perceive that Tutt & Tutt meant business, and—equally imperative—whereby Georgie would be impressed with the fact that not for nothing had she come to them—that is, to him—for help.

The fact of the matter was that the whole thing had become rather hysterical. Tutt, though having nothing seriously to reproach himself with, was constantly haunted by a sense of being rather ridiculous and doing something behind his wife's back. He told himself that his Platonic regard for Georgie was a noble thing and did him honor, but it was an honor which he preferred to wear as an entirely private decoration. He was conscious of being laughed at by Willie and Scraggs and disapproved of by Miss Wiggin, who was very snippy to him. And in addition there was the omnipresent horror of having Abigail unearth his philandering. He now not only thought of Mrs. Allison as Georgie but addressed her thus, and there was quite a tidy little bill at the florist's for flowers that he had sent her. In one respect only did he exhibit even the most elementary caution—he wrote and signed all his letters to her himself upon the typewriter, and filed copies in the safe.

"So there we are!" he sighed as he gave to Mrs. Allison a somewhat expurgated, or rather emasculated, version of the Reverend Winthrop's visit. "We have got to hand him something hot or make up our minds to surrender. In a word we have got to scare him—Georgie."

And then it was that, like the apocryphal mosquito, the Fat and Skinny Club justified its attempted existence. For the indefatigable Sorg made an unheralded reappearance in the outer office and insisted upon seeing Tutt, loudly asserting that he had reason to believe that if a new application were now made to another judge—whom he knew—it would be more favorably received. Tutt went to the doorway and stood there barring the entrance and expostulating with him.

"All right!" shouted Sorg. "All right! I hear you! But don't tell me that a man named Solomon Swackhamer can change his name to Phillips Brooks Vanderbilt and in the same breath a reputable body of citizens be denied the right to call themselves what they please!"

"He don't understand!" explained Tutt to Georgie, who had listened with wide, dreamy eyes. "He don't appreciate the difference between doing a thing as an individual and as a group."

"What thing?"

"Why, taking a name."

"I don't get you," said Georgie.

"Sorg wanted to call his crowd the Fat and Skinny Club, and the court wouldn't let him—thought it was silly."

"Well?"

"But he could have called himself Mr. Fat or Mr. Skinny or Mr. Anything Else without having to ask anybody —— Oh, I say!"

Tutt had stiffened into sculpture.

"What is it?" demanded Georgie, fascinated.

"I've got an idea," he cried. "You can call yourself anything you like. Why not call yourself Mrs. Winthrop Oaklander?"

"But what good would that do?" she asked vaguely.

"Look here!" directed Tutt. "This is the surest thing you know! Just go up to the Biltmore and register as Mrs. Winthrop Oaklander. You have a perfect legal right to do it. You could call yourself Mrs. Julius Cæsar if you wanted to. Take a room and stay there until our young Christian soldier offers you a suitable inducement to move along. Even if you're violating the law somehow his first attempt to make trouble for you will bring about the very publicity he is anxious to avoid. Why, it's marvelous—and absolutely safe! They can't touch you. He'll come across inside of two hours. If he doesn't a word to the reporters will start things in the right direction."

For a moment Mrs. Allison looked puzzled. Then her beautiful face broke into an enthusiastic classic smile and she laid her little hand softly on his arm.

"What a clever boy you are—Alfred!"

A subdued snigger came from the direction of the desk usually occupied by William. Tutt flushed. It was one thing to call Mrs. Allison "Georgie" in private and another to have her "Alfred" him within hearing of the office force. And just then Miss Wiggin passed by with her nose slightly in the air.

"What a perfectly wonderful idea!" went on Mrs. Allison rapturously. "A perfectly wonderful idea!"

Then she smiled a strange, mysterious, significant smile that almost tore Tutt's heart out by the roots.

"Listen, Alfred," she whispered with a new light in those wonderful eyes. "I want five thousand dollars."

"Five?" repeated Tutt simply. "I thought you wanted ten thousand!"

"Only five from you, Alfred!"

"Me!" he gagged.

"You—dearest!"

Tutt turned blazing hot; then cold, dizzy and seasick. His sight was slightly blurred. Slowly he groped for the door and closed it cautiously.

"What—are—you—talking about?" he choked, though he knew perfectly well.

Georgie had thrown herself back in the leather chair by his desk and had opened her gold mesh-bag.

"About five thousand dollars," she replied with the careful enunciation of a New England schoolmistress.

"What five thousand dollars?"

"The five you're going to hand me before I leave this office, Alfred darling," she retorted dazzlingly.

Tutt's head swam and he sank weakly into his swivel chair. It was incredible that he, a veteran of the criminal bar, should have been so tricked. Instantly, as when a reagent is injected into a retort of chemicals and a precipitate is formed leaving the previously cloudy liquid like crystal, Tutt's addled brain cleared. He was caught! The victim of his own asininity. He dared not look at this woman who had wound him thus round her finger, innocent as he was of any wrongdoing; he was ashamed to think of his wife.

"My Lord!" he murmured, realizing for the first time the depth of his weakness.

"Oh, it isn't as bad as that!" she laughed. "Remember you were going to charge Oaklander ten thousand. This costs you only five. Special rates for clergymen and lawyers!"

"And suppose I don't choose to give it to you?" he asked.

"Listen here, you funny little man!" she answered in caressing tones that made him writhe. "You'd stand for twenty if I insisted on it. Oh, don't jump! I'm not going to. You're getting off easy—too easy. But I want to stay on good terms with you. I may need you sometime in my business. Your certified check for five thousand dollars—and I leave you."

She struck a match and started to light a tiny gold-tipped cigarette.

"Don't!" he gasped. "Not in the office."

"Do I get the five thousand?"

He ground his teeth, not yet willing to concede defeat.

"You silly old bird!" she said. "Do you know how many times you've had me down here in your office in the last three weeks? Fifteen. How many times you've taken me out to lunch? Ten. How often you've called me on the telephone? Eighty-nine! How many times you've sent me flowers? Twelve. How many letters you've written me? Eleven! Oh, I realize they're typewritten, but a photograph enlargement would show they were typed in your office. Every typewriter has its own individuality, you know. Your clerks and office boys have heard me call you Alfred. Why, every time you've moved with me beside you someone has seen you. That's enough, isn't it? But now, on top of all that, you go and hand me exactly what I need on a gold plate."

He gazed at her stupidly.

"Why, if now you don't give me that check I shall simply go up to the Biltmore and register as Mrs. Alfred Tutt. I shall take a room and stay there until you offer me a proper inducement to move on." She giggled delightedly. "It's marvelous—absolutely safe," she quoted. "They can't touch me. You'll come across inside of two hours. If you don't a word to the reporters will start things in the right direction."

"Don't!" he groaned. "I must have been crazy. That was simply blackmail!"

"That's exactly what it was!" she agreed. "There aren't any letters except these typewritten ones, or photographs, or any evidence at all, but you're going to give me five thousand dollars just the same. Just so that your wife won't know what a silly old fool you've been. Where's your check book, Alfred?"

Tutt pulled out the bottom drawer of his desk and slowly removed his personal check book. With his fountain pen in his hand he paused and looked at her.

"Rather than give you another cent I'd stand the gaff," he remarked defiantly.

"I know it," she answered. "I looked you up before I came here the first time. You are good for exactly five thousand dollars."

Tutt filled out the check to cash and sent William across the street to the bank to have it certified. The sun was just sinking over the Jersey shore beyond the Statue of Liberty and the surface of the harbor undulated like iridescent watered silk. The clouds were torn into golden-purple rents, and the air was so clear that one could look down the Narrows far out to the open sea. Standing there by the window Mrs. Allison looked as innocently beautiful as the day Tutt had first beheld her. After all, he thought, perhaps the experience had been worth the money.

Something of the same thought may have occurred to the lady, for as she took the check and carefully examined the certification she remarked with a distinct access of cordiality: "Really, Alfred, you're quite a nice little man. I rather like you."

Tutt stood after she had gone watching the sunset until the west was only a mass of leaden shadows. Then, strangely relieved, he took his hat and started out of the office. Somewhat to his surprise he found Miss Wiggin still at her desk.

"By the way," she remarked casually as he passed her, "what shall I charge that check to? The one you just drew to cash for five thousand dollars?"

"Charge it to life insurance," he said shortly.

He felt almost gay as he threaded his way through the crowds along Broadway. Somehow a tremendous load had been lifted from his shoulders. He would no longer be obliged to lead a sneaking, surreptitious existence. He felt like shouting with joy now that he could look the world frankly in the face. The genuine agony he had endured during the past three weeks loomed like a sickness behind him. He had been a fool—and there was no fool like an old one. Just let him get back to his old Abigail and there'd be no more wandering-boy business for him! Abigail might not have the figure or the complexion that Georgie had, but she was a darn sight more reliable. Henceforth she could have him from five P. M. to nine A. M. without reserve. As for kicking over the traces, sowing wild oats and that sort of thing, there was nothing in it for him. Give him Friend Wife.

He stopped at the florist's and, having paid a bill of thirty-six dollars for Georgie's flowers, purchased a double bunch of violets and carried them home with him. Abigail was watching for him out of the window. Something warm rushed to his heart at the sight of her. Through the lace curtains she looked quite trim.

"Hello, old girl!" he cried as she opened the door. "Waiting for me, eh? Here's a bunch of posies for you."

And he kissed her on the cheek.

"That's more than I ever did to Georgie," he said to himself.

"Why, Alfred!" laughed Abigail with a faded blush. "What's ever got into you?"

"Dunno!" he retorted gayly. "The spring, I guess. What do you say to a little dinner at a restaurant and then going to the play?"

She bridled—being one of the generation who did such things—with pleasure.

"Seems to me you're getting rather extravagant," she objected. "Still ——"

"Oh, come along!" he bullied her. "One of my clients collected five thousand dollars this afternoon."

Tutt summoned a taxi and they drove to the brightest, most glittering of Broadway hostelries. Abigail had never been in such a chic place before. It half terrified and shocked her, all those women in dresses that hardly came up to their armpits. Some of them were handsome though. That slim one at the table by the pillar, for instance. She was really quite lovely with that mass of yellow-golden hair, that startlingly white skin, and those misty China-blue eyes. And the gentleman with her, the tall man with the pink cheeks, was very handsome too.

"Look, Alfred," she said, touching his hand. "See that good-looking couple over there."

But Alfred was looking at them already—intently. And just then the beautiful woman turned and, catching sight of the Tutts, smiled cordially if somewhat roguishly and raised her glass, as did her companion. Mechanically Tutt elevated his. The three drank to one another.

"Do you know those people, Alfred?" inquired Mrs. Tutt somewhat stiffly. "Who are they?"

"Oh, those over there?" he repeated absently. "I don't really know what the lady's name is, she's been down to our office a few times. But the man is Winthrop Oaklander—and the funny part of it is, I always thought he was a clergyman."

Later in the evening he turned to her between the acts and remarked inconsequently: "Say, Abby, do I look as if I'd just had my hair cut?"

THE DOLDRUMS

BETWEEN the plant of production and the port of Man's Desire, lie the Doldrums. The plant has done its part—produced. The market waits; with its vast, unfillable desire to consume. The goods, discharged by plant, unknown or forgotten by the public, stagnate in the doldrums of commerce.

Without demand, without established desire, production is a risk and the product a liability.

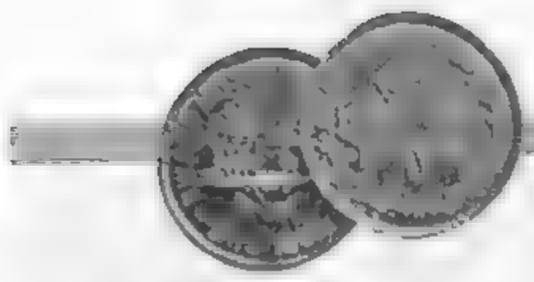
Elimination of the doldrums of commerce is the task of advertising. Through it risk has been taken out of production; direction and action given to consumption.

Through advertising, wares have been made famous and their names of greater value than all the capital invested in the plants which own them.

Many such names owe both their origin and their prominence to the house of N. W. AYER & SON.

Our clients look to us for the expression of their written sales arguments; for the planning, based on fifty years of continuous and increasing effort, of their complete advertising operations.

Our record is proof of our ability to render exceptional and economic advertising service. A like service is available to any house with manufacturing operations, market, and a scope of sales activities which make it possible for us to carry out our fixed policy; to make advertising pay the advertiser.



N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS

PHILADELPHIA

NEW YORK BOSTON CLEVELAND CHICAGO

THE GLAD HAND

(Continued from Page 15)

"Well," says Ma. "I can't say I approve of the demon Rum coming into our—your house, but once money is paid out, I like to see the goods—*all* the goods, delivered," she says.

"What's this leading up to?" I asked.

"To the way that man Schultz cheats you!" says Ma. "He didn't send the Old Home Rye!"

Believe you me, never have I been handed a meaner deal than that, no, not even the night Goldringer first heard of me and came to see my try-out for the big time and my pink tights didn't come.

"Ma!" says I. "Why don't you call him up and find out why didn't he?"

"I've done that!" she says. "And he claims on his oath it was sent with the rest. I spoke to the boy which brought it and then to Schultz himself. They both claim they give it to Rudie."

Rudie was the janitor but he had missed his profession. He had ought to of been a sleight-of-hand man for he could make things disappear in a way which would of delighted a morning matinee audience, especially those under twelve years of age. Believe you me, though, he was never known to make anything grow where nothing had been before—not rabbits or even silk handkerchiefs, but its the truth that he had onct or twice caused a vanished quart of cream to reappear if given a sufficiently hard call quick enough after it was missed. And the minute I heard he was cast for a part in my tragedy, I decided to hear him read his lines right off without no delay, because it was practically impossible that he could of got away with more than a quart yet and I was prepared to go through the business of believing him when he come to the description of how he had dropped it by accident and too bad but it broke.

Which was all right in theory but Rudie did nothing of the kind. Evidently so long as he was lying he had made up his mind it was as well to be killed for a case as a quart, as the poet says, and when I sent for him and he had kept me waiting while he sifted the ashes and pounded on the steam pipes and talked to the garbage man and got a light from the cop and chatted with the elevator-girl and a few little odds and ends like that just to show me where I got off, he finally decided to come up. Well, it was seven months to Xmas, so what could I expect? Anyways, he finally made his entrance, down R. C. to footlights, in my Louis-size drawing-room leaving tracks behind him which Ma spotted with a angry eye as fast as he laid them, and with all the well-known courtesy of the proletariat he looked me in the eye.

"Well?" he says.

"Say, Trotsky!" I says, for I had never liked this bird, as he was on one continued drunk. "Look here, Lenine," I says, glad of the chance to insult him. "A case of fine whisky at sixty dollars net seems to of been avoidably detained in your dug-out. I expect that with a little searching you can stumble on it. And as for that bottle you broke by accident, don't bother to mention it," I says, "because I am gladly doing so for you," I says. "Only kindly find the rest and we will also forget about this morning's cream."

Probably I hadn't ought to of been so generous, for Rudie sort of swayed a little and give me a pleasant child-like smile out of his unshaved doormat of a face.

"Dunno wash you mean!" he says, real pleasant.

"Jim is right about the kick in that stuff," I says eyeing him critically. "You certainly have a swell bun!"

"Why, Mish La Tour!" says Rudie. "Don't drink a dropsh! Never—never toush it."

And with that he gave a sigh of disappointment in me which made the place smell like a bar-room!

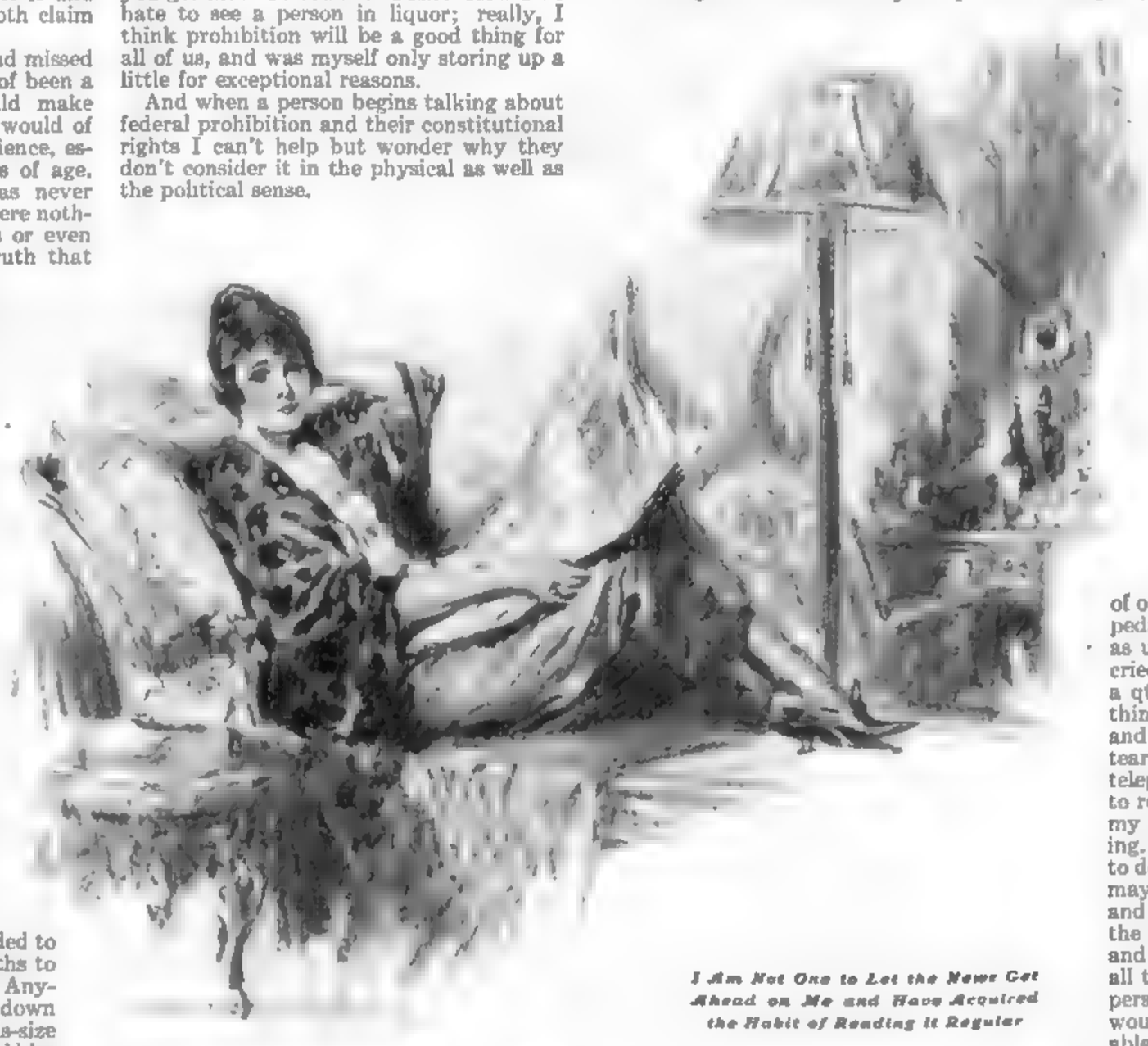
"But of coush I'll shee if itsh down stairsh!" he says.

Well, there was no use in arguing with him, I could see that all right, all right, but I left him know I wasn't swallowing any such a poor alibi as his own word.

"All right, you second-hand shock absorber!" I says. "Maybe I can't jolt the truth out of you, but I will hand you one small piece of information before you take your reluctant departure. You'll find that whisky or the cops will. And if they don't get me a judgment against you, one will come from heaven, that's a cinch, for you not only got the stuff but you took it off a returning soldier which is a bigger crime than mere patriotic stealing would be," I says. "You wait and see what'll happen to you if you don't come across! We got a long score to settle, we have, and right always wins out in the end."

Well, he went away very proud and hurt to think I would suspect him of such a crime, he being that kind of a drunk. Do you get me? Of course! Gosh! How I do hate to see a person in liquor; really, I think prohibition will be a good thing for all of us, and was myself only storing up a little for exceptional reasons.

And when a person begins talking about federal prohibition and their constitutional rights I can't help but wonder why they don't consider it in the physical as well as the political sense.



I Am Not One to Let the News Get Ahead on Me and Have Acquired the Habit of Reading It Regular

Well, anyways, it was a blow to lose that Old Home, and awful irritating on top of Maude. And then, while pulling myself into one of these new accident-policy-destroying narrow skirts which belongs with what is through courtesy called my new walking suit, the hall-girl brought the mail and Musette give it to me in the midst of my negligee and struggles and I stopped dead when I seen the first letter, for it was marked "Soldier's Mail" and only one which has some one expected home and at the same time welcome, can know how that particular mark thrills. Musette observed me register joy so she registers it too, and I tore open the envelope forgetting the skirt which had a deathgrip on my knees, and opened up the page in Jim's dear handwriting.

Did you ever come to a time in your life where you had one trouble on top of another until it seemed like nothing more could possibly happen except maybe the end of the world, and then something still worse was pulled on you? You have! Well, this letter was pretty near the end of the world to me—at least a distinct postponement of anything which could with any truth be called living. For Jim wasn't coming back with the 70th after all! As I read his words in that dear boyish handwriting of his which he never had time to learn to write better, being like myself quicker with his feet than hands, my eyes filled up with tears and I stumbled to the day-bed as good as I could with the skirt, and sat down. It seemed he had been put in charge of some special work in Paris and it might be six months before he'd get sent home! Six months! And me getting all ready for a second honeymoon inside of six weeks! And instead of being out in the wholesome country with me at Saratoga or Long Beach or Niagara Falls or some place, he would be in Paris! That was what I had to face and any woman will readily understand my feelings.

Believe you me, I didn't care for Maude or the Old Home or the contract or anything for over three-quarters of a hour. And I had to wash my face and powder my nose three times after I was finally dressed on account of breaking down again when just completed.

Whenever a person has a real sorrow come to them the best way to do is control it quick before it controls you. So after I had indulged in the womanly weep which certainly was coming to me, I braced up and got into the new suit with the idea of taking as brisk a walk as it would allow of. Then I put on a new hat which I had intended for my second honeymoon but which would never see it or him, as it would undoubtedly be out of style by the time Europe had made up its mind one way or another, and I was just going to leave when the bell rung and Ma come in to say it was a caller.

"It's that Mr. Mulvaney from the Welcome Home Committee, the one that had you on the 'phone yesterday," says Ma. And after a minute I kind of caught control of myself and says well, all right, I would see him and went in.

Well, it sure is strange the birds they pick out for these deeds of synthetic patriotism. This one come from the neighborhood of Fourteenth Street and must of got his appointment of chief welcomer from the way he give the glad hand. You would of thought he was cranking a flivver that wouldn't crank the way he kept on shaking after any real need was past. And if he was to of greeted each of the boys the way he done me, the army wouldn't be demobilized in our generation! Also he had a suit on him which spoke for itself and a watch-chain which must of posed for them in the cartoons of Capital—do you get me? Sure! I and he had had a long talk on the telephone as per above, and so as soon as he left go his cinch on my hand, he got right down to business.

"Now, Miss La Tour—er—it—er—gives me great pleasure to think you will take charge of the Theatrical Women's Division," he says.

"Er—I am a great admirer of yours—that picture you done, 'Cleopatria,' now—great stuff!"

Well, I let that pass, because how would such a self important bird as this know my art when he sees it, and if he enjoyed Theda why not leave him be? I changed the subject at once for fear he would be confusing me with Caruso next.

"And so I'm to spend ten thousand of the hundred thousand iron-men raised by the Welcome Committee?" I says hastily. "How nice. What will it go for?"

"That is for you and your committee to decide," he says. "I'm sure you will think up something tasty," he says. "And go the limit—we need ideas."

Well, anybody could see that. But I only says all right.

"I suppose you are familiar with committees?" says this human editorial-page-sketch.

"I'm never too familiar with anybody," I says stiffly. "But I have been acquainted with more than one committee."

"Well, here are the papers I promised you—the general scheme and so forth. The central committee will meet as is indicated here. See you at them. Pleased to of seen you off the screen! You certainly was fine in 'Shoulder Arms!'"

And before I could get my breath he had looked at a handsome watch no bigger than a orange, humped into his coat and was off in a shower of language that left me no comeback.

Believe you me, I was glad when he had squoze out through our typical apartment hall and the gilt elevator had snapped him up. For to hand me ten thousand to spend on welcoming a bunch of other women's husbands was, to soft pedal it, rubbing it in. I was only about as upset as that spilled milk that was cried over and no wonder at 18 cents a qt. Well, anyways, it was no light thing to face, going on with this work and Jim's letter scarcely dry from my tears. But having promised over the telephone and being given no chance to refuse in the parlour, I would keep my word if not my heart from breaking. Because, anyways, if I was simply to do nothing to occupy myself except maybe a few thousand feet of fillum and rehearsing my special dance act for the Palatial and my morning exercises and walking my five miles a day and all that quiet home stuff which gives a person too much time to think, what would I think, except a lot of unprintable stuff about any administration which was keeping him in a town like Paris, France? And the only comfort I could see in sight was to work hard to give the boys that *was* coming a real welcome and remember that Jim never was a skirt-hound—that I ever saw.

Having reached this resolve I decided to go on the walk I had mapped out anyways, because what is home with a disappeared snake in it? And so I started, and as I come past the door in the lower hall, which its marked "Superintendant," which is Riverside-Drivese for Janitor, what would I hear but Rudie singing to himself out of the fullness of his heart or something.

I went out in wrath and the spring sun and after a while I begun to feel less sore and miserable in my heart, partially because of the fresh air and partially through irritation at the stylish trouser-leg that both of mine was in. But the day was too sweet for a person to stay mad long. Ain't it remarkable the way spring can creep into even a city and somehow make it enchanted and your heart kind of perk up and take notice—do you get me? You do, or God pityyou! It's the light, I guess, just the same as the audience holds hands when they turn on the ambers with a circular drop for a sunset or something.

And by the time I had walked along the Avenue and seen all the decorations which was already put up for the first regiments home, I commenced getting real fired and excited with my new job. It looked like the powdered-sugar industry was going to suffer because about all the plaster in the country seemed to be being used on arches

(Continued on Page 77)

——the same dependable lamps for both!

Edison Mazda Lamps are made for every home use, and for any electric lighting system that may be in your car. Economical, serviceable, convenient. Buy them from the dealer who displays the "Girl with the Edison Mazda Lamps" in his window.

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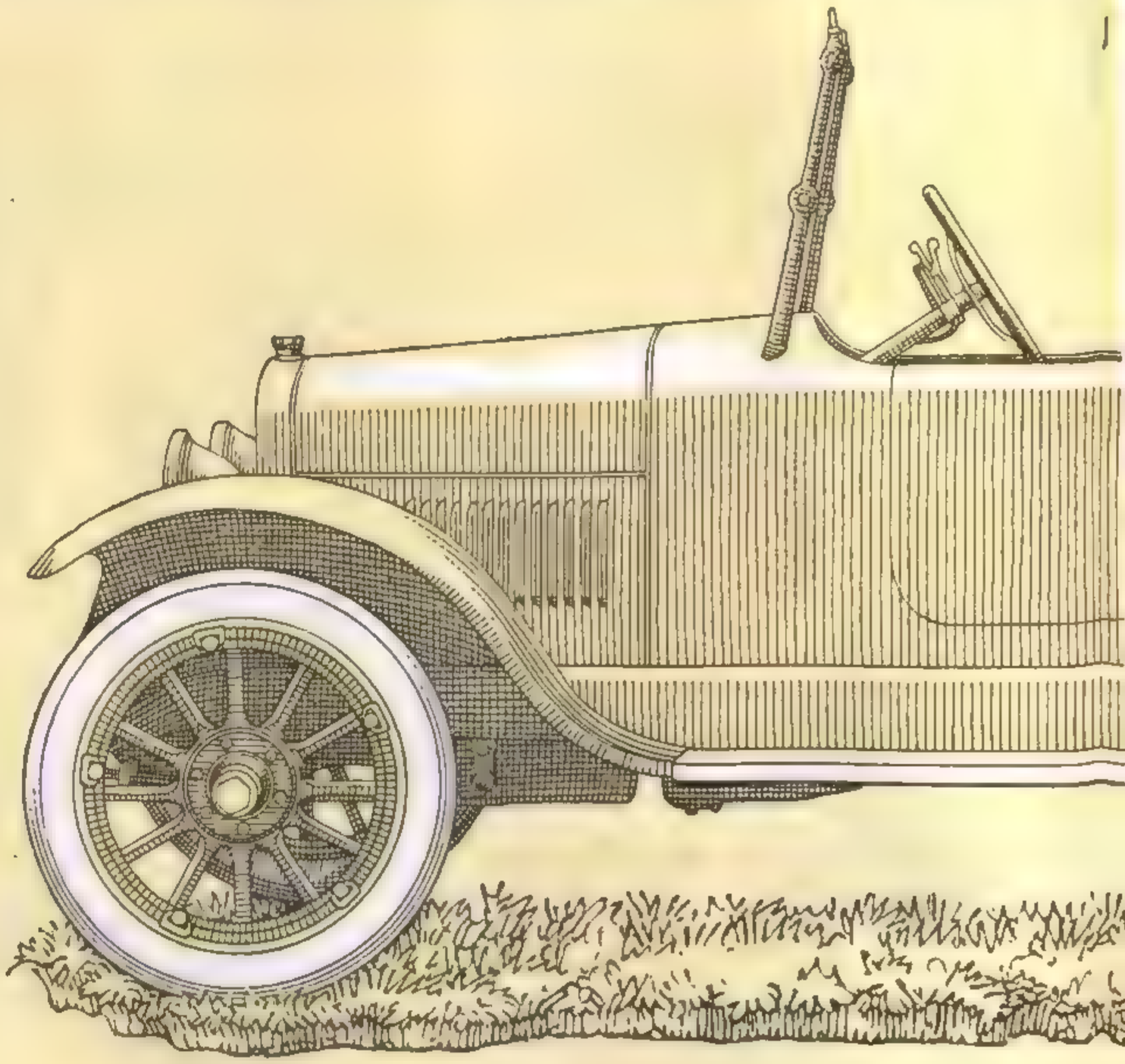


The public has paid $200,000,000 for prev

IT is not a new Maxwell. It is in fundamentals the worthy descendant of 300,000 Maxwells that grace the highways of the world.

But it is a greater car in many ways.

There are the Hot Spot and Ram's-horn, for instance.

Then there is a much improved electric system, a new type radiator, a development in upholstery, a far more durable top, and so on.

You find in the greater Maxwell a whole automobile show in itself. You will see things developed during the war.

It is like a "river of engineering ideas, dammed up, and suddenly let loose."

To spend an hour in examining this Maxwell is a rare treat that any one will enjoy and long remember.

But before you set forth to look it over, let these facts sink into your mind:

It is a magnificent feat in engineering and building to be able to add so many new features to a car which has had a $200,000,000 run.

That sum represents the amount paid for the one model Maxwell to date.

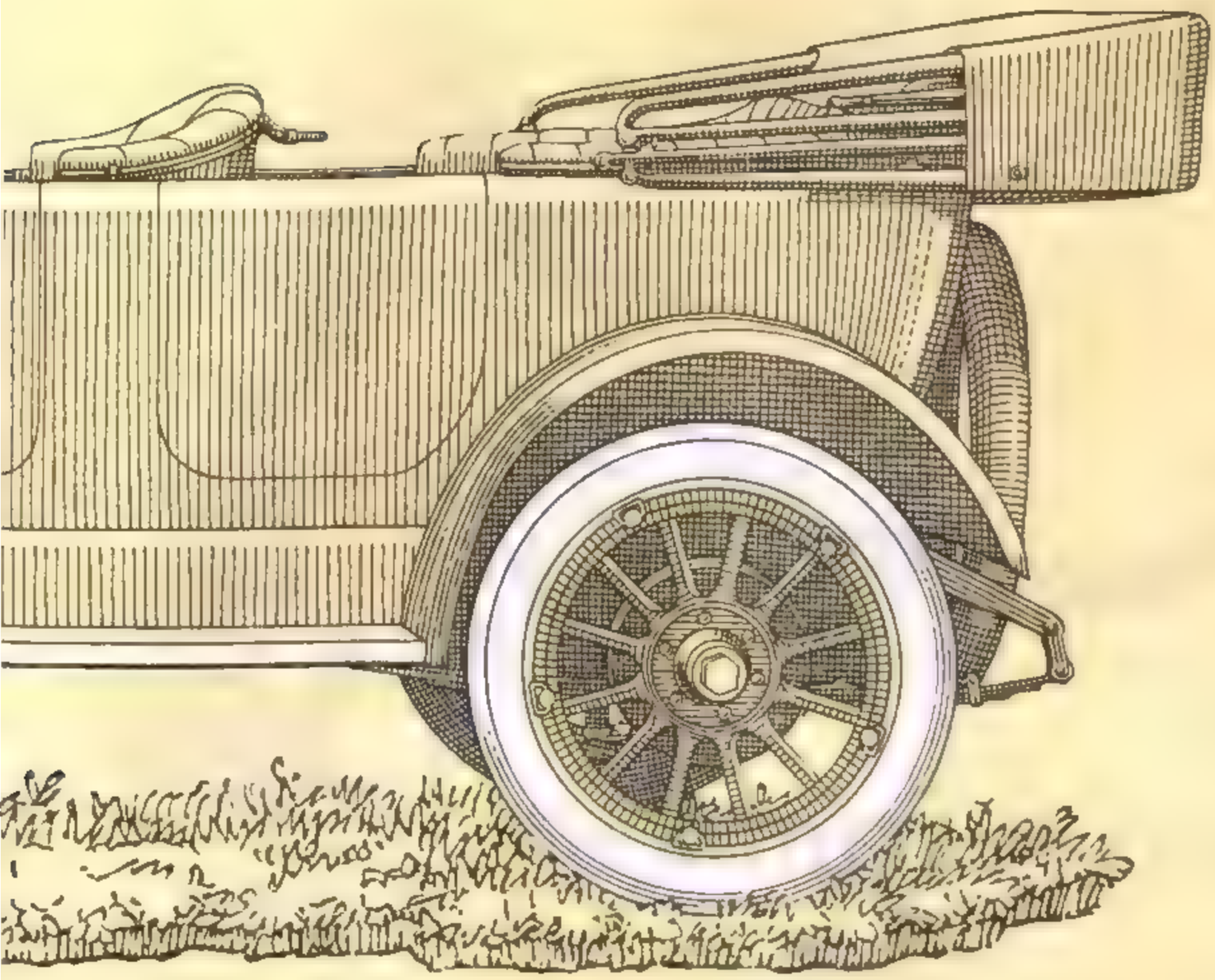
Stop and think what your dollar bought four years ago and what it buys now. About half.

Then think what a rare bargain in value alone you're getting in this car.

For no matter what price you pay, you'll find difficulty in acquiring a car that will run longer, last longer, and give you less trouble.

MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY

MAXWELL MOTOR CO. OF CANADA,



ious Maxwells; this is a greater Maxwell

That may seem a strong statement; but the record the Maxwell bears it out, and here is why:

Five years ago the first Maxwell of the present odel was built. There has never been a fundamental ange in design since. We kept on making this car tter and better. We have built more than 300,000 date.

We made it simple to begin with, and we have made e car better and better as we made more of them.

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It is a striking example in modern business of the d adage about doing one thing and doing it well.

The best steel that money can buy goes into this r—the best automatics and other machines that oney can buy cut up and finish this material.

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Five years ago there was one Maxwell in every 1000 cars. Four years ago there was one Maxwell in every 500 cars. Three years ago there was one Maxwell in every 200 cars. Two years ago there was one Maxwell in every 48 cars. Today there is one Maxwell in every 16 cars.

It is not the aim of the Maxwell Motor Company to make the most cars in the world, but its aim is to make the most—best cars!

Several thousand will go without Maxwell cars this year. The demand is without precedent. Don't be among those. See the greater Maxwell without delay.

, Inc. - DETROIT, MICH.

IMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

To remove skin blemishes, use the successful Woodbury treatment described on this page

You can rid your skin of blackheads. Read the famous Woodbury treatments given on this page

Three famous skin treatments

DO you know what makes a man or woman have an oily skin? A shiny nose? Blackheads? Skin blemishes?

You ought to know these things! Unless you understand what is keeping your skin from having the fine texture and healthful coloring that nature intended, you cannot have the clear, soft skin you long for.

Examine your skin carefully. Find out just what is the matter with it. Then, in the famous Woodbury booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," study the causes of your trouble and learn the special Woodbury treatment that will correct the condition of your skin, and make it soft and clear. You will find this booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Your skin is changing every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. The proper Woodbury treatment, persistently used, will give your skin the smoothness and clearness you wish it to have.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. Woodbury's is on sale everywhere. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap booklet of famous treatments — samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream sent to you for 15 cents.

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury special treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 609 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 609 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Oily skin and shiny nose

How to correct them

Wash with warm water work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold the colder the better If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin softer and clearer the first time you use it Make it a nightly habit, and before long you will see a marked improvement.

Skin blemishes—*how to get rid of them*

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

Use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and clear your skin.

Blackheads

How to keep your skin free from them

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a lump of ice. Dry the skin carefully.

Make this a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the wash cloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

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which looked like dago-wedding cakes and you actually missed the dolls dressed like brides and grooms off the top of them. And here and there was some funny looking columns of the same white stuff and on the Public Library steps a bunch of spears and shields was thrown all over the place just as if a big Shakespearian production had suddenly give it up in despair and left their props and hoofed it back to Broadway. It certainly was imposing.

Up at 59th Street was a arch that looked like Coney Island frozen solid. It was all of little pieces of glass—heavy glass and millions of pieces. I don't know what good they did, but they shone something grand, and must of cost a terrible lot of money. I guessed the boys would certainly feel proud to march under it provided none of it fell on their heads.

Believe you me, by the time I got home my head was full of imaginary architecture like Luna Park and Atlantic City jumbled together with a set I seen in "The Fall of Rome" when we was shooting it at Yonkers. And after I had squirmed out of my walking suit and was a free woman once more, in a negligee, which is French for kimona which is Japanese for wrapper, well, anyways I lay in it and opened up the evening paper because I am not one to let the news get ahead on me and have acquired the habit of reading it regular the same as my daily bath.

But it was hard to keep my attention on it because Maude was still missing and also I kept thinking when not of her, of the lovely arches and so forth my ten thousand would build. I had about settled on pink-stucco, with real American beauties strung on it and a pair of white kittens in plaster—symbol of the best known Theatrical Ladies Association in Broadway, and I expect the world—at the top, when I opened the paper again and I see something which set my mind thinking.

"70th will add thousands to ranks of unemployed."

Yes, that's just what it said. And I went on and read the piece where it said how enough men to start a real live city was being fed at soup-kitchens and bread lines, not in Russia or Berlin, but right in N. Y. C., N. Y., U. S. A.! Somehow, coming right on top of all their arches and so forth, it sort of struck me in the pit of my stomach and give me the same sinking sensation like a second helping of griddle-cakes a hour later—you know! The thought of all that money going on arches that after they was once marched under was no good to anybody but the ones which built them and the ones which carted them away, had me worried. Think of all the soup that glass and plaster would of made! Do you get me? You do or you're a simp! And it also besides struck me that while the incoming boys would undoubtedly enjoy them city frostings, them which had already marched under them and was already in the bread-line must be kind of fed up with it. Then I thought of the ten thousand intrusted to me to spend which had been gladly given in small sections by willing citizens who wanted to do some little thing to show appreciation to the boys which had went over there, and I begun to realize I had been told I could spend it anyways I wanted to.

And when I thought of that pink arch and roses I blushed although nobody had, fortunately, heard me mention it, except the two fool dogs, aloud.

Believe you me I then see like a bolt from the blue, as the poet says, that arches was all right in their way but they was in the traffic's way at best and made mighty poor eating. And so naturally with Ma having it continually before me, I thought of ten thousand dollars worth of eats, because while there is quite a lot of red X canteens for men in uniform how about the poor birds which had just got out of a uniform and not yet got into a job? Besides there is something kind of un-permanent about food unless a salary to get more with follows it as a chaser.

And so I lay there in comfort all but for the thought of Maude, and figured and figured what would I do. It seemed it was a cinch to get money from people to give the boys a welcome but what to spend it on was certainly a stiff one. But after a while I commenced to get a idea. Which it's a fact I am seldom long without one when needed which together with my great natural talent is what has made me the big success I am.

Work! That was the welcome the boys needed. Work and a little something substantial to start on. So this is what I figured. Suppose we was to divide up that ten thousand, how many boys would it take care of, and how?

Say we had ten men. A thousand each. Too much, of course. Twenty men. Five hundred per ea. Still too much. Well, then forty men. Two fifty. Well, they could use it of course, but it was not a constructive idea. It was too much for a present and not enough to invest. So how about 80? Well, that was $125 per man. This was doing something pretty good by eighty men that would very likely need it, but it seemed sort of unfair not to take in more of the boys. So I split it again and had one hundred and sixty boys with $62.50 in their pockets.

Well, I felt kind of good over this idea and there was only two real troubles with it which is to say that $31.25 for three hundred and twenty boys looked nicer if there was only some way to handle it right. But how?

I put in another hard think and then I got it. The way to make that $31.25 a real present was to make it a payment on something and then with the other hand pass out a job at the same time, which would not alone keep the soldier but allow him to cover the difference.

And to get away with this all I needed now was a popular investment and 320 perfectly good steady jobs.

Well, with the Victory Loan the first part was easy enough, and I concluded to pay twenty-five dollars on each of three hundred and twenty one-hundred-dollar Victory Notes, making myself responsible for the lot the same as if I was a bank and getting a job for each note and having the giver of the job hold the note on the soldier and pay me the installments and I would pay myself back, or if not nobody would be stung outside of me, supposing anyone of them failed to come across. I was going to take a big lot for myself and another ten didn't much matter.

And then with the remaining $6.25's, well I would pool that for leaflets enough to go around the whole division and on the leaflet I would have printed the facts and a list of the jobs and just what they was, with how much kale per week went with them, and see that the boys got them while the parade was forming and then it would be up to them because the home folks can only do so much and then its up to the army their own selves just as with munitions and sugar and red X work while the big show was on. They did the work but we gave them the job—we and the Germans. And now all we could do again was to give them a job—and its enough, judging from how they went after the first one.

And then, just as I come smack up against the awful fact of where would I get them jobs Ma come in and says the hot-dogs and liberty-cabbage which its the truth we always translate them into American at our table, was getting cold and as long as I was paying for them I'd better eat them while they was fit. So I says all right and we went in and did so.

Believe you me, it certainly is a remarkable thing the way you start on a afternoon's work like I done, all full of vigor and strength and how your ideas and courage and everything will sort of leak away toward the time to put on the feed-bag at Evensong. And how again the ideas and pep comes back in the evening once you have eaten. There was almost perfect silence the first few minutes we sat down or would of been except for Ma taking her tea out of the saucer, which I can't learn her not to do and the only way I keep her from disgracing me at the Ritz and ect, is to make sure she don't order it. But when the first pangs was attended to I commenced to feel more conversational.

"Work," I says, thinking of what I had been thinking of. "Work is the one thing that stands by a person. Everything else in life can go bluey and their work will see them through. That's why it's been so popular all these years, and where these Bolsheviks make their big mistake. Because they don't work and not working they get bored to death and so they commence rioting.

"Do you remember that quotation from that well-known cowboy poet, Omaha Kiyim, 'Satan will find business still for idle hands to do'? How good that applies to strikes—idle hands—ain't that perfect? And it written so long ago!"

"How long?" says Ma.

"Oh, I dunno. Maybe three hundred years," I says.

Ma laid down her knife and spoon, she being quite entirely through, and looked me in the eye.

"I will remember them words, daughter," she says very solemn.

And its the truth I never noticed how serious she was about it until I come to look back on it nearly three weeks later.

And during that time which has been so immortally fixed in writing by the grandest book with the same name, I was as busy as the great American cootie is supposed to be on his native hearth—only it ain't that piece of furniture but another, of course. Do you get me? I'm afraid so! Well I was as busy as what you think. To begin with I called a committee-meeting in the privacy of my grey French enamel boudoir where I wear my boudoir cap and have the day-bed hitched and this committee meeting consisted entirely of myself and the two fool dogs. And after I had gone through all the motions, I appointed myself a sub-committee of one to carry out the meeting's resolutions and do all the work.

This is about what would of happened if I had done it the regular way and asked Ruby Roselle and Maison Rosabelle and the other girls. We would of had a mahogany table and a gavel and a pitcher of ice-water and a lot of hot-air and a wasted morning and in the end I would of been the goat anyways, so I thought why not do it single-handed in the first place and be done? I could print all their names on the leaflets and they would be perfectly satisfied.

So having got over the necessary formalities as you might say, I accepted the nomination and got to work. Fortunately I wasn't doing anything except a solo dance at the Palatial at supper-time and one picture. And so I had most of my days to myself. The Fixings on the Avenue grew and blossomed and so did my contribution to the Welcome Home Committee. I didn't get to go to any of their meetings but I don't imagine they even missed me at the time. And while the arches and other motion-picture scenery was being as completed as they ever would be, so was my list. My monument took up less space, but when you gave it the once-over it seemed maybe a little more rain-proof than the others. Apparently all there was to it was slips of paper six by eight with this printed on them. At the top it says:

"WELCOME HOME"

"HOWDY BOYS, AND OUR HEARTFELT THANKS!

DO YOU NEED A JOB? HERE ARE THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY AND A VICTORY NOTE GOES WITH EVERYONE!"

Then come the list. I will put down a part of it so you can realize what a assortment of things has to be done to keep the sieve in civilization.

4 handsome juveniles for motion-picture work—stage experience unnecessary.
2 experienced camera men.
2 marcel-wavers.
6 chemists, Marie La Tour Complexion Powder Co.
2 salesmen, Marie La Tour Turkish Cigarette Co.
16 waiters, Palatial Hotel.
1 traveling man, Marie La Tour Silk Underwear Co.
2 experienced lineotypers } Motion Pic-
2 experienced pressmen } ture Gazette
1 publicity man, experienced, Motion Picture Gazette
3 fillum cutters
1 stylish floorman. Must be handsome and refined, not over 30. Apply Maison Rosabelle, Hats and Gowns.
1 orchestra complete, with leader. Apply "Chez La Tour" (my old joint of parlour-dancing days).
30 chorus-men.
2 sparring partners for Madame Griselda, the famous lady-boxer.

And ect, add affinities, as the Romans used to say. And every one a real genuine job paying good money. And getting them nailed was no cinch, believe you me, except, of course, I being such a prominent person I didn't have as much trouble as some would of. Especially where a firm was using my name on something, they could hardly refuse me. I seen everybody personally myself, and only the bosses and in the end nobody had turned me down except the one from which I had bought my new roadster for Jim's welcome home present and it was *some* roadster, being neatly finished in pale lavender with yellow running-gear and a narrow red trim and tapestry upholstery on the seats which was so low and easy you involuntarily started to pull up the blankets after you got settled: You know, the kind of a car you have to look up from to see which way the cop is waving.

Well, anyways, you would of thought the bird which had sold it to me for cash money, him being the manager of the luxurious car-corrall himself would offer to take on some of the boys. But no, he says there was too many auto salesmen in the world already, and that they had ought to be diverted into selling some of the new temperance drinks where their trained imagination would undoubtedly be of great value.

Well, anyways, he was the only one turned me down and I had the slips printed and stored away in a couple of cretone hat-boxes and commenced allotting the victory-note pledges. And then I tripped over the fact that I was a job short. There was the stuff all printed, and a job too short and it the night before the big parade! Well, I decided that when the time come I would make the extra job if I couldn't find it and believe you me I was as wore out looking for them as a Ham with his hair cut like a Greenwich Village masterpiece. Not that I ever saw one and I have often wondered where the artists which draw them that way, did.

But in the meantime I had got hold of the Daley sisters, and Madame Braun and La Estelle, and Queenie King and a lot of other easy-lookers and had it all fixed for them to be on hand below Fourteenth Street at ten o'clock to give out the slips while the boys was mobilizing or whatever they call it. And then just as I was getting into the limousine with Musette and the two cretone hat boxes full and the two fool dogs and Ma, who would come up to me but Ruby Roselle with a new spring set of sables which it is remarkable how she does it in burlesque, still far be it from me to say a word about any person, having been in the theatrical world too long not to realize that it is seldom as red as it is painted and that the coating of black is only on the outside.

Well, anyways; up she comes from her new flat which is only two doors from mine and a awful mean look in those green eyes of hers under a sixty dollar hat that looked it, while mine cost seventy-five and looked fifteen, which is far more refined only Ruby would never believe that: which is one main difference between her and I. And she stopped me with one of those deadly sweet womanly smiles and says in a voice all milk and honey and barbed wire, she says:

"How's this, dearie, about the Theatrical Ladies Committee," she says. "I only just heard of it from Dottie Daley," she says. "What was it made you leave me off?"

Well, seeing that the armistice was not yet broken I felt I might let her distribute a few leaflets, although I had left her name off the signatures at the bottom on account of her never having proved she wasn't a alien enemy to anything besides dramatic art, which hadn't to be proved. So I handed her a string of talk about this being a small affair and how I had thought she would of been too busy to do anything just now, which made her mad because there is some talk on account of that she wasn't working just then. But she took a few leaflets and read the signature at the bottom, "Theatrical Ladies' Welcome Committee," and got real red in the face.

"Why, my friend Mr. Mulvaney spoke to me about this!" she says "I was to of been treasurer, or something! Do you mean to say you spent ten thousand dollars on *them!*" and she pointed to the leaflets like a one-act small-time.

"Yep!" I says. "Take 'em home and try 'em on your piano!" I says. "But you will have please to pardon me now. I got to beat it!"

And with that I climbed in with the rest of the family and we was rushed down town to N. Y.'s Bohemian Quarter, where the 70th Division was about to hang around waiting to parade. Which it is certainly remarkable the places the highly moral U. S. A. Government picks out for her soldiers to wait about in, say from Paris to Washington Square, and I think their wives and sweethearts have stood for a good deal of this sort of thing, to say nothing of wives and sisters being kept

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Both are Goodyear; both built up layer-upon-layer

GOODYEAR
AKRON

Built Alike—*Layer-Upon-Layer*

WE wonder if many motorists realize how painstakingly has been developed the *layer-upon-layer* principle of construction by which all Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are made.

Some nine years ago when we first began the manufacture of balloons we were confronted by a most difficult problem of inflation, the retention of gas within fabric.

Persistent experiment established the fact that rubberized fabric built up by our *layer-upon-layer* principle formed the most practical container for gas.

To render a balloon wall absolutely gas-tight we were forced to a *layer-upon-layer* construction so delicate that actually 34 layers were required to spread four ounces of rubber over one square yard of fabric.

That proved the solution to our problem. And today all Goodyear balloons and dirigibles are so constructed.

Essentially the same principle of construction which we apply to balloons is used in the manufacture of Goodyear heavy tourist tubes.

A section of a Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tube with plies separated to show layer-upon-layer construction.

Here it effects an even greater measure of success, for the sole function of the tube is to hold air which is less elusive than gas.

Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes are made of pure, grey gum—the finest rubber that can be obtained.

Thin layers of this gum are built up, *layer-upon-layer*, many plies thick, then cured together into one integral mass.

This construction eliminates all possible defects in the rubber.

It also gives the body of the tube a criss-cross grain which prevents splitting if punctured.

Do you wonder that these tubes hold air unfailingly and long?

Although Goodyear Heavy Tourist Tubes do cost a little more, thousands of experienced motorists use them exclusively because they have proved an excellent form of casing insurance.

More Goodyear Tubes are used than any other kind.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

HEAVY TOURIST TUBES

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX

Four-passenger Touring Car
with two auxiliary seats
$1,685 f. o. b. factory

For Those Who Want a *Liveable* Car

THE owner-prestige won and held by the Lexington is due not alone to its *efficiency*, but also because it has *sufficiency*.

The *efficiency* of the Lexington consists of a never-to-be-doubted certainty of performance. In congested traffic, on hills, through mud or sandy roads, the driver never need worry about the ability of the Lexington to come through with flying colors.

But Lexington *sufficiency* reaches further than its excellence of performance. Equal to all road demands, the Lexington also adequately fulfills every purpose that can be required of a motor car.

The Lexington has ample power, abundant speed within reason, easy control, unusual flexibility, sturdy endurance. In addition it has sufficient size, with ample roominess, luxurious comfort, refinedly smart appearance, rich appointments. It is fittingly correct for all social needs and pleasingly suitable in any environment. It meets all demands at all times.

Economy of fuel and proportionate increase of horsepower are effected through the Moore Multiple Exhaust System. Annoying squeaks and rattles are banished by the construction of the frame, in which 100 separate parts are eliminated to give greater strength and lighter weight. Ease of control is promoted by the positive acting, one finger emergency brake.

It is the sum of these features with many others, all in harmonious relation, that constitute the sufficiency which makes the Lexington a truly *liveable* car.

Get in touch with your Lexington dealer or write us.

Lexington Motor Company **Connersville, Indiana, U. S. A.**

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from going abroad. I don't know have any homes been broken up this way, but I will say that Marsailles and Harlem would of listened better to the patiently waiting homebodies.

Well, anyways, down we went to the amateur white lights, and by the time we reached Twenty-Third we begun to run into bunches of the boys. Bands was playing and all, and—oh, what's the use trying to tell about it? There was plenty to tell, but ain't everyone *seen* it? If not at N. Y. C. why in some town which may be more jay but with its heart in the right place, and the heart is the thing which counted this time as per usual. Believe you me, mine was in my throat and so was everybody elses when they seen them lean brown boys with their grown-up faces!

Well, we stopped down to Eleventh and Sixth and got out and commenced walking around handing out the leaflets, and at first they weren't taking 'em very seriously, but pretty soon they began to get on to who I was and of course that caught them and a good many tucked the slips inside their tin hats and all of them pretty near had seen me in "The Kaiser's Killing" and I got pretty near as big a ovation as I tried to offer them. And as for the parade they was very good-natured about it, but it seemed to me that as usual the stay-at-homes in the grandstands was getting the best of it and the boys doing all the work, for parading, no more than a first-class dancing act, ain't quite the pleasure to the ones that does it, that it is to them that only stands and waits, as the saying is.

The crowds on the Avenue was something fierce, and the only ones which had the right of way, outside of officers and cops, was the motion-picture men. I seen Ted Bearson, my own camera man from the Goldringer Studios, and Rosco, my publicity man, and they was talking together. I stepped back in among the boys, because I wasn't looking for any personal publicity myself on this particular day, wishing to leave all that to the division and I knew that if Ted was to see me he would shoot me.

But ain't it the truth that the modester a public person like me is, the more attention they attract? My sweet, quiet voice, silent though snappy clothes, and retiring manner have been in Sunday spreads and motion-picture magazine articles practically all over the world and America, and my refinement is my best-known characteristic. Publicity is like men. Leave 'em alone and they simply chase you. Pretend you don't want them, and you can't lose them. And the more reluctant I am about being noticed, the wilder the papers get! Only, of course, without a good publicity man this wouldn't, perhaps, be a perfectly safe bet.

So this day, having got rid of all my leaflets, I was slowly working my way toward the Avenue, when publicity was thrust upon me.

You know this Bohemian part of New York is made up of old houses which is so picturesque through not having much plumbing and so forth and heat being furnished principally by the talk of the tenants on Bolshevism and ect. These inconveniences makes a atmosphere of freedom and all that and furnishes a district where the shoe-clerk can go and be his true self among the many wild, free spirits from Chicago and all points west. Well, this neighborhood could stand a lot of repairs, not alone in the personal sense, but in a good many of the buildings, but these are seldom made until interfered with by the police or building departments. And on the corner of the street which I was now at there was a big old house full of people who *did* something, I suppose, and these were mostly bursting out through the open windows or sitting on the little balconies which looked like they couldn't hold a flower pot and a pint of milk with any safety much less a human. But there they was, sitting, with all the indifference to fate for which they are so well known. I couldn't but notice the risk they ran, but I should worry how many radicals are killed, and so I paid but little heed until I saw that there was three little kids—all ragged children of the dear proletariat—which some of the Bohemians had hauled up on a balcony which was too frail for adults. The minute I see that balcony I was scared to death, although the short-haired girl and the long-haired man which was letting the kids out on it was laughing and care-free as you please. The kids got out all right, and then something awful happened.

Right below was a open space at the head of this particular column, where the officers and color-bearers and ect was. Rosco and Ted was getting a picture of them. But while I generally watch a camera, this time I didn't on account of watching the kids. And as I looked that rotten old balcony broke and one of them, a little girl, fell through and hung there, caught by her skirt, and it a ragged one at that. Everybody screamed and yelled and sort of drew back, which is the first way people act at a horror before they begin to think. I yelled myself, but I started toward her, because the radicals couldn't reach her from above and from below the ground was fully twenty feet away and nothing but a fence with spikes and a dummy window-ledge way to one side. But I had a idea I might make it for what with two generations on the center trapeze and never a drop of liquor and not to mention what I done in pictures, I think quicker than some and act the same. But my new skirt prevented, and ahead of me dashed a soldier.

In a minute he had scaled the wall and worked his way along the spikes to that ledge, and then while the crowd watched breathlessly he had that kid under one arm and was back on the wall again. He held her close, turned around, crouched down and then jumped. And as he jumped I screamed and run forward, for oh! It was Jim!

I don't know how I got there, but when I come to I and that scared kid was all mixed up in his arms and the three of us crying to beat the band which had struck up and the crowd yelling like mad. And it was a peach of a stunt, believe you me.

"Didn't you get my cable?" Jim says. And I says no, and we clinched again. And then we heard a funny, purring sound right behind and broke loose and turned around and there was that devil of a Ted taking a close-up!

"Hold it! Damn you, hold it another ten feet!" yells Rosco, who was dancing around like a regulation director, just back of Ted. "Fine, fine! Oh, boy, what a pair of smiles! Say, folks, we shot the whole scene—*some* News Weekly Feature.

Honest you would of thought he had gone crazy! And that bone-headed crowd couldn't make out was the whole thing staged or real. Believe you me, I had to pinch myself to know was it real or not, but thank God it was, it was! And after nearly two years! Do you know how that feels? Give a guess! And then, just as I thought now this cruel war and everything is over, why that roughneck of a officer give the order to fall in and of course Jim had to and left me there with that kid in my arms for Ted to make a couple of stills for the papers.

Believe you me, I couldn't tell how many he took, or when, because seeing Jim so sudden and unexpected had pretty near killed me, and I couldn't say anything much about the parade either, because something kept me from seeing it and I guess it was my own glad tears. Anyways, I had three wet handkerchiefs in my bag when I got home and one of them a perfect stranger's.

Well, of course, I expected the parade would break up when it struck Harlem and the boys would hurry right home. And did they? They *did* not! I hurried right home all right all right, but not so Jim. And for a long while I was sitting there in one of my trousseau dresses and a fearful state of mind over what had he done to get killed since I last seen him. But hours went by and still he didn't come. And I didn't know his 'phone or where he was or anything. The only clue I had that the whole business was a fact and no dream was the cable, which had come after he did, saying he would be home as arranged after all.

Believe you me, I hope never to live through another twenty-four hours like them that followed, because I couldn't eat or sleep, not knowing where he was.

Next morning I wouldn't even look at the papers which was Sunday and full of our and the division's pictures. And Monday was worse, because even although Jim might be alive none of the hospitals nor yet the morgue had him, and so I commenced to think he had gone back on me. A telegram come from the coast saying "Great Sunday story bring Rosco contract follows," but what did I care for that stuff without Jim? Ma was very silent all this time, and kept in her room a lot, with the door shut. And then late Monday afternoon the door-bell rung, and my heart leaped to my feet like it had done at every tinkle for 48 hours, and I went myself, but it was only Ruby Roselle and Mr. Mulvaney of the Committee with her! The men that girl knows! Well, she sees them in another light than I and it's a good thing all tastes don't run the same.

Ruby cuddled down into her kolinsky wrap and give me the fish-eye, as she addressed me in her own sweet way as a woman to her best enemy.

"Dearie," she says, tucking in a imaginary curl. "Dearie, Johnnie here was over to my flat and we got speaking of you by accident, and he's anxious to know where's the money he gave you, and why no decorations as was intended?"

"Yes, Miss La Tour," says the old bird, which it was plain she had made a even more perfect fool of him than he had been before. "Yes, Miss La Tour, it's a serious thing," he says. "I understand you didn't really call even one meeting and as for decorations—— Well, what can you tell us?"

Well, I told him how I come to think of what I thought of, and the jobs which I had 319 of and the notes and all, and while I talked I could see plain enough that I was getting in worse every minute, because they had come determined to find me guilty, and no matter what I said, it would of listened queer with them two pairs of glassy eyes on me.

"I had a hunch," I wound up, "that maybe something a little substantial would be welcome," I says, "because after all a person can't live on plaster arches and paper flowers, and three hundred and nineteen jobs ought to take care of a considerable percent of the ones that need it," I says. "And so while your arches are all right," I says, "you must admit they are principally for show."

When I got through Mr. Mulvaney cleared his throat and didn't seem to know just how to go on; but Ruby give him an eye, and so he cleared his throat again and changed back to her side.

"This is all *most* irregular," he says very dignified. "Most irregular. You will certainly have to appear before the general committee and give them an accounting. What you have done amounts to a misuse of public funds!"

I nearly fainted at that! But before I could say a word a voice spoke up from the doorway.

"Like hell it does!" said Jim, which that dear kid had left himself in with his key and listened to the whole business. "Like hell it's a misuse!" he says, coming into the room and putting his arm around me. "You just let the public and the soldiers take their choice! Give all the facts to all the newspapers and we will furnish the photographs free! Go to it! Get busy! And—get out!"

Well, they got, and what happened then I will not go into because there are things even a self-centered woman won't put on paper! Poor Jim, and him back in camp to get deloused and de-mobilized and his tooth-brush, and a few parting words of appreciation and ect these past 48 hours which it seems is the rule for all soldiers, and I suppose they did need the rest after that parade before taking up domestic life once more.

Well, anyways, that afternoon late, while him and me was thoroughly enjoying our joint contract and the Sunday spreads with our pictures and all, in walks Ma with her hat and dolman on and a suit-case in one hand, and 'Frisco, the he-snake in his box, in the other hand.

"For the love of Mike, Ma Gilligan, where are you going to?" I says, looking at her idly.

"I'm leaving you forever!" says Ma, in a deep voice.

"Leaving us? Whatter you mean, leaving us?" I says, taking notice and my head off Jim's shoulder.

"I'm going back to work," says Ma. "I'm not going to be dependent on you no longer," she says, "nor a burden in my old age," she says. "And now that you got Jim back I shall only be in the way, so good-bye, God bless you!"

"Why, Ma Gilligan!" I yells, jumping to my feet. "How you talk! Besides what on earth do you think you could do?"

"Oh, I got a job," she flashes, proudly. "I'm going back to the circus!"

Believe you me, that pretty near had me floored.

"The circus!" I says. "What nonsense! Why a trapezer has to be half your age to say nothing of weight!"

"I'm not going on no trapeeze at my years!" says Ma. "I'm going back as Fat Lady. One hundred a week and expenses!"

All of a sudden I realized the full meaning of them doughnuts and cocoa and ect she had eat these past months. She had been deliberately training and as usual was successful. I sprung to my feet and hung around Ma's neck like a ten-year old.

"Oh, Ma!" I says. "Don't! Please don't go back! Whatever would we do without you?" I says. And Jim added his entreaties.

"Why Ma Gilligan, what bally rot!" he says, which it's quite noticeable the amount of English he's picked up over there. "What a silly ass you are, old dear!" he says. "Here we are going to Californa and who would cook for us if not you," he says, "with the cook-question like it is out there?"

Well, that weakened Ma considerable, for cooking is her middle name. So she set down the suit-case.

"Ma!" I begged her. "We *couldn't* have too much of you, and you would never be in the way or a burden no matter what the scales say. For heaven's sake take off that hat, it's too young for you, and burden us with the first home cooking Jim has had in two years!"

Well, she give in at that, and set down the snake and her dolman and pocket-book.

"Well, all right then!" she says. "I'll stay!" Which is about all the emotion Ma ever shows. "Whew, but it's hot in here!" she says and turns to open the window and we left her do it, because we seen she didn't want us to notice her tears. And as she opened it she gives a shriek and leans way over, grabbing at something. And hardly had she yelled than from below come a holler and a flow of language the like of which I had never heard, no not even at the studio when something went wrong! Then Ma commenced to laugh something hysterical and pulled herself back in through the window and leaned against the side of it, hollering her head off.

"What is it?" I says.

"It's Maude!" gasps Ma. "She was shut under the winder and when I opened it she fell out and lit on Rudie's head which was sitting right underneath."

Well, we could hardly hear her for the noise in the kitchen. The dumb-waiter was buzzing like all possessed. I and Jim rushed out and there, lickety-split, come the dumb-waiter only it was more inarticulate than dumb by then, and on it the case of Old Home lacking only three quarts.

"I find your viskey, Miss La Tour!" says Rudie's voice, very weak and shaky from below. "I chust find him and send him right away, quick!"

"Thanks old dear!" chortled Jim. "Come up and have a drink on me!"

"No tanks!" yelled Rudie. "I'm leaving this blace right now foreffer!"

Well, we should worry! I turned to Jim, a big load off my mind.

"Jim," I says solemnly. "There is the three hundred and twentieth job!"

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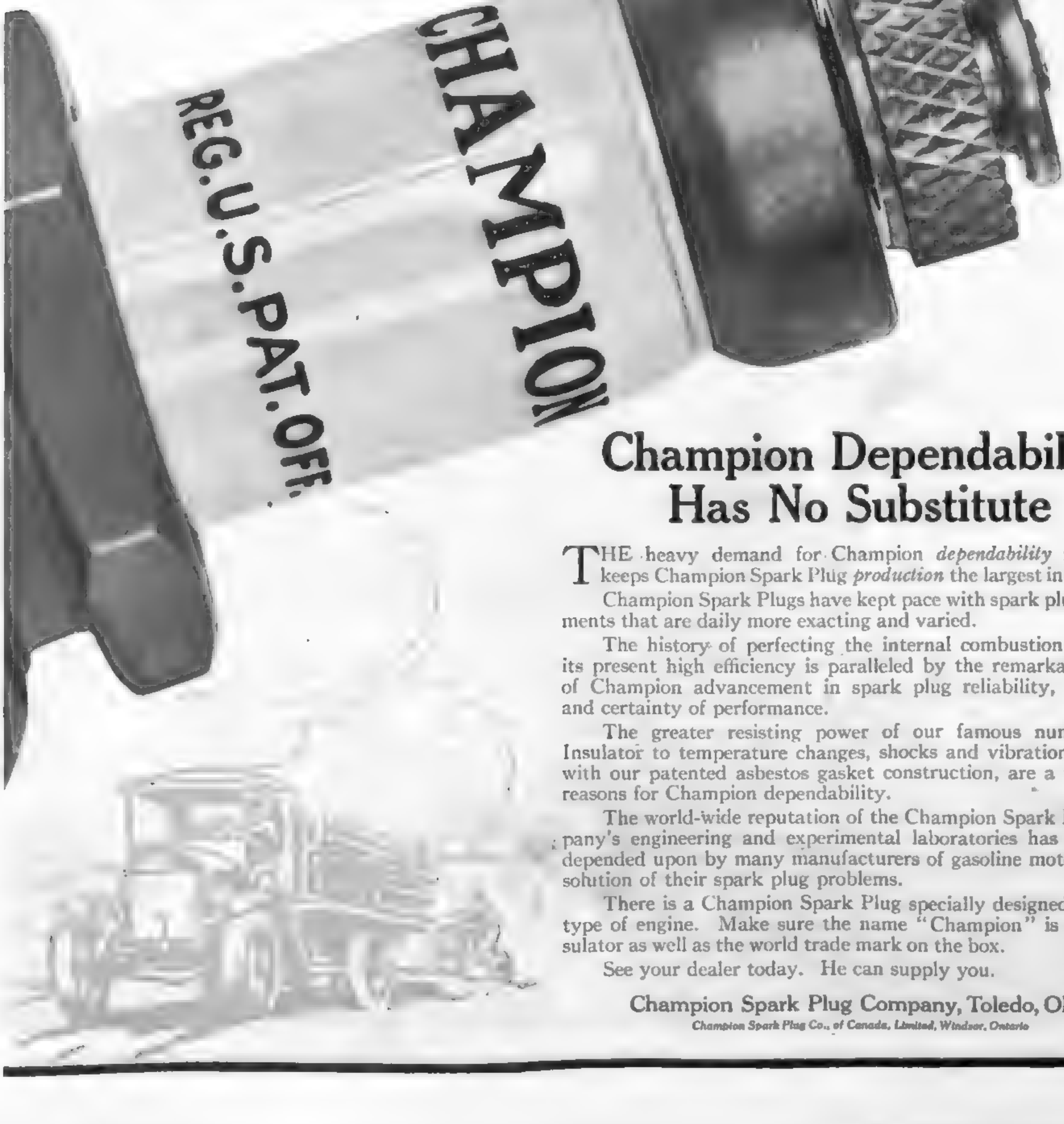

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"NEM! NEM! SOHA!"

(Continued from Page 17)

This was before the Hungarians decided to challenge the world's opinion by means of an armed protest. I would say at once that that is what Hungary's little war with Rumania amounts to. And I think I am justified in saying also that the Hungarian descent into the maelstrom of Bolshevism has been a more or less calculated affair from the beginning and was designed to frighten the world into consideration for the country's interests. That this movement should get out of hand was inevitable, but that it will ever go far with such a population is unlikely, unless, as is predicted, it be joined eventually to a movement in which all Western Europe may be confederated. The Hungarians tried every other means in their own defense before they withdrew themselves behind the world's great bugaboo.

Their enemies grant them just one thing: They say they are the most expert propagandists on earth. But this is only a way of avoiding the use of a shorter and uglier word. The phrase "Hungarian propaganda" on the lips of a Serb or a Czech or a Rumanian has in it a tang of scornful bitterness which denotes to the listening ear a gamut of emotions that includes both jealousy and fear.

The Hungarians are excellent propagandists. There can be no two opinions on that point. But so is any good lawyer presenting the case of his client at the bar of justice. They have an organization called The National Integrity League. It has a membership of nearly five millions and the business of its executive council is to prepare and to circulate as widely as possible pamphlets and papers—to say nothing of maps and diagrams and scientific analyses—in which Hungary's defense is set forth in every imaginable detail.

Hungarian Children Coming Out of School

The Hungarian Battle Cry

Many an able lawyer would not balk at a false statement, perhaps, if he thought it would serve his purpose better than the truth, but if he is dealing with subject matter already proved and spread on the records he has to trim pretty close to facts and content himself with presenting them in as favorable a light as possible. In their propaganda the Magyars have trimmed fairly close to historic record and indisputable exactitudes, and they have yielded points the while to their adversaries with a curiously disarming courtesy and open-mindedness.

The battle cry of The National Integrity League, and indeed of the whole Hungarian population, is: *"Nem! Nem! Soha!"* This means "No! No! Never!" and it is displayed on banners and posters everywhere above a map of Hungary cut up into five small pieces. Perhaps no multitude ever voiced a battle cry so charged with hopeless anguish.

The Hungarians are an interesting people and Lucifer-proud. And, kindless accusations to the contrary notwithstanding, they do not plead for exclusion from the list of defeated and responsible nations. Their enemies say they do. They say they whine like whipped hounds and plead that they entered the war only because they were forced to do so and that therefore they should not be punished. This is not true in my experience; and like my peace-mission professor I have talked with everybody from Count Karolyi down to plowboys. They express a bitter regret that by their respected alliances, by their geographical position, by their economic necessities, by the first law of Nature indeed, they were compelled to continue to spend themselves in a cause which to them was no cause at all, and for principles against the application of which they themselves had been struggling for centuries; but they cannot be convinced that they acted otherwise than honorably in and throughout their participation in the conflict. They acknowledge their responsibility, both original and eventual, with the utmost frankness. That they felt any impulse to resist the call to arms they deny absolutely. A certain socialist element did resist, and continued to do so always, but the Magyars as a whole responded willingly enough and fought with tenacity and with all their ability and resources from the beginning to the terrible end. They were the best troops Austria had, and one of the enemies respected on the Entente side.

Yet, whatever they or anyone may say about it, it is true that they had no choice. As the negative half of the Dual Monarchy they had no separate representation in international affairs and had long since surrendered the right to maintain a separate army. The Hungarian regiments were officered by Austrians, and no word of command in the Austrian Army was ever permitted in the Magyar language. A notable detail in this connection is that when the original army had to be augmented by general mobilization the question of the word of command became so acute that in the end the Austrian officers had to yield and learn the Magyar words in order to restrain wholesale disobedience. The Magyars may have understood German well enough, but they refused to acknowledge it.

They had no choice but to enter the war and stay with it, but in their defeat they do not offer this fact as a defense. Rather all those I have met have resented the suggestion of it and have said that if they had been able to choose they would have chosen, as they did, to stand by their allies. Moreover, they hated Serbia and feared Russia; and thinking that the war on their part was directed solely against these two historic enemies they went into it with the eagerness of loosed hounds.

It was only after the conflict developed into a world war and in the light of its eventual revelations that they began to see it as a crime and to suffer the dread certainty that it would engulf them in irretrievable ruin.

With Rumania's entrance their war, in their opinion, became a war of defense. They think Rumania bargained against them and struck them in the back, and their hatred for Rumania, once nothing more than a mild contempt, became the consuming passion which sustains them now in their defiance of the peacemakers.

This is the line of talk one hears in Budapest. They do not expect sympathy. They have tried to present their case to the world, but in doing so they think they have anticipated nothing but a cool and calculated understanding. But they think also that they have appealed to the world's intelligence and have expected at least a compromise in their behalf. Instead of which they find themselves despoiled on their borders.

To begin with, may I offer the generally conceded claim that the Hungarians have maintained the borders that are now being broken for more than a thousand years? I have my history of Hungary from various sources, and go for my facts back behind the war and all the disputes of modern times, and I have not been able to find an unprejudiced authority who contests the claim that the borders of Hungary as they stood at the end of 1918 were practically the borders established shortly after the year 900, when the Magyars—"a host of wild riders"—swarmed across the Carpathians from the southeastward and took possession of the great Danubian plain.

These original boundaries did not include Croatia and Slavonia, which were yielded without question to the Jugoslav state when the Dual Monarchy fell. They did include, however, the vast basin drained by the Danube and its tributaries and rimmed by the nearly encircling barrier of the Carpathians.

The Magyars' Side

In spite of invasions, subjugations and historic vicissitudes without number, the Magyars succeeded in holding these borders intact throughout a millennium, and they have a sense of nationality so strong that no conqueror has ever been able to wrest from them their political independence.

They were invaded by the Tartar hordes, and being freed succeeded in absorbing the remnant of the invasion; they were driven from the heart of their country by the Turks and for one hundred and fifty years defended themselves and all Europe from their eagles' nests in the surrounding mountains. They were unfortunately liberated from the Turk by German intervention rather than by their own unaided effort; but when they were delivered to the Hapsburgs by a royal alliance they obstinately resisted every effort that was made to induce them to yield their right to separate political existence, and continued to do so until the Hapsburg monarchy crumbled and fell in the world conflagration.

The Magyars came out of the East under the leadership of a somewhat mythical person called Prince Arpád. He established at once a system of government under which chosen nobles defended from an encircling series of castle fortresses the borders of the land, while gathering round themselves in feudal groups aggregations of the common people, both aboriginal and Magyar, who were soon reduced to the position of serfs.

They were pagans. In the year 1000 the chief of the nobles, Stephen, who was descended from Arpád, embraced the Christian religion, founded the first dynasty, and becoming king had bestowed

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Hungarian Peasants

In a Hungarian Village

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The longest-geared work-suit economy you ever figured up is all yours in Blue Buckles—the king-pin-rig for engineers, shipbuilders, farmers and men of all trades —*and*—the motorist who putters around his car, or the home-chore citizen who gets supreme joy out of his garden patch or his cellar!

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100,000,000 feet wore Ipswich Hosiery in 1918. It took the entire output of our five mills—over 50,000,000 pairs—to satisfy the demand for Ipswich Hosiery last year. One pair for practically every second man, woman, and child in the United States.

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IPSWICH MILLS, Ipswich, Mass. Founded 1822

Oldest and one of the largest Hosiery Mills in the United States

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upon him by the Pope a consecrated iron crown. He was afterward canonized, and this crown, known as "the sacred crown of Saint Stephen," has been used to crown every king of Hungary—save one, I believe—from that day until it was pressed upon the brow of the last of the Hapsburgs at Budapest while the great war was at its worst and the world was so divided by conflict that the crowning of an Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary was all but unregarded.

Hungary, within its pre-armistice boundaries and not including Croatia and Slavonia, was a country of 282,870 square kilometers, with a population of 18,265,000. In the north the Czechs have seized 49,379 square kilometers with a population of about 3,000,000.

In the south the Serbs have taken possession of the rich counties of the Banat, with an area of 33,728 square kilometers and a population of 2,371,000. The part of this territory claimed by both Serbia and Rumania comprises 17,449 square kilometers and has a very mixed population of 1,115,000.

German Austria, on the basis of nationality, would annex three counties in the west which cover 11,719 square kilometers and have a population of 814,000, while in and on the borders of the province of Transylvania the Rumanians have occupied and laid claim to permanent ownership of twenty-six counties which have an area of 129,447 square kilometers and a population of 6,841,000.

Sons of Freedom in Bad Company

In the meantime the Rumanians have defeated the feeble Hungarian armed protest, have driven the Magyar forces back across the Tisza, and have placed behind their lines the greater instead of the lesser half of the land, together with millions of its people.

The town and district of Fiume are included in the area and population of Hungary. The Italians are in possession there, and if they are turned out it will not be for the benefit of the Hungarians. Fiume covers twenty-one square kilometers and has 49,000 inhabitants.

"Nem! Nem! Soha!" Hungarians cry.

And yet what can Hungary do? The only country on her borders that will not fight to establish its claim is German Austria. Vienna is humbled beyond all hope of recovery and wants the once despised and mistreated Budapest for a friend. But Serbia will fight; the Czechs will fight; and both they and Rumania have the backing and assistance of the Entente Powers.

Hungary has been described as one of the completest geographical units on earth, and there are many persons who believe that "economic interests dependent upon geographic factors" are of first importance in the consideration of problems that have to do with the settlement of peoples in political groups. Such persons, having in mind peaceful migrations and the inevitable interpenetration of peoples across borders, regard as exceedingly mischievous the doctrine of self-determination except as it may be applied to whole peoples within boundaries historically, geographically, economically and in every way indisputably their own. And I have no doubt that when he uttered this phrase—which has done so much to affect the world complications that have to be dealt with—Mr. Wilson had in mind such peoples as the Poles, the Armenians, the Czechs, perhaps, and the Jugoslavs. Should he not also have been thinking of the Hungarians—if it is true that we never were at war with the enemy peoples—because they have made a greater effort than any other people in Europe to apply this principle to themselves?

Kossuth, in appealing for the world's sympathy and support when Hungary was making her last attempt to break away from Austrian domination, was the first to define it. He called it "self-disposal." But when Mr. Wilson launched his phrase into the eager minds of men the Magyars were fighting desperately alongside the German Austrians.

The Great Alföld of Hungary is the largest and perhaps the richest plain in Central Europe. There are two Alfolds. The Little Alföld is a swampy plain in the west of the state and is divided from the great central basin by a range of low hills running from northeast to southwest. The Great Alföld is traversed from north to south by the Danube and the Tisza, a master river and its principal tributary, while the plain is drained by many small tributaries of these two rivers, all of which rise within the borders of the state in the valleys of the surrounding mountains, which lie, range on range, almost completely encircling the land like the rim of a vast cup.

The Alföld is the agricultural part of the state, and though it contains only about a third of the population it produces perhaps eighty per cent of the foodstuffs consumed by the whole people, and formerly exported large quantities of grain. This is the country that is left to the Hungarians; this and the rolling country west of the Danube, which supports a few herds and flocks and is devoted to a mixed agriculture of a not very profitable character.

The counties of the Banat, claimed by the Serbs, are also very rich in the production of foodstuffs—wheat, corn, hogs and cattle—and when the Serbs took possession of them, with the French thrust in as a buffer against possible Rumanian aggression—they captured large stores of reserve supplies; enough, it is said, to feed ten million people for three months. They immediately instituted a blockade against Hungary, and one of the arguments of the Hungarians is that by withholding these supplies from distribution in order that they might profit with the smuggling profiteers the Serbs complicated the food situation and added greatly to the widespread suffering and to the danger of social upheaval. If the stocks had been sold to the food commission for resale in the congested centers of population—Vienna and Budapest—the general conditions would have been greatly improved.

This was before Hungary went back to war, however. She could hardly expect to get food supplies while she is unsubmissive.

And one cannot look upon this action of the Serbs with any real disapproval. It may have been an unwise and ungenerous action, but surely it was justifiable as a reprisal which they would have been more or less than human to forgo. Their terrible retreat of 1915, the actual starvation of tens of thousands of their women and children and aged, their long exile and the stripping of their country by the invading hosts are not to be forgotten, and it is not likely that any Serb could be deeply moved by the distress of a German or a Magyar. And the Serb leaders are not greatly concerned about Bolshevism either. They are a "peasant people with a peasant king" and have had their training in a land in which there has been little to divide except the labor which has wrung from it a living for them all.

The mountains in the northwest of Hungary, occupied by the Czechs and Slovaks, are rich in mines, while cattle-breeding on a large scale has been developed on their slopes and in their high-lying basins and valleys. They are also splendidly wooded. The northeastern Carpathian boundary land, a strip of which is left to Hungary for the time being—or was until it was cut off by the Rumanian and Czech Armies—is also rich in timber and mines, but is otherwise unproductive.

But Transylvania! To say nothing of the fact that in Transylvania are centered the oldest traditions and the warmest affections of the Magyars, it has been always their treasure house as well. The territory delimited by the original Rumanian claim embraces vastly more than Transylvania and a large portion of Hungary's resources that have not been annexed by others. It is a wonderful land, rich in mines and forests and fine agricultural valleys and hill slopes. It produces herds and flocks and is famous for its centers of horse-breeding. Also it has developed some great industries and its economic value has been increased to a tremendous extent in recent years by the discovery of natural gas.

The mountain barrier which rims this land, and which the Rumanians would remove far into the interior of the Greater Rumania of their dreams, stood always intact against the Turkish invasion and was held by a mixture of peoples—the same mixture no doubt that makes an ethnographic map of the country look to-day so much like an enlarged picture of some fearful disease germ on a microscopic slide. But the fighting men and leaders were mostly Magyars always.

Since the purpose of all this detail is to emphasize the geographical unity of Hungary it is necessary to go a bit further and point out a few of the results of this unity. The principal valleys of the Carpathians all open upon the Hungarian plain; the foodstuffs for the people are produced in these valleys and in the lowlands, while other materials necessary to the maintenance of a nation's life come from the highlands.

In consequence all round the rim of the basin have grown up important market centers; great towns through which the highlands and the lowlands exchange their commodities. In these towns all the country's chief industries also have been established as a natural result of their proximity to the regions of raw materials. They are linked up by an almost complete circle of railroads and highways and are all joined by main lines of railroad to the capital, the railroads having been for the most part the property of the state.

The Transylvanian Tangle

Budapest is naturally the economic center of the country and would seem to be indispensable to many of the towns that are being taken away from Hungary now, and that are cut off by mountain barriers and a complete lack of facilities of communication from other central markets.

If all the claims against Hungary are allowed by the Peace Conference the country will be deprived, her people say, of most of her natural resources.

Of her eight million acres of forest land she will have left less than a million and a half acres, while her coal will be reduced by more than half and her iron production by more than eighty per cent. And she expects to lose the greater part of her industries. Of her 19,916 kilometers of railway she expects to have left only 7515 kilometers.

The eyes of the Hungarians, however, are seldom turned to the northward. Their hearts yearn toward the south and ache over the loss of Transylvania. They grant that in Transylvania there are nearly three million Rumanians, but they are not willing to have these people detach from Hungary all the territory they have been permitted to occupy, together with large tracts to which Hungarians deny them title either nationalistic or historic.

In Transylvania the Magyars have been the rulers, the owners of the great estates and the developers of the resources of the land—they and the Saxons. They have paid the greater part of the taxes and must continue to do so if property rights are respected under Rumanian sovereignty.

Their superior culture is denied by nobody, but the Rumanians explain it by accusing them of age-long persecution and suppression. They say they have been denied the right to be educated, denied

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The King's Palace on the Heights of Buda, Budapest

What to Buy When to Buy

What to Buy-When to Buy-How Much

By Frank Pfeiffer, President
Pfeiffer Jewelry Company, Parsons, Kansas

We thought we *knew* what to buy. We thought we knew the tastes of customers, the character of our market, the goods that would move best and bring the biggest profit.

But we put a little Burroughs Adding Machine at work, totaling cash and charge sales by departments, inventorying stock at frequent intervals, and giving us information that we didn't use to have, because it used to cost too much to get it—

Then we found goods on our shelves that ought to have been sold long since, departments in the store that didn't pay as they should, charge accounts that always had a big balance against us, lines that weren't popular and didn't move.

We used to buy when we thought we could buy cheapest, or when we found we were "out" of something, or when some manufacturer's salesman offered us a fancy discount.

But our little Burroughs has taught us that systematic turnover is better than any supposed advantage of novelty, price or season.

Now we buy at regular intervals, based on the actual turnover of the goods—we're never out of stock of a profit-maker and we never load ourselves up with a two years' supply of a slow-seller.

The information which we get from our Burroughs is worth a good deal to us—in fact we could not operate without it.

Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

Burroughs

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Our Burroughs gave us the answer to "How much?" as easily as to "What and When?"

We know what we sold in each line in each month of last year, and we watch our inventory and buy accordingly. In a retail business, "on the shelf" means "overhead," and "long credit" means "unnecessary capital."

The amazing thing is that our increased profit today comes so largely from one of the first things a school boy learns—*addition*.

Burroughs Machines are profit-makers because they make adding *easy* and *accurate*.

Automatic totals mean regular information on which to run the business, and accuracy means saving of pennies that pay for the machine over and over.

Talk it over with the Burroughs representative when he calls. He will tell you just *how*, in your business, a Burroughs will help you to get the correct answers to the problems—What to buy—When to buy—How much—just as it has done for the Pfeiffer Jewelry Company.

Adding—Bookkeeping—Calculating Machines

Burroughs

(Continued from Page 87)

the right to speak their own language or even to pray in their own language. Be that as it may, the only language they know for the most part is Rumanian, and their brothers in Rumania are only about two per cent less illiterate than they—this small gain having been made in Rumania proper within the generation that is now in its youth.

With regard to the language question the Hungarian law says that the teaching of Magyar in state schools and universities is obligatory, while the teaching of the languages of the various nationalities is permitted. In private schools the language of instruction "is freely determined by the founders or supporters." And so lax has been the application of the law with regard to Magyar that in Transylvania Rumanian is and has been for many years the language of instruction in nine-tenths of the schools supported by the public purse. And this in spite of the fact that the Magyars have paid a large percentage of the taxes and that in only two counties have the Rumanians a majority of eighty per cent in the population. As for the right to pray in their own language, the Rumanians have filled the country with their Greek-Oriental churches without let or hindrance and have enjoyed as much freedom of worship as the 1,500,000-odd Roman Catholics, the 1,400,000-odd Protestants, and the 250,000 Jews who are destined to be liberated with them when they are gathered under the flag of a Greater Rumania.

By way of a few details: The Rumanians had in Hungary at the end of 1917 five seminaries, six preparatory schools for teachers, four colleges, one manual-training school, one ordinary high school, one commercial high school, and more than three thousand elementary schools in which the language of instruction was Rumanian. There were also some six thousand churches and priests of the Greek-Oriental persuasion. For the year 1917 the Hungarian Government spent 7,746,533 kronen on the Rumanian religious establishment, and 7,767,765 kronen for the maintenance of Rumanian schools. Some of this may have been hurried reform due to the lesson the war was then teaching, but not all of it. Such a stride of progress from unqualified oppression could hardly have been accomplished in a single year.

United on Territorial Rights

All of which is from the Hungarian point of view. And it appears to be a fact that Hungary's enemies are able to attack her line of defense only by flat denials of her assertions or by certain wholesale accusations which, though they undoubtedly do apply to the Magyars, apply as well for the same period of history to most of the peoples of Europe; accusations of a feudal spirit dominating the ruling classes and a general disregard on their part for the welfare of the masses.

The Magyar nobles to-day attempt to defend themselves against the charge of having oppressed the many alien nationalities under their control by saying that the same fate was meted out to the lower orders of their own race. It is a poor defense, but it acquits them in some degree of partiality. This was due to the character of their social organization and the system under which they were bred for generations.

More than forty-five per cent of the Magyar peasantry are to all intents and purposes little better than serfs even now. Of the 66,609 large landowners in Hungary 48,121 are Magyars, and from time immemorial these few among the millions have imposed upon the millions a ruthless overlordship which resulted in a social disproportion that is hardly equaled anywhere else in Europe. But the landowners have been made to recognize their own iniquity, and the distribution of land among the "lacklanders," as they are called, was in orderly progress long before Bolshevist propaganda even began to make headway among the people.

The ruling class did try in a haphazard kind of way to Magyarize the whole population. As I have said, it was their dearest wish, but it seems to have been more of a wish than a definite intention. In this connection they are rather amusing these days.

You say to one of them, "But you know you tried to rob these people of their nationality and turn them into Magyars!"

And his answer is almost sure to be, "Yes; and a fine job we made of it, didn't we!"

They have no delusions with regard to what they may expect. Though they passionately desire that their ancient borders shall be left intact, they recognize that the peaceful penetration of the peoples and the propaganda of their brethren on the outside have succeeded and that with the principle of self-determination applied by general consent they can hope for nothing better than a compromise with the nations that surround them. Their contention is that in annexing Rumanized Transylvania the Rumanians have no right to extend their lines into pure Magyar territory and annex millions of Magyars; that the Czechs in annexing the Slovaks have no right to cross Slovakian boundaries and on wholly economic grounds take over cities and territories that at least are more Magyar than anything else; and that the Serbs, who are really refugees on the north bank of the Danube, have no right at all, either ethnographic or historic, to the rich areas they demand. If the Serbs would base their claims on their victory in arms and quote the time-honored declaration that "To the victors belong the spoils," instead of so much sentiment, they would be able to understand and to accept the situation with a better grace.

Though their differences among themselves are many and great, on the issue of their territorial rights the Hungarians stand together as one man. They say they placed themselves unreservedly in the hands of the Peace Conference and that they had no wish to do anything but obey. But their wish to obey was based upon a hope that they would get what they would regard as a square deal. According to their belief they are not getting it, and to-day the peasant, however Bolshevist he may think he is, enshrines "*Nem! Nem! Soha!*" with his household saints, while the prince takes an oath for himself and his sons that neither he nor they will ever take any man's hand in peace until these rights are recognized and restored. It is a brave oath, but under the circumstances a completely hopeless one. It only means the "trouble in the Balkans" transferred to the heart of Europe and generations perhaps of such bitterness as consumes the abilities of men and arrests all human progress.

I made all these observations about three weeks ago, and that is a long time. I was hurried out of Budapest on the eve of the outbreak that resulted in the overthrow of the government and the declaration of war with Rumania, and since then many things have happened. But even though last month's events are ancient history nowadays a glance at the state of affairs that existed in Budapest just before the break may yet be interesting and somewhat illuminating.

Count Karolyi was president of the so-called republic, and I had been in the city only a day or so when I was invited to see him. The name of Karolyi had to most of our ears a kind of heroic ring. He had deplored from the beginning a war which he characterized as a result of the mistaken policy of the Dual Monarchy with regard to the Balkan problems, had prayed without light to guide him that it might be limited to what he regarded as the necessities, and had preached for years a constructive socialist doctrine for the betterment of the people.

At the beginning of the armistice he gathered round him a party in which were included representatives of every grade of society from the highest to the lowest, and for a long time there was no faith in Hungary except faith in him and in what he might be able to do to save the remnant of the country's fortunes.

Count Karolyi's Personality

But by degrees the radical element began to exercise an influence upon him which led to the estrangement of all the better minds, and eventually these elements established their leaders in the seats of government and practically controlled him. He consented to measures that could result in nothing but a complete subversion of all order and decency, and when the end came for the government he had established he was supported by nobody but the profiteers in the nation's distress and a few venturesome climbers. He had lost the confidence even of the crowd that once acclaimed him.

It was at this moment in his career that I met him.

His main predicament was simplicity itself, and without any other complications it was bound to ruin him. It was just that he could neither sign the peace that was in prospect nor organize an effective protest against it. He was still hoping, however, for something favorable from the Peace Conference and had already made his preparations to go to Paris. He expected to be summoned any day, and he thought the situation in Hungary would hold until he had done his utmost.

He was living in the king's palace, a magnificent structure which crowns the cliffs of Buda on the east bank of the Danube, and getting into his presence was a good deal like being presented at court without any of the courtly ceremonies and courtesies. One simply had to wait, and whether one waited on his convenience or his pleasure there was no way of knowing. Among his satellites there was the usual amount of whispering and tiptoeing, the usual posturings and pomposities, and I thought it was all very amusing under the circumstances. One of them, an oily person in a frock coat and gray spats, took the trouble to explain to me that the president was always late for his appointments, and I gathered that he looked upon this habit as a virtue rather than a shortcoming.

"Count Karolyi," he smiled, "was never known to regard an hour as a period of time worth bothering about."

It made no difference to me, however, because at the moment I had all the time there was. I was shown into a beautiful salon where there were some priceless tapestries and fine old pictures to be looked at, and at the end of about an hour and a half I was sent for.

If I had not been told what to expect my meeting with this man would have been an ordeal, in consequence of the fact that before I was told what to expect I had more or less idealized him. In addition to my conception of his personality I had heard him described as "one of the handsomest men in Europe."

And so he is. He is blind in one eye—staringly blind—has a cleft lip, and talks in his throat without controlled enunciation. But never mind. After the first sentence or two one understands him perfectly; after the briefest glance one loses sight entirely of the blind eye and the cleft lip, and after a few moments one sees nothing but his splendid shoulders and the strong nobility of his handsome head. With defects that ought to be horrible he is exceedingly good looking and manages to be curiously fascinating. He seemed to me to be imbued with a mighty earnestness, but I could not reconcile this with his reputation or with the position he had by that time created for himself. He plunged at once into the thing that was absorbing him. But first he wanted to know whom I had met in Budapest.

I mentioned a few names and he said: "Well, that's good. Those are just the people I would have had you meet. They are my bitterest enemies, so I'm sure you have heard the worst that can be said of me."

And I had. I had met some of his supporters and had heard him staunchly defended, but the usual expressions were of contempt for his weakness, resentment against his betrayal of his class, and fear for the welfare of the ignorant masses under his spineless leadership.

The Bolshevist movement was gathering headway in the city and neither the life nor the property of the ordinary citizen was safe, but though he had been accused of making an alliance with the Russian Bolsheviki for an offensive war against the Rumanians I learned at once to my own satisfaction that he at least was not Bolshevist at heart. In fact, he was astonishingly conservative, and his mind was occupied with just one thing—the breaking up of Hungary.

He recognized fully certain inevitable consequences of Hungary's defeat, but he was very bitter about the manner in which the country was being despoiled by her enemies and the indifference with which he felt she was being treated by those who had laid down the principle of a just settlement for all. He began by asking how the principle of self-determination could possibly be applied without a reference to the people themselves and declared that the Magyars alone, among all the peoples concerned in Hungary's fate, were willing to submit to and abide by a plebiscite in all the territories in question; territories that otherwise would be taken from Hungary by the mere arbitrary decision of a few politicians and diplomatists.

He said he knew that in certain sections all round the borders the voice of the people would be against Hungary, but that a registered vote, honestly taken, would at least serve as a basis of compromise that would be in some degree fair to Hungary.

"But there is no hope of an honest plebiscite," said he, "unless it be under British or American direction—preferably American, because it is known by the lowest peasant that America has no interests of her own

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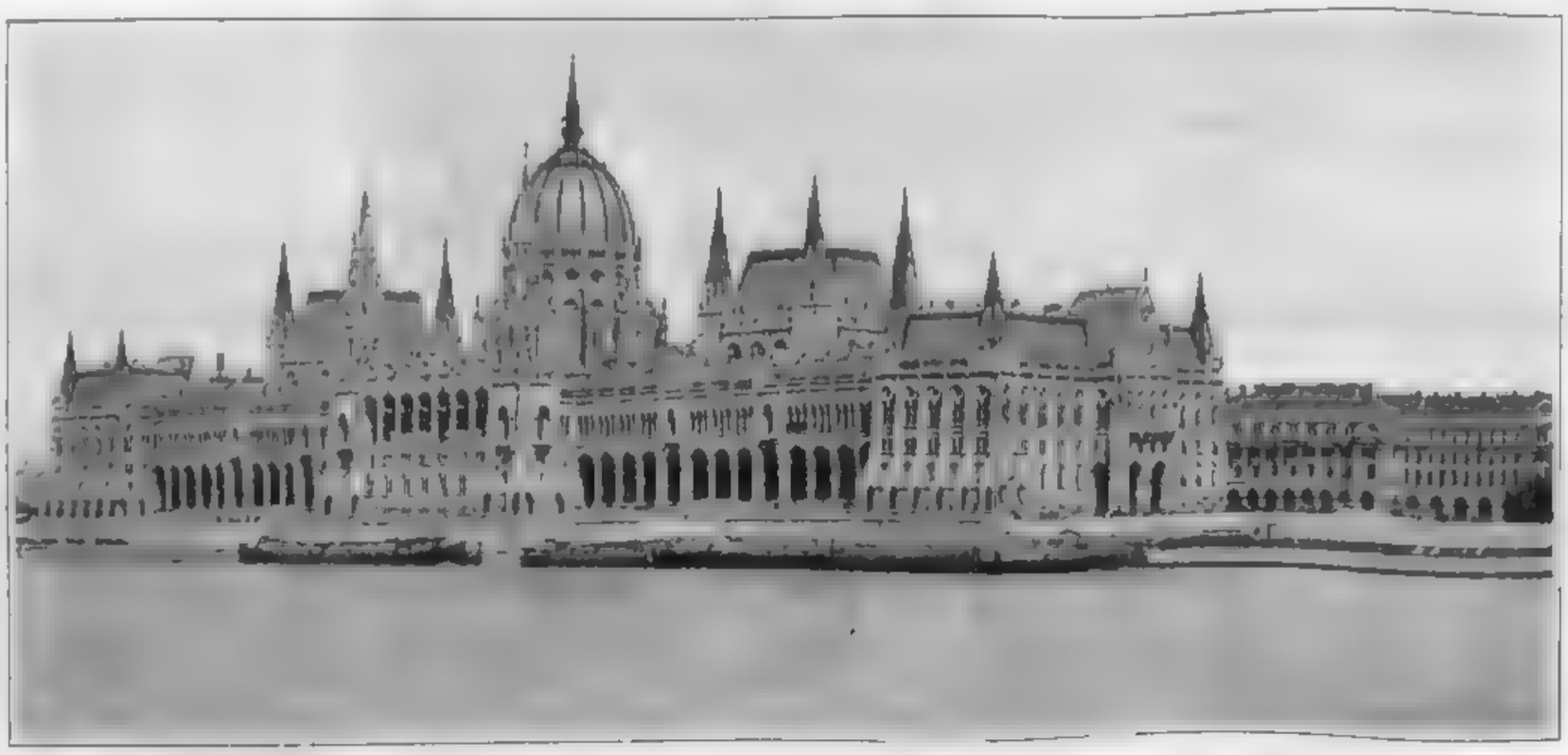

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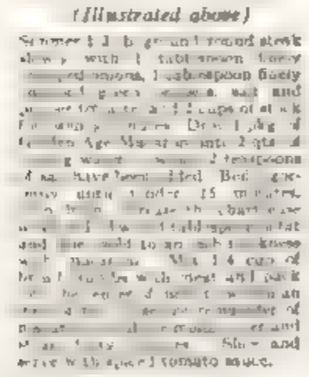

Dessert

Noodle Custard Pudding

GOLDEN AGE Americanized Macaroni seconds the hostess' invitation. And inviting is the name of it whether combined with meat or other foods, or served alone—a meal in itself, with more food value than meat and bread of equal weight. There's magic in macaroni, the most quickly prepared of dishes—magic in the way it combines with every variety of meat, vegetables, fruit—it makes everything from the breakfast cereal that begins a day even to a dessert that finishes the dinner at night.

There's magic in its life-giving, body-building strength—for babyhood, youth or age—while its wholesome appeal to the appetites of all ages, and its digestibility, make it the one food that you never get tired of. You can "live on it!" And there's magic in the amazing economy of Golden Age—it is the most food for the money that a ten-cent piece can buy. Sometimes the best living is the cheapest—and the most for your money the best for your health.

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Golden Age Macaroni

(Concluded from Page 20)

to serve and was not a party to any of the agreements with our enemies that were made while the war was in progress.

"If ten thousand of your American soldiers who are now idle in France could come over into Transylvania, for instance, to keep order and guard the ballot boxes, and some of your officers would undertake to get the votes of the people without interference from us or anyone else they would find Hungary ready to play the game square from beginning to end, and it would be a solution. The decision would be against us in certain areas, but in others it would be in our favor. Then we could balance the account with the Rumanians and take our medicine with some measure of philosophy. They could annex some hundreds of thousands of Saxons and Magyars along with their two million-odd Rumanians and we would retain a few Rumanians along with the two million or more Magyars who are included in the present Rumanian claim. Moreover, there might be some equitable adjustment of the economic interests involved.

"In the north it would be more difficult," he continued. "The Czechs have decided that the Slovaks are not capable of thinking for themselves, have announced that they will not submit to a plebiscite in Slovak territory and have gone ahead on the theory that any Hungarian territory that happens to have a few Slovak inhabitants must be taken under Czech control. Naturally we are quite helpless because we are taking our orders just now from the Peace Conference. In extending their borders to take in the million and a half Slovaks the Czechs impose their sovereignty upon nearly a million Magyars, some two hundred thousand Germans, one hundred and twenty-five thousand Ruthenians and a few old settlements of Croats, Serbs and Rumanians. But they are able to identify only Slovaks, and in their propaganda they compromise with the truth by simply not mentioning anybody else. But what do you think of their labeling their accomplishment 'self-determination' and borrowing money from the United States on the strength of it?"

He laughed and made a wry face.

"But it is manifestly absurd," he exclaimed, "to decide the fate of Hungary on ethnographic lines. That is what is going to be done, but it will be merely cutting up our extraordinarily mixed population into five sections and transferring large percentages of our aliens to other alien rule—to say nothing of hundreds of thousands of ourselves—instead of leaving us to work out our salvation together in a territory that geographically and economically is an indivisible unit. It could never be done—none of our people would ever consent to it if it were not for our record of blunders. It is all a result of our mistaken governmental policy. And yet we were not altogether to blame for that. It's a mistake to imagine that Budapest was never interfered with by Vienna. There was always a clique of Hungarians round the Hapsburg throne. We always referred to them as 'the Austrians.' They were sycophants and self-seekers; in politics for what there was in politics for themselves; and it was they, more than anybody else, who shaped Hungary's affairs. Naturally, they never offered any violent opposition to the imperial policies. But that is no kind of excuse to offer at this late date, is it?

"I belong to the Hungarian nobility; my family is one of the oldest and most honored in our history and, democrat that I am, I cannot help being proud of my ancestry and of the Hungarian nobility that has clung to its medieval arrogance always, and has managed to maintain its status in an unbroken line for more than a thousand years. But since the beginning of modern civilization my class in Hungary has been in the wrong.

"Nearly all the accusations that are made against us of tyranny and persecution are true. The only thing is that at the same time the same thing was true of the nobility in nearly all countries. And it is not true that in material things we discriminated particularly against our alien populations. They would not now be so prosperous and such desirable citizens for other countries if we had. There were many who did believe that an assimilation of these elements was a possibility and that the only wisdom was to impose upon them our language. It is true that all state papers were printed in Magyar only, that Magyar was the language of our courts and parliament and that a knowledge of Magyar was necessary to any man who wished to hold public office. But I can't yet think there was much unwisdom in all that. When the Lord confounded the tongues of men, men drew apart and were unable to combine their efforts further, even for the great purpose of finishing a tower that would give them a glimpse into heaven. If the Magyars had not tried to impose their language upon all the nationalities within Hungarian borders it would have been necessary for them to learn all the other languages—Rumanian, Ruthenian, Slovak, German, Serb, Croatian, Slovenian and Italian. And this in spite of the fact that the Magyars were as ten millions to eight in the population, were the people to whom most of the country historically belonged and represented at least seventy-five per cent of all its culture and wealth.

"But it was a good many years before the war that we gave up the idea of imposing our language on all the people. We began to reform long before reform was forced upon us; that at least we can say for ourselves, and if our enemies didn't have a lot of ancient history up their sleeves to hurl at us they could make no case at all. Our modern program—if we are ever permitted to carry it out—is based on just one thing, and that is the lifting of our people from the bottom up by intensive and compulsory education and by the bestowal of every material and economic advantage within the range of possibility. Since I began to think at all that has always been my thought. The age we live in demands the application of just such principles. I do not believe that men are born equal, but I do believe that freedom and opportunity should be given to each individual to establish for himself the best status he is capable of attaining in the social organization."

Doesn't sound very Bolshevistic, does it? On such remarks I made rapid notes.

"My enemies accuse me of selling out to the Jews and allying myself with the Bolsheviki," he continued. "Neither of these things is strictly true, though each has its foundation in a certain measure of fact. A little touch of Bolshevism will not hurt us. Its inevitable result will be a valuable revelation to such a people as the Hungarian. You mark my word, it can't go far. Our peasants and lower classes are a wholesome lot with really stanch civic virtues and an almighty pride in their race. They cling to the faith of their fathers and will continue to do so. I have no real fear for them. Of course there will be the powerful minority for the time being, living by the terror it creates, but in the end the right thinkers and the real patriots will prevail; and then—you will see!—there will be a magnificent killing in Hungary of the iconoclasts, the profiteers in the nation's degradation and the invaders and violaters of human sanctuary."

"Why don't you say such things to the people now?"

"The people are thinking of nothing but their hunger and the rapacity of our enemies. It is hopeless. They will have a go at anarchy and maybe at war. But just now the only possibilities are to beg the Allies for bread and to do our best to keep the temper of the crowd in leash."

He went on then to talk about the development of Hungarian culture and of how the Magyars by adopting Western standards in the Middle Ages in preference to the standards of the East out of which they came had made of themselves a wall of resistance against the encroachment upon Europe of Oriental beliefs and customs and had thereby won the right to be included in the brotherhood of Western peoples.

"Yet the Peace Conference," said he, "would hand millions of Magyars over to be ruled by one of the most backward peoples in the world, who, when the best is said of them, are nothing but a mixture of Latin and Slav blessed with the kind of civic virtues that naturally would be impressed upon such a people by five hundred years of Turkish sovereignty. Anyone who asserts that there is anything to choose between Rumanian and Turkish governmental methods is either ignorant or prejudiced. Honest Rumanians have been known to confess that their country must have Transylvania chiefly because it needs the kind of Rumanians that have been produced there under Austro-Hungarian authority."

I hesitated, but finally, as though it were all a matter of general knowledge and discussion, I said: "What action do you expect to take with regard to the orders you have received to fall back on the Transylvanian Front?"

He turned his keen and searching half-blind gaze upon me and permitted himself the briefest indication of surprise.

"No action at all! What should we do? Is it thought by anyone that Hungary has an organized force that could offer serious resistance to the Rumanians? We have been more than four years at war and we are exhausted both as to materials and men. We shall fight in the end, no doubt, and keep on fighting unless—I still have hope, you see, and my wish is to obey the Peace Conference until we know definitely that the peace they will offer us we cannot sign. Then—but who knows what may happen? The Peace Conference is not just making peace between nations and nations; it is dealing with the destinies of the hundreds of millions who cannot be dealt with in the old way."

All the time he had been elaborating his little map of Europe, making of it a 1920 model on the lines at the moment in prospect. The pencil he was using was red at one end. He suddenly turned the red end down and began to stroke red into the area of Russia; then Germany; then German Austria; then Hungary. He left Czechoslovakia and Poland white, but drew vertical lines through Rumania, Bulgaria and Jugoslavia, while he lightly dotted the rest of Europe, and thrust a red arrow out to the northwestward to indicate the British Isles, which he had not drawn.

"Do you see this?" he exclaimed. "In Russia one hundred and fifty million people; eighty million in Germany and German Austria, and ten million Magyars here in Hungary. Russia has shown how hopeless it is to try to deal with red. They are trying to settle this war as though it had been an ordinary war. It cannot be done. We shall turn red. All Germany will turn red. We shall join Russia; the Russians will overrun the states south of us; and two hundred millions strong we could crush Czechoslovakia and Poland as you would crush an eggshell in your hand. All Central Europe will crumble like castles of sand in a deluge, and France and England will be too busy with their own sporadic flames to do anything to beat out our conflagration. A terror will be let loose in the world, but behind it—as happens to be the case in Russia to-day—the inactive majority will be a thinking and a planning majority. The terror will run its course. Then there will be another Peace Conference, and in that Peace Conference perhaps even Hungary will have representation."

It was only five days after Count Karolyi said all this to me that he and his government were overthrown.

LOOKING BACKWARD

(Continued from Page 8)

At length the friends of Porter, led by Curtin and Slocum, succeeded in passing a relief measure through Congress. They were in ecstasies.

That there might be a presidential objection had not crossed their minds.

McDonald knew better. Without consulting them he came to me.

"You are personally close to the President," said he, "and you must know that if this bill gets to the White House he will veto it. With the Republican National Convention directly ahead he is bound to veto it. It must not be allowed to get to him; and you are the man to stop it. They will listen to you and will not listen to me."

First of all, I went to the White House.

"Mr. President," I said, "I want you to authorize me to tell Curtin and Slocum not to send the Fitz-John Porter bill to you."

"Why?" he answered.

"Because," said I, "you will have to veto it; and, with the Frelinghuysens wild for it, as well as others of your nearest friends, I am sure you don't want to be obliged to do that. With your word to me I can stop it, and have it for the present at least held up."

His answer was, "Go ahead."

Then I went to the Capitol. Curtin and Slocum were in a state of mind. It was hard to make them understand or believe what I told them.

"Now, gentlemen," I continued, "I don't mean to argue the case. It is not debatable. I am just from the White House, and I am authorized by the President to say that if you send this bill to him he will veto it."

That, of course, settled it. They held it up. But after the presidential election it was sent to Arthur, and he did veto it. Not till Cleveland came in did Porter obtain his restoration.

Curiously enough General Grant approved this. I had listened to the debate in the House—especially the masterly speech of William Walter Phelps—without attaining a clear understanding of the many points at issue. I said as much to General Grant.

"Why," he replied, "the case is as simple as A, B, C. Let me show you."

Then, with a pencil he traced the Second Bull Run battlefield, the location of troops, both Federal and Confederate, and the exact passage in the action which had compromised General Porter.

"If Porter had done what he was ordered to do," he went on, "Pope and his army would have been annihilated. In point of fact Porter saved Pope's army." Then he paused and added: "I did not at the outset know this. I was for a time of a different opinion and on the other side. It was Longstreet's testimony—which had not been before the first Court of Inquiry that convicted Porter—which vindicated him and convinced me."

When he chose to be, General Grant was the best of dinner men. He and Senator John S. Williams were old army chums in Mexico. They were telling stories at each other's expense across the hospitable board of a mutual friend.

"Do you remember," said Williams, "the day we had the horse race just outside of Monterey when you ran over a Mexican in the middle of the road?"

General Grant said he did. "And my horse beat your horse," he added.

"Yes," said Williams, "he did. I was diverted by the tumble you gave the Mexican, and rode back to see what had happened to him. He was dead, sir—dead as a doornail—head split wide open by your horse's hoof."

III

I HAVE never made party differences the occasion of personal quarrel or estrangement. On the contrary, though I have been and been always called a Democrat, I have had many near and dear lifelong friends among the Republicans. Politics is not war. Politics would not be war even if the politicians were always consistent and honest. But there are so many cheats and rogues and turncoats. Then, in politics as elsewhere, circumstances alter cases. Truth to say, I have as a rule thought very little of parties as parties, and professional party leaders and organizations, and I think less of them as I grow older. The politician and *the* auctioneer are of imagination all compact. One sees more mares' nests than would fill a book; the other pure gold in pinchbeck wares; both are out for gudgeons.

It is the habit—nay, the business—of the party speaker when he mounts the raging stump to roar his platitudes into the ears of those who have the simplicity to listen, though neither edified nor enlightened; to aver that the horse he rides is sixteen feet high; that the candidate he supports is a giant; and that he himself is no small figure of a man.

Thus he resembles the auctioneer. But it is the mock auctioneer whom he resembles; his stock in trade being largely, if not wholly, fraudulent. Slowly, albeit surely, the success which at the very outset of party welfare attended this legalized confidence game drew into it more and more players. For a long time they deceived themselves as much as other people. They had not become professional. They were amateur. Many of them played for sheer love of the gamble. There were rules to regulate the play. But as time passed and voters increased, the popular preoccupation multiplied the temptations and opportunities for gain, inviting the enterprising, the adroit and the corrupt to reconstitute

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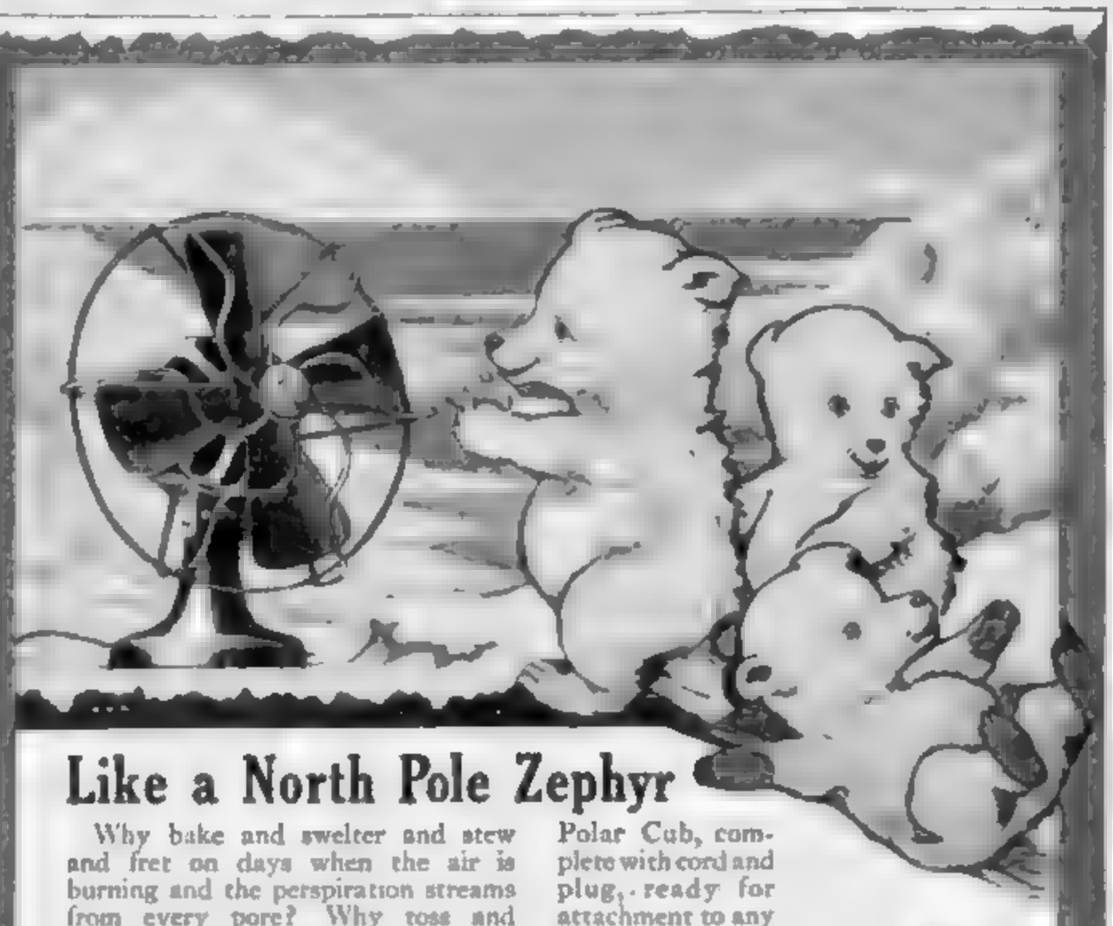

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patriotism into an asset and to organize public action into a bill of lading. Thus politics as a trade, parties as trademarks, and politicians, like harlots, plying their vocation.

Now and again an honest and a brave man who aims at better things appears. In the event that fortune favors him and he attains high station, he finds himself surrounded and thwarted by men less upright, less able and less courageous, who, however capable of discovering right from wrong and willing to do their duty, yet wear the party collar, owe fealty to the party machine, are sometimes the very slaves of the party boss. In the larger towns we hear of the city hall ring; out in the counties, of the courthouse ring. We rarely anywhere encounter clean, responsible administration and pure, disinterested, patriotic public service.

The taxpayers are robbed before their eyes daily and at noonday. The evil grows greater as we near the centers of population. But there is scarcely a village or a hamlet where graft does not grow like weeds, the voters as gullible and helpless as the infatuated victims of bunko tricks ingeniously contrived by professional crooks to separate the fool and his money. Is self-government a failure?

We would not have the votaries of despotism, of the rule of the aristocrat, the saber rattler and the right divine of kings tell us so, albeit we are ready enough to concede the imperfections of universal suffrage, too often committing affairs of pith and moment, even of life and death, to the arbitrament of the mob, and at all times costing more in actual cash than royal establishments, crowns and scepters.

The quadrennial period in American politics, set apart and dedicated to the election of presidents, multiplies and magnifies these evil features in an otherwise admirable system of government. That the whippersnappers of the vicinage should indulge their propensities comes in the order of their nature. But the party leaders are not far behind them. Each side construes every occurrence as assuring it certain victory. Take, for example, the latest state election anywhere. It foretold nothing. It threw no light upon events. It leaves the outlook as hazy as before. Yet the managers of either party affect to be equally confident that it presages the triumph of their ticket in the next national election. The wonder is that so many of the voters will believe and be influenced by such transparent subterfuge and contradictory claims.

Is there any remedy for all this? I much fear that there is not. All government is relative and illogical, impossible of perfection. It is as man is—good, bad and indifferent; which is but another way of saying we live in a world of sin, disease and death. We prefer republicanism. But despotism would not be so demurrable with a wise, beneficent despot.

IV

IN CONTEMPLATING the startling contrasts between foreign life and foreign history with our own, I cannot help reflecting upon the yet more startling contrasts of ancient and modern religion and government. I have wandered not a little over Europe at irregular intervals for more than fifty years. Always a devotee to American institutions, I have been strengthened in my beliefs by what I have encountered.

The tendency in our countrymen has been overmuch to belittle things American. The commercial spirit in the United States, which affects to be a nationalist, is in reality a cosmopolitan. Money being its god, French money, English money, anything that calls itself money is wealth to it. It has no time to waste on theories, to think of generics. "Put money in thy purse" has become at once its motto, its trademark and the reason of its being. The written organic law of the land is as Greek to it, as are many of the accepted laws of God. It is too busy with its moneymaking to think, or to feel, on any abstract question. That which does not appeal to it in the concrete is of no interest to it at all.

Just as in the days of Charles V and Philip II all things yielded to the theologian's misconception of the spiritual life, so in these days of the Morgans and the Hills, the Carnegies and the Rockefellers, all things spiritual and abstract must yield to what they call the progress of the universe and the tendency of the times. Under their rule we have had extraordinary movement just as under the lords of the Palatinate and the Escurial—the medieval union of the devils of bigotry and money—Europe, which was but another name for Spain, had extraordinary movement. We know where it ended with Spain. Whither is it leading us? Are we traveling the same road?

Let us hope not. Let us believe not. Yet, once strolling along through the crypt of the Church of the Escurial near Madrid, I could not repress the idea of a certain personal and physical likeness between the effigies in marble and bronze looking down upon me whichever way I turned, to some of our contemporary public men and seeming to say: "My love to the President when you see him next," and "Don't forget to remember me kindly, please, to the chairmen of both national committees!"

V

SINCE "Adam delved and Eve span"—if they ever did—in the Garden of Eden, "somewhere in Asia," to the Garden of the Gods directly under Pike's Peak—the earth we inhabit has at no time and nowhere wanted for liveliness—but surely it was never livelier than it now is; as the space-writer says, more "dramatic"; indeed, to quote the guidebooks, quite so "picturesque and interesting."

Go where one may, on land or sea, he will find activities of one sort and another to arrest his attention. Were he still living, Timon of Athens might be awakened from his misanthropy and Jacques, the forest cynic, stirred to something like enthusiasm. Is the world enduring the pangs of a second birth which shall recreate all things anew, supplementing the miracles of modern invention with a corresponding spiritual life; or has it reached the top of the hill, and, mortal, like the human atoms that compose it, is it starting downward on the other side into an abyss which the historians of the future will once again call "the dark ages."

We know not, and there is nobody to tell us. That which is actually happening were unbelievable if we did not see it, feel it, from hour to hour, from day to day. Horror succeeding horror has in some sort blunted our sensibilities. Not only are our sympathies numbed by the immensity of the slaughter and the sorrow, but patriotism itself is chilled by the selfish thought that, having thus far escaped, we may pull through without paying our share. This will account for a certain indifferentism we now and again encounter.

At the moment we are felicitating ourselves—or, is it merely confusing ourselves?—over the revolution in Russia. It seems of good augury. To begin with, for Russia. Then the murder war fairly won for the Allies a wise and lasting peace.

The bells that rang out in Petrograd and Moscow sounded, we hope, the death knell of autocracy in Berlin and Vienna. The clarion tones that echoed through the Crimea and Siberia, albeit to the ear of the masses muffled in the Schwarzwald and along the shores of the North Sea, and up and down the Danube and the Rhine, yet conveyed a whispered message which may presently break into song; the glad song of freedom with its glorious refrain: "The Romanoffs gone! Perdition having reached the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs, all will be well!"

Anyhow, freedom; self-government; for whilst a scrutinizing and solicitous pessimism, observing and considering many abuses, administrative and political, federal and local, in our republican system—abuses which being very visible are most lamentable—may sometimes move us to lose heart of hope in democracy, we know of none better. So, let us stand by it; pray for it; fight for it. Let us help the Russians to attain it. Let us help the Germans to attain it when they come to see, if they ever do, the havoc autocracy has made for Germany. That should ever constitute the bed rock of our politics and our religion. It is the only true religion. Love of country is love of God. Patriotism is religion.

It is also Christianity. The pacifist, let me parenthetically observe, is not a Christian. There are technical Christians and there are Christians. The technical Christian sees nothing but the blurred letter of the law, which he misconstrues. The Christian, animated by its holy spirit and led by its rightful interpretation, serves the Lord alike of heaven and hosts when he flies the flag of the republic and smites autocracy hip and thigh!

Editor's Note—This is the nineteenth of a series of articles by Mr. Watterson. The next will appear in an early issue.

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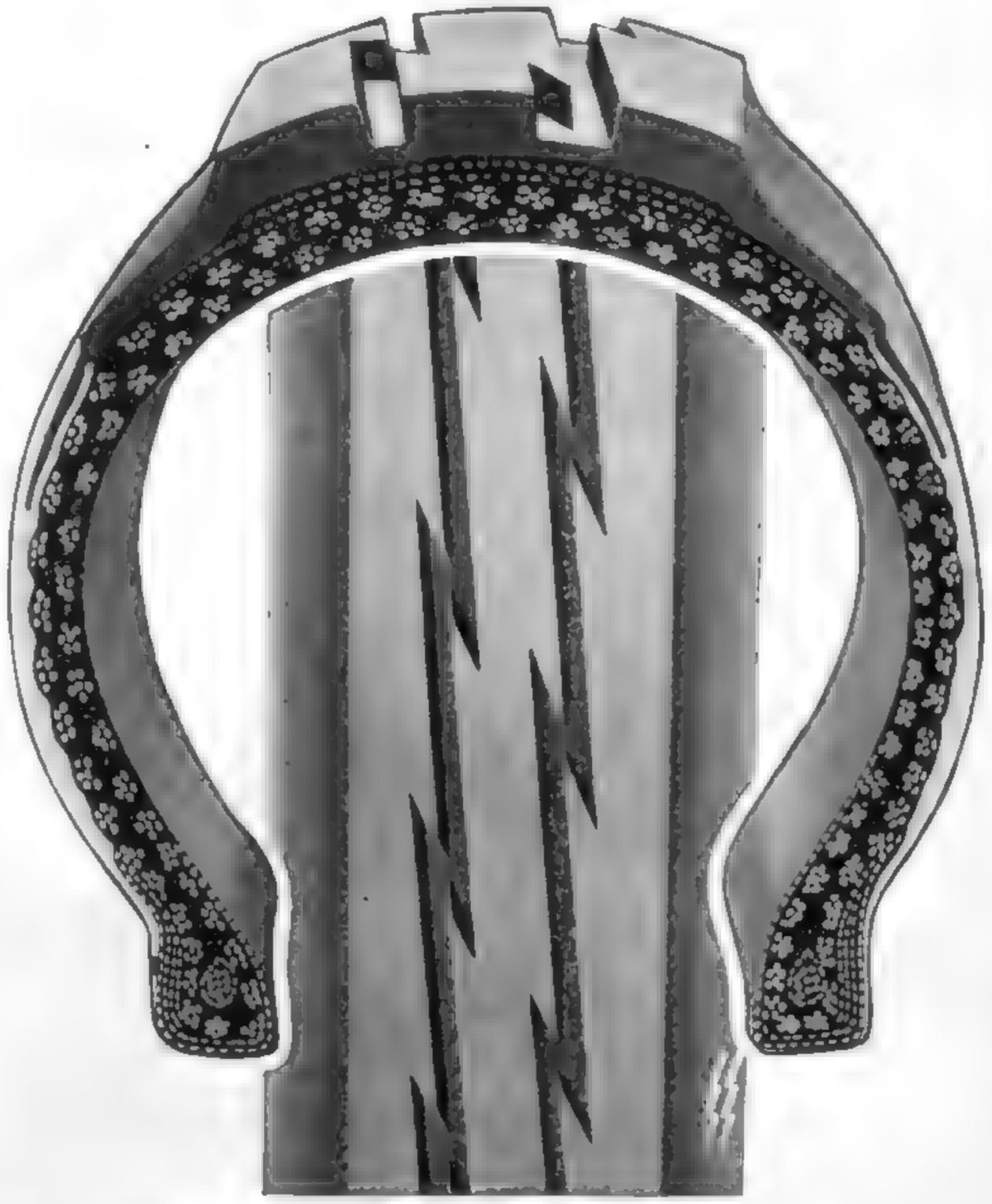

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LOVE

(Continued from Page 11)

Joan, Rose with her small, true soprano, Fat's tenor—he sang with the face of an angel choir boy now, all disputes forgotten—and Danny's big, preternaturally grave barytone; the High School Quartet, singing close harmony, sounded clear through a rising chorus of other voices. The clumsy words, the poor thin tune of the song—were lost in sheer poignant beauty of sound. All the voices sang like one—the clear lonely voice of youth:

You'll repeat the words you said
On the day when we are wed!
"Will you and I be sweethearts—when we're old?"

"All out!"

"Oh, Hank! Have a heart, Hank! No!"

They had reached the foot of the long hill. Hank pulled up his horses and waited stolidly while the crowd climbed out of the hayrack, the usual chorus of protest going up. They liked the walk and liked also to pretend that they did not, but while they protested they were shedding extra sweaters and furs, stamping life back into numb feet and stretching cramped young limbs, glad to move again. And they would escape over the brow of the hill, down the narrowing trail to camp, discreetly wooded, where they might vanish two by two. Rose and Red were almost out of sight already. Under cover of a golf cape he held her hand. Others followed—laughing, scuffling groups that would pair off later; silent, hurrying pairs; Fat, dragged feet first from the hayrack, resisting gallantly, and protesting—with some truth—that nobody loved a fat man, then started bravely up the hill alone.

"Bless you, my children!" he called. "Go as far as you like! I can't see you. I'm blind; snow-blind.

"The animals went in two by two,
The elephant and the kangaroo,"

he added, clambering heavily up the slope, but finding breath enough to sing.

"Poor fool!" Danny commented to Joan concisely.

"Danny, don't be cross!" Joan said.

Danny was having trouble with a broken overshoe buckle, and they had dropped back to the rear of the procession and then behind it. They climbed silently side by side. Joan, free of her heavy coat, slender and straight in short skirt and scarlet sweater, breathed deep and kept step with Danny, bending forward to the slope. How strong Danny was; so strong that you felt strong, too, when you walked beside him; and you were never tired. Back there in the confusion of the hayrack, the silly little fights and the songs, Joan had lost some of her joy in the day. She wanted it to come back. It would come, perhaps, as she climbed.

"Hold your horses!" Danny said. They were on the crest of the hill now. Danny had knelt to adjust the broken buckle again. Joan perched in an angle of fence under a sheltering pine and waited. Behind, the long road they had come by looked shrunken and small; the road ahead, dipping and curving down, looked infinitely long. Down the dim length of it, close-crowding rows of pine, black-green, shot through here and there with the sharp white of the birches, led on and on to the heart of the woods; to the heart of the world. Joan loved this place, but it seemed strange to-day—so still, so white. Far down the road ahead the last of the crowd were vanishing; Hank in the empty rack had just driven past them and they were calling after him, calling and singing. Joan could not hear the words, but she knew the tune. It sounded alien and shrill in the quiet, here, as if she had never heard it before and would never care to hear it again.

"Will you and I be sweethearts—sweethearts ——"

"I'm sick of that song," Joan said. "Fix your buckle. I want to go."

"The buckle wasn't broken," Danny said. He said it deliberately and rudely, as he always spoke when he was ashamed and trying to brazen things out. For a minute he did not move. Then he got up and came to Joan and brushed the snow from the fence rail and sat by her. He sat very close, but not touching her. There was a look in his eyes that Joan had not seen there before. They were not like Danny's eyes. Joan felt afraid of them without knowing why; afraid of Danny. "I wanted to get you alone. I've got to talk to you."

"What do you want?"

"You ought to know."

Joan shrugged herself closer into her sweater and shivered.

"Cold?"

"No. You tell me what you want," Joan said.

Joan dropped her head, staring down at the trampled snow. She saw it through gray gathering haze. She did know what Danny wanted. Little signs he had given her, little things he had said, came back to her all at once. She should have known before, but now she knew. And he was spoiling her day—her beautiful day.

"You want us—you and me—to act like the others," she said in a dry, hard voice. "That's what you want."

"Yes!"

"You and me? Oh, Danny!"

"When a fellow goes with a girl, he—he wants to get something out of it," Danny said. He looked straight ahead as he talked, with his jaw squared, his heavy shoulders set. He looked like a little, bent old man—a stranger—her Danny. "There are others, if you don't treat me right. If you like me, show it. It won't hurt you. You act as if you were too good for common folks. A fellow don't like to look like a fool before the other fellows. You make me look like a fool."

"Just because Fat laughed at you?"

"The girls laugh too. They all laugh. We won't discuss it. You just get this: Treat me right or we'll split up. Take your choice. It's up to you. You can take me or leave me, but you can't go on making me look like a fool."

That was all. Danny paused, then went on in a voice that sounded a little kinder, a little ashamed:

"I meant to get the horse and pung and take you out and talk to you sometime when I had a good chance, but Fat got me sore and I couldn't wait. We had a showdown coming to us; I feel better now. You understand, Joan; I think just as much of you as I ever did. I think a great deal of you. Are you mad with me? You've got no call to cry. Joan, please don't cry. I like you. I'm crazy about you. It wasn't all because Fat laughed. Will it be all right, Joan—Joan?"

Joan had thrown a protecting arm across her face. She felt Danny pull at it clumsily.

"You've spoiled everything!" she sobbed. "How could you? Oh, Danny!"

Danny was standing now, waiting, shifting awkwardly about on the hard-trodden snow. He was watching her, puzzled at first, then surprised and afraid. She could hear him there close beside her. She could hear him draw long, worried breaths. Danny wanted his answer. She turned away from him, crouching against the pine tree, hiding her face.

How still it was! Somewhere far down below, the crowd might be singing. Here, high above the world, there were no songs, no sounds at all. Only a wind moved in the tree above her; a little wind that died before it reached Joan. Something about this place was making Joan quiet, too, like a hand laid on her heart; a hand that stopped the pain.

"Joan?" Danny's voice was quite eager and humble. Joan lifted her head. She was ready to answer him. She could not see his face very clearly, but she kept her eyes on it.

"It will be all right," she said. "I'll do what you want. I always will."

"Joan!" Now she could see Danny's face. It was near her as he bent close. It was pale, and the eyes were kind and troubled. He did not mean to hurt her, poor Danny! She could see Danny's face, and behind it and all round it, clean and new like a new-born world and beautiful again, the light of the morning sun on the blue-white snow.

"Joan, will you kiss me?"

"Yes." Danny's face came closer. His arms reached out. Joan raised her face, closing her eyes, waiting for her first kiss. It was coming. It was here and it was very beautiful. Love!

The younger set of Carter's Falls was dancing in Odd Fellows' Hall.

The chairman of the floor committee for the annual high-school alumni concert and ball sat on the highest step of a shaky step-ladder on the flower-decked stage and watched. She had climbed there to take down the big "welcome" sign, rose letters against a background of gray—the school colors. She sat still because she was tired. It was the morning after the ball; bright, cool, still morning of which New England Junes are made. Her crowd had dropped in to help take down the decorations. They were dancing now instead.

"Joan, come down!" a voice called to her. Fat Prentiss, waltzing past, had discovered her up there in the dark of the stage. "I'd turn down Rose—anybody—for you." But Joan shook her head, declining this comprehensive offer. She could not dance to-day. There was something she had to do. Up here she was planning just how to do it; what words to say. For she meant to do it before this morning was over; to do it now—to-day.

The crowd was all here but one; all here but Danny. Scattered in winter at school and college, now, in summer, they spent few of their waking hours apart. Their ranks were soon to be broken. Rose was to be married in September to Billy Brooks. Billy and George Van Buren, another New York boy—his best man for the wedding—were in town, and here dancing now with the rest. It would be a big wedding, with six bridesmaids and decorations of golden-rod. It was the first in the crowd, but there were other weddings in sight. For this last summer only the crowd was still the crowd. How well they danced! Someone was playing the Blue Danube on the battered old piano, off key but gallantly accented. Only a few straggling palms and one streamer of faded bunting decked the half-denuded hall. The floor was dusty in the strong morning light and strewn with confetti and crumpled dance orders. Fat had rescued and now wore tucked above his ear a crushed pink-cambric rose. He lifted his voice and sang above the clatter of the piano, and the others sang with him. The weekly paper would call the ball the social event of the season; but this was the real party, these whirling, dancing pairs—only twelve, but they filled the floor. The hall and the world were theirs by right of their laughing, dancing youth.

And Joan was part of all this and to-day she could feel it. The other girls were carefully and daintily dressed in soft-colored chambrays and organdies—flimsy things that would fade and outlast few summer mornings. Joan owned little cheap finery and she had come here to work. She wore a collarless blouse rolled high above the elbows; her arms were too thin, but the flesh was a lovely clear white with faint blue veins showing through. There was a badly mended tear in her short shabby skirt and her stockings were cotton and her shoes bought in Carter's Falls, but they were soft and old and had caught the lines of her high-arched feet. In the tarnished mirror that hung in the wings she could see her face; heavy hair swept back from her forehead, flushed cheeks, dark eyes that burned with a restless light. It was beautiful. And through all her slender body, crouched on the ladder there, she was awake, alive—strong with warm, restless strength. She could do what she had to do.

"Egypt?" It was Fat's name for her. Joan started, laughed and looked down. There had been a change from a waltz to a two-step, a shift of partners, and Fat, dropping down on a step of her ladder, was frankly but cheerfully mopping his brow. He held up his cambric rose to Joan.

"'To me, it is my heart,'" he explained with satisfaction as she accepted it, pinning it at the neck of her blouse.

"What would Danny say?" Joan, who had provoked it deliberately by mentioning Danny's name, watched the change in Fat's good-natured face.

"Danny!" he growled. "Where is he?"

"Coming round at noon to walk home with me. He couldn't get off this morning. They needed him at the store. You don't like Danny?"

"Like him! But you won't let me talk." Joan was silent, smiling. "You will?"

"Yes, Fat, I will to-day," Joan said gently.

"Danny!" Fat began passionately. "Danny!" Then he paused while long pent-up grievances all struggled for utterance first. "He's not good enough for you."

"Aunt Ellen says that no man is good enough for any woman," said Joan primly.

"Danny! Who is Danny?" Fat demanded, now fully under way, though incoherent still. "A Price, and there's bad

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blood in them. They're cranky. His own uncle didn't speak to his wife for ten years, and nobody knew why. What prospects has Danny got? His brother will get what's left when his mother goes—if there is any left. She sends more than half her income to him now and she's gone into principal. The bank's bought a bond from her. Red told me. Red's got the only job in this town with a future—a job in the bank. The rest of us have got education, and jobs in sight. I can have a hundred a month in a Boston law office, if I can't do better. And what's Danny? A clerk, that's what he is—a clerk in a drug store; and he may be one till he dies. You'll be stuck here with the crowd going off one by one; stuck in this one-horse town together. And you're working in a millinery store. You, Joan, you!" Joan put a restraining hand on his shoulder and he quivered at her touch but grew still. "You!" he said. "Why, you could get somebody else, if you threw Danny down; anybody else—Georgie Porgie."

Mr. George Van Buren was thus nicknamed by the crowd, which had adopted him completely. "He's got money—oodles of it. You could get him, if you'd try."

"Don't be silly!"

"Well, you could." An awkward little pause fell between them. They both knew that Fat had not come yet to the point he wished to make—his real grievance against Danny. His cheeks grew red, though he kept his eyes bravely on hers. He was coming to it now.

"How long has Danny been going with you?"

"Always," Joan said softly.

"That's right," Fat agreed gloomily. His face grew a deeper red. He was speaking now of private and delicate things.

"Joan, listen here. All that stuff—going together, spooning, oh, you know—well, there's no harm in it. I've been there myself. We all have. But there's a time for it and we're getting past it. We're not children. We're more than twenty—even Rose. It's time we settled down. Why can't you and he get married and live with his mother? Why can't you say you're engaged, if you are?" Fat paused, but got no information. "If you are. Of course I don't know what understanding you have."

"You don't, Fat."

"I don't want to know," said Fat, grieved.

"It's all right, Fat. I said you could talk," Joan reminded him kindly; and he finished, his round face wrinkled into worried lines of embarrassment and real pain, his eyes fixed on some spot in front of him, where he evidently saw nothing and looking rather as if they were about to cry.

"No fellow has a right to go too long with a girl without getting engaged."

Joan did not answer. She looked away from him, over the heads of the dancers. The two-step was stopping in a crashing medley of old and new dance music, a burst of laughter; and with it Fat's chance to talk straight to her was ending too. They both knew it. Fat, pressing close to the ladder, reached up an awkward hand with a shyness strange to him and touched his rose, which she wore.

"A rose," he said huskily. "A damn gingham rose, when I'd like to give you the world. Joan, I mean it."

"I know."

"Some day you'll be sorry."

"I'm sorry now, Fat dear."

"Oh, Joan!"

Poor Fat. He left her and as the dance broke up was caught up at once into the general rough-house that followed. His voice rose presently, high above the rest. They were arguing some vital question, like the place of the picnic to-morrow. Joan did not stop to listen. While she talked to Fat, Mr. George Van Buren had turned a decorous but inquiring gaze toward the stage. She did not want to talk to him now. She slipped down from her ladder and drew back into the wings and then into the tiny dressing room at the right of the stage. She pulled the one chair close to the table and sat there, pressing both hands to her forehead. She did not want to talk to anyone until she had done what she had to do.

It was almost time now to do it. Through the noise in the hall she could hear distant factory whistles blowing. It was twelve and soon Danny would come. She would see him here alone when the crowd had gone home to dinner. It would not take long. She could do it in fifteen minutes. It was easy. She wanted Danny to come. She wanted it to be done.

"I spy!" said a voice in the door behind her. "Hiding?"

Joan turned, frowning. It was not Danny who stood in the door, but Mr. George Van Buren with such a pleased look in his blue eyes that she could not be angry.

"I was hiding, but you can come in," she said.

He perched on the dusty table gracefully. Just as gracefully he had fitted into their crowd and their summer and the ways of their little town. His clothes, his serge suit and soft shirt, were good and not too good. He looked cool and immaculate after the dancing, but his blond hair clung damply to his forehead like a little boy's. Sometimes he looked younger than all the crowd, and sometimes much older. How nice he was, this boy with oodles of money, this best friend of Rose's Billy, this boy from another world.

"I like you," said Joan abruptly.

"How much?"

"So much." Joan measured off space in the air with her hands, laughing.

It was easy to laugh with this boy. She was serious with all the other boys.

"An inch more than yesterday!"

"Please!" Thus encouraged, he had caught her hands and held them between his, which felt smooth but strong. Joan drew her hands away. "Not yet."

"When? Joan—you said I could call you Joan—I want to write to my mother."

"What do you want to say?"

"I want to say that you'll marry me."

"I haven't said so yet."

"Joan, I can't wait much longer."

"You've known me just five weeks."

"I'd known you just five hours the first time I asked you to marry me. Joan, what's the matter? Is it the money I'll have? You don't dislike it?"

"I want it." They both laughed.

"That's good. We can have good times with it. We're both so young. But I'd live on a hundred a month with you—and earn it myself."

"You could," said Joan gravely.

"Thank you." They laughed again. "But Joan, if it's not the money, what is it? You're not bound to—anybody else?" He avoided Danny's name elaborately. "You told me so. But there's something that keeps you away from me when you don't want to be kept. I feel it all the time. And you do."

"Yes," said Joan faintly.

"What is it?"

"I don't quite know." Joan pushed back her chair and stood up, facing him across the battered table. She had never liked him better, Billy's friend, who was her friend too—her very own, closer than Rose. She put her hand into his and held it with a fierce little grip. Outside, with one crashing discord, the music stopped. The dancing was over. The crowd was going home, hungry but not too hungry to argue and scuffle and sing. The noise died down quickly. The hall was emptying.

"They're going. You go," Joan said. "But come back this afternoon. I won't make you wait any longer. I'll tell you then. You don't look pleased."

"I don't feel pleased. I'm afraid."

"You needn't be, because I think—I think I am going to tell you yes."

"Ah, there, don't let me butt in!" Red Worcester, entering, inspected the little room and the tête-à-tête with the ever-hopeful eyes of the newly engaged. There was not much to see. Only two composed young people who greeted him politely.

That Poor Little Trumpery Mess of Things Lying There in the Crude June Sunlight Could Not Hurt Her Any More

"Hitting it off pretty well? Go as far as you like, Joan. We want to keep this guy in Carter's Falls. New York's not big enough for him. He's too good for this world and he sure is too good for New York."

"I'm too good for you, Old Top." A brief but creditable scuffle followed.

"Houdini," said Red as it finished, bowing to his friend with exaggerated respect, "and not a hairpin out of place. He comes up smiling. Well, I've got to take this guy home. You waiting for Danny? Old girl"—Red patted her shoulder clumsily and spoke low—"I'd hate to see you wait too long for any man."

Joan smiled. This was Red's idea of tact, and she liked Red. But she waited alone in the little room till the two boys and all the others were gone; till the door slammed for the last time and the last footsteps went clattering down the stairs. Then she stepped out on the stage and down into the deserted hall.

Joan sat on the edge of the stage and waited, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her clasped hands, her wide, unwinking eyes on the door of the hall, the door through which Danny would come. The time that she sat there seemed long to her. Round her the hall looked smaller and emptier and the palm leaves more yellow and faded. The high noon sun was too hot. The last echo of laughter had hardly died away, but it was lonely here. She was alone with the thing that she had to do. Joan was ready to do it, but all excitement was leaving her. Words that she wanted to say were slipping out of her mind. Her whole body felt heavy and tired. She could just manage to do it. She was ready, that was all. And she could never do it, if she did not do it to-day.

She could do it—if nothing stopped her. Well, nothing could. There was no reason why she should not do it; no reason. Joan lifted her head, finding it suddenly hard to breathe. There were stale scents in the air; cheap perfumes, dying flowers. A great jar of flowers stood close to her. Joan pushed them away. They were syringa and lilac—white lilac, withered but still white; white, like new-fallen snow with the morning sun on it. What George had said came into her mind and would not go away; he had said that she was kept from him by something. Joan knew what it was. It was always with her. It was here now trying to stop her; trying hard. But it could not stop her. She would do it. She would break with Danny.

Joan listened for his steps on the stairway. She heard them. He was here.

"Crowd gone?" Danny said. He stood still in the door and looked at the empty hall and Joan looked at Danny. Though she knew his face so well, it stood out clear like a stranger's face. It looked pale and drawn with the heat. It was a heavy face. The chin was stubborn, the mouth sulky, but Joan liked the eyes. They were blue, but they looked black with the sun in them. He wore a blue shirt that matched them and a blue crocheted tie that Joan had made, and his working clothes. The coat was quite shiny at the seam. He was so heavily built that he looked shorter than he was. He was almost fat. A fat boy, a shabby small-town boy; that was all he was. That was Danny.

"Well, we don't need the crowd," he said. He crossed the hall and sat by her and slipped a careless arm round her waist. Joan let him. Her head slipped into its accustomed place on his shoulder and her hand into his. Danny drew a long comfortable breath.

"I couldn't get off before. This weather doubles trade. That peach delight goes fine. You all right? Not too tired?"

Joan did not answer but he only drew her a little closer, getting both her hands into one of his. It was her cue to struggle and try to break his hold and be laughed at, but she did not.

"You are tired," he said quite gently. "We'll beat it now for dinner. I'll be round to-night."

"Not to-night."

"What's the idea?"

"Danny, let's you and me ——"

"Well?"

"Let's sit here a little longer. I—I'm not hungry yet."

"Morning after?" said Danny. "That was some party! You're a smooth little dancer. And I know who thinks so too."

"Jealous?"

"Of Georgie Porgie? Red says I ought to be; hands me lots of hot air."

"Hot air?"

"A swell chance you'd have with a dude like that. He's a good sort, but he wouldn't look twice at a small-town girl except to pass the time while he's here." Danny was kind, but quite sure. "Don't get ideas in your head about him, Joan."

"Danny, suppose ——"

"What?"

"Suppose I said you ought to be jealous?"

"Jealous?" Danny turned and looked at her, staring close into her eyes. Then deliberately he held the soft straying hair away from her forehead at the left temple—his place—and kissed it. He laughed. "I don't have to be jealous. I'm tired, too, to-day. Don't fool with me."

"Danny, are you and I engaged?"

"I don't get you."

"Are we engaged?" This time it was easy to say it; quite easy, though into Danny's face—bewildered at first—was coming just the look she had expected to see.

"What's wrong with you?" he said. "I told you not to fool with me."

"Are we engaged?"

"If you put it that way—no."

"Then I'm through."

"You don't mean that," he said.

"You can't come round to-night. You can't ever come round again. I won't go with you any more. I'm through! I'm through!"

"Just like that?"

"Just like that!" With the words a little conquering ring that she could hear herself came into Joan's voice. The two were on their feet now facing each other. Danny's eyes were angry. Joan was not angry; she could have laughed. She was through. She had broken with Danny. He stood before her dumb, beaten. It was done, and the thing that had tried to stop her could never stop her now. Never! But there was a mist before her eyes and she could not see. Danny was speaking again. His voice sounded thick and strange.

"Then have it your own way." He paused, then went on more slowly, meaning to hurt. "No girl can nag me or manage me or get a rise out of me. You know me. You know that's true. Things might have come out all right if you had let me alone and trusted me. They might, but it's too late now. I think a lot of you. But if you're through, I'm through. Good-by, Joan."

"Good-by," Joan tried to say, but her voice would not come. Without another word or another look he turned and left her. She heard the door close and then no other sound. He was going—going! Danny!

"Danny!" Joan could speak now. She could move. A little quiver ran through her like life coming back to numb limbs—life and pain. The hall, the palms were dim before her eyes and she saw only flowers; white flowers, like the white of snow. They seemed to be everywhere, as stumbling, hurrying blindly, she got somehow across the hall to the door. Her hands could not find the handle.

"Danny!"

She had tried to call very loud and her voice was only a strangled whisper, but he heard. The door opened and he stood there holding out his arms. She slipped into them and clung to him.

"Danny!"

"I thought—I thought you meant it," she heard, in a scared changed voice that

(Concluded on Page 100)

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DISSTON SAWS AND TOOLS Standard for Nearly Eighty Years—and Growing Faster Every Year

(Concluded from Page 98)

was Danny's. "Don't you ever talk like that to me again!"

"No." She pressed her face close against his shoulder and rested there. It was wonderful just to be there, quiet, in Danny's arms. Danny held her tight and trembled as he held her. Did he feel, too, this thing which she felt; this thing that was always with her; this thing she had fought to-day? She would never fight it again. It was too strong to fight.

"Joan, you're my girl—mine!"

"I'm your girl," Joan said.

It was very beautiful, and it was very strong. Love!

The elms grew so close to the little low white house that it was not too hot in Aunt Ellen's attic, though it was afternoon and long patches of yellow sunlight lay on the clean unpainted boards of the floor. It was the first of June, the day when Aunt Ellen had the winter furs put away. It was slow work. Joan's fur-lined coat, worn for three winters, and Aunt Ellen's old-fashioned sealskin cape and all the rest had their allotted number of newspapers and pins. Joan had to do it alone. Aunt Ellen's rheumatism was worse and she could not climb the winding stairs and Hannah came here only at housecleaning time. Joan's work was done now. She shut the door of the cedar closet. She drew the red-cushioned ottoman under the skylight, opened the skylight wide and sat there, settling luxuriously down on the soft old plush, the broken, yielding springs. She had brought a square, brassbound box from the cedar closet. She rested it on her knees, leaning over it, hugging it tight. It was time for a ceremony now that was all her own, not Aunt Ellen's; time for it again—and another year had passed.

Another year! Joan's years were all alike and pleasant enough. She had found her first white hair, but she had pulled it out and no more had come yet. Hannah thought her new hat too young for her. It was trimmed with a wreath of French flowers so expensive that they had not sold in the store and had been given to her—crimson roses.

"Red was your color when you were a girl," Hannah said.

Only last week a child in her Sunday-school class had called Joan a new name—"cross old maid," though she sobbed with both arms round Joan's neck soon after and said:

"You're not cross. You're beautiful."

Joan was pretty, still—pretty now in her long, straight apron faded to lovely Madonna blue, with her dark parted hair in a low loose knot. She was pretty in a new sweet way, a tantalizing way. There was mocking lure in her eyes, new promise in her smile. She had never been so pretty; Joan knew.

"But I'm twenty-eight," said Joan out loud. "That's funny. Twenty-eight years old." She was forgetting her box. She took a key from her apron pocket and opened it.

It was a little box and it was not half full. She emptied it on the ottoman and knelt before it, fingering the litter of small objects there, arranging them, spreading them out; then finally sitting still on the bare sun-warmed floor, she just looked at them. They were treasures and relics of her affair with Danny. She never added to them now. She and Danny were too old for such nonsense. But every year she got them out and looked at them; looked long and cried a little and put them away again.

She had been going with Danny for years. At first things happened. Danny got his raise, his chance to buy into the firm. He had something that made the store go—executive ability they called it when they made him vice president of the board of trade. It was stubbornness, Joan thought; getting his own way and not giving up. He was not progressive. He fought all innovations—accounting machines, the new perfume counter—until he was quite sure he wanted them, then he fought for them. He owned stock in the bank now, and mill stock, and he was buying in mortgages. He sank every extra penny in them, allowing himself only ten dollars a week to spend. He would never be rich, but he would be comfortable some day. He still lived with his mother, but he had two rooms in her house, an upstairs sitting room connecting with his bedroom, and he had put in a new bathroom between.

Not so much had happened to Joan. A belated year in a finishing school, for which Aunt Ellen had saved, but Joan was older than the other girls and unhappy there. Visits to Rose and the other girls of the crowd, all married now but Joan, and caring more every year for their new babies and new friends, so that Joan made few visits now. When they came home for the summer in Carter's Falls they were more and more like strangers, all but Rose, but there were picnics and parties, reunions of the old crowd. Fat, impressive and prosperous but not married yet, came home for week-ends in whatever make of roadster appealed to him at the moment, and played the latest musical-comedy airs on Joan's old square piano. It was Fat who told her first about Georgie Porgie's death—Georgie Porgie still to the town though he had never made a second visit.

He had been lost at sea in his sailing yacht, going down with it after the guests and the crew were saved. Even Fat had almost forgotten that this news would have special interest for Joan.

Nothing ever happened now to Joan and Danny. They were going together, that was all. Joan used to wonder how their affair would end; used to be unhappy, jealous, listening when Danny talked to other girls, watching his mail, lying awake at night to cry. There were scenes too; not very many, for Danny hated them so; bitter reproaches for little grievances, since she did not dare to speak of big ones—she might lose Danny. There were quarrels and making-up, comforting words whispered through her window at night, minutes in the moonlit garden with no word spoken that were the best of all. But those days were over. Things went smoothly. Aunt Ellen was used to Danny. He could kiss Joan good night openly at the front door or sit in the sacred front parlor with his arm round her while Aunt Ellen knitted in the back parlor. Hannah liked him and kept the cooky jar full for him. He called every other evening and came to dinner on Sunday and took Joan to drive. This was Saturday afternoon; he was washing the buggy now.

Joan turned to her treasures again. She had been neglecting them, forgetting them almost, as she sat before them. That was strange. Joan touched them repentantly, tenderly. What faded things they were, what little things—and they had meant so much. She held them up one by one, letting them tell their story: old dance orders, ribbons, Danny's letters, so cold, so few; a bit of granite that Joan had broken from Mountain Rock the night she went there meaning—really meaning—to throw herself off. A cluster of Mayflowers; that day in the green spring woods when Danny caught her suddenly close and whispered, almost meaning it: "Let's elope and get married now—now!" Those flowers had been in her hands. It was when she touched them again that her dead hopes came back to her, her pain, her lost, wasted youth; it was then that she cried her heart out. Where were her tears to-day? They were very slow to come.

Puzzled, she laid the flowers away. Idly at first, then eagerly she rummaged through the heap. The things were all there, yet she missed something. Out of the heap, tangled and tumbled now, Joan drew a crumpled flower. Had it trimmed a hat or a dress? Had it once been pink? Its little history, which gave it the right to be there in the box, was quite gone from her mind. There were other things here with stories that she was forgetting—a Japanese napkin with a penciled date; what did that date mean?"

"I don't know," Joan whispered, "and I don't care. I don't care any more."

It was true. She did not care. That poor little trumpery heap of things lying there in the crude June sunlight could not hurt her any more. They did not belong to her. They were only outgrown toys and they were not Joan's toys. They were toys of a little girl who was dead. Joan had no right to look at them, yet she still looked. She looked and looked, and then with quick, careful motions swept them all into the box and locked it. The lid, closing over it, looked as bare and neat as a coffin lid. Joan, pressing close to the ottoman, clasped the box with her arms, resting her forehead against the cool brass.

"I don't care. And if I don't care, I'm old," she said. "I'm old and this is the end. I give up. Oh, Danny!"

Joan stirred and sat up. Her tears had stopped.

She felt no pain now at all. She was only tired. She was tired and she was resting. With eyes still wet from crying, but crying no longer, she looked round her. As she knelt there the sun had gone lower. It was almost over the skylight. Slant golden light was making the brown, low-roofed room a place of enchantment, with dusky corners that whispered and invited. The painted flowers on a broken rocker, the garlands of dried apples, the old blue-painted sea chest, were rich rare treasures. The scrubbed boards of the floor were gold.

Downstairs the little house was waking up. A door slammed and steps crossed creaking floors. It was almost time to get supper. But that was far below. It was as if no sound had ever disturbed the quiet here. Golden light crept nearer to the square hole above her. Joan lifted her head, watching it, holding her breath. She had heard below Hannah's voice and another in a brief altercation, ending as always in one way, which was not Hannah's. Now she heard a step that she knew.

"You can't come up," she said.

"I have come," said Danny. His face looked up at her from the dark of the stairway and laughed. Then he stepped up into the sun and stood blinking in the sudden light, brushing the dust from his big shoulders. He was wearing his new summer suit—fine gray checks. She had chosen it herself. He looked pleased with Joan and himself and the world.

"It's great up here," he said, "and you look great. Joan, I had to come up. I had to see you. I've got something to tell you. Can I stay?"

Joan did not answer, but she reached up a hand and pulled him down on the ottoman beside her. Danny sat there, keeping her hand in his and bending eagerly over her.

"It's fixed," he said. "All fixed. You and I are going to be married, Joan."

"Are we?" said Joan very low.

"Yes. Happy?" Danny did not wait for her answer. He talked on—excited, pleased. She leaned back against him, closing her eyes, listening.

"Mother's going west to live with Mark. We've been writing back and forth about it, but I wouldn't tell you till it was fixed. I saved it for a surprise. You and I can have the house. I had the money put by to build four years ago, then there was talk of Mark taking mother, so I put it into something else. We can have the house and be married next fall, if you can be ready. I guess ——" Danny's voice faltered, "I guess you are about ready, Joan."

"I'm ready—yes."

"If you want more time to get your clothes fixed you can have it."

"I shan't need many clothes."

"Then it's settled?"

"Yes."

"Is that all you've got to say?" asked Danny very low, so that Joan scarcely heard. "Because ——" Danny stumbled over the words, but he made himself go on. "Whatever you've got to say, I'll listen. You may think I haven't treated you right. Well, I haven't. Not quite right. Not right at all. I kept you waiting too long. It was one thing after another. Money—we had to have it. We couldn't live right on less. But I was waiting, too, and you're my girl, Joan."

"Yes, Danny."

"I—I've let you in for some talk, I guess, but talk never hurt us. Our business was our own business—yours and mine. We didn't need to put it down in black and white for the whole town to read; to be—well—engaged."

"No."

"It was hard on you, but that's over. I'll make it up to you now."

Joan did not answer or move, but she held Danny's hand lightly against her lips and kissed it. That was all, but Danny, with a little smothered sound like a sob, dropped to his knees beside her. He caught her close to him, held her and then put his head down on her shoulder. Joan could feel him cling to her like a frightened child. She looked down at his dark head, wondering.

"Danny!" she said. "Why, Danny!" He was trying to speak now, sobbing out inarticulate things.

"Joan, don't be so good to me! Don't be so damn good to me! I've been wrong, all wrong; and oh, Joan, I don't know why! There's a devil in me, I think. Sometimes I liked to keep you guessing and make you wait. I like power. It came over me this afternoon, when things were settled at last, just what I've done to you.

"I've hurt you. I've broken your heart. Joan, I'm sorry. Forgive me. I can't make it up to you."

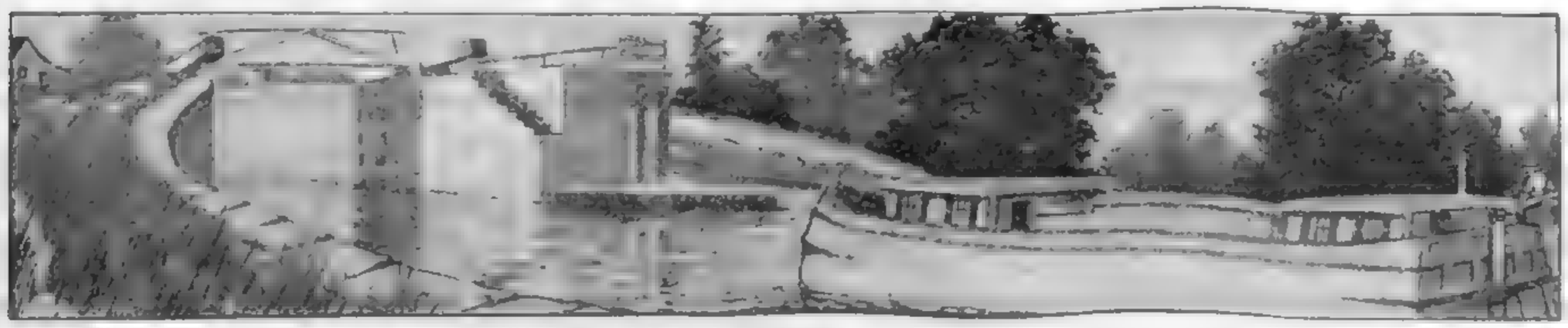
"No, you can't make it up," Joan said. Then with a lovely gesture, deliberate, divine, like a mother reaching out for her first child or a maiden taking her first kiss, she drew Danny close. Held so, he grew quiet in her arms. The light was just above them. It struck straight through the window now. It was warm all round them—pure gold.

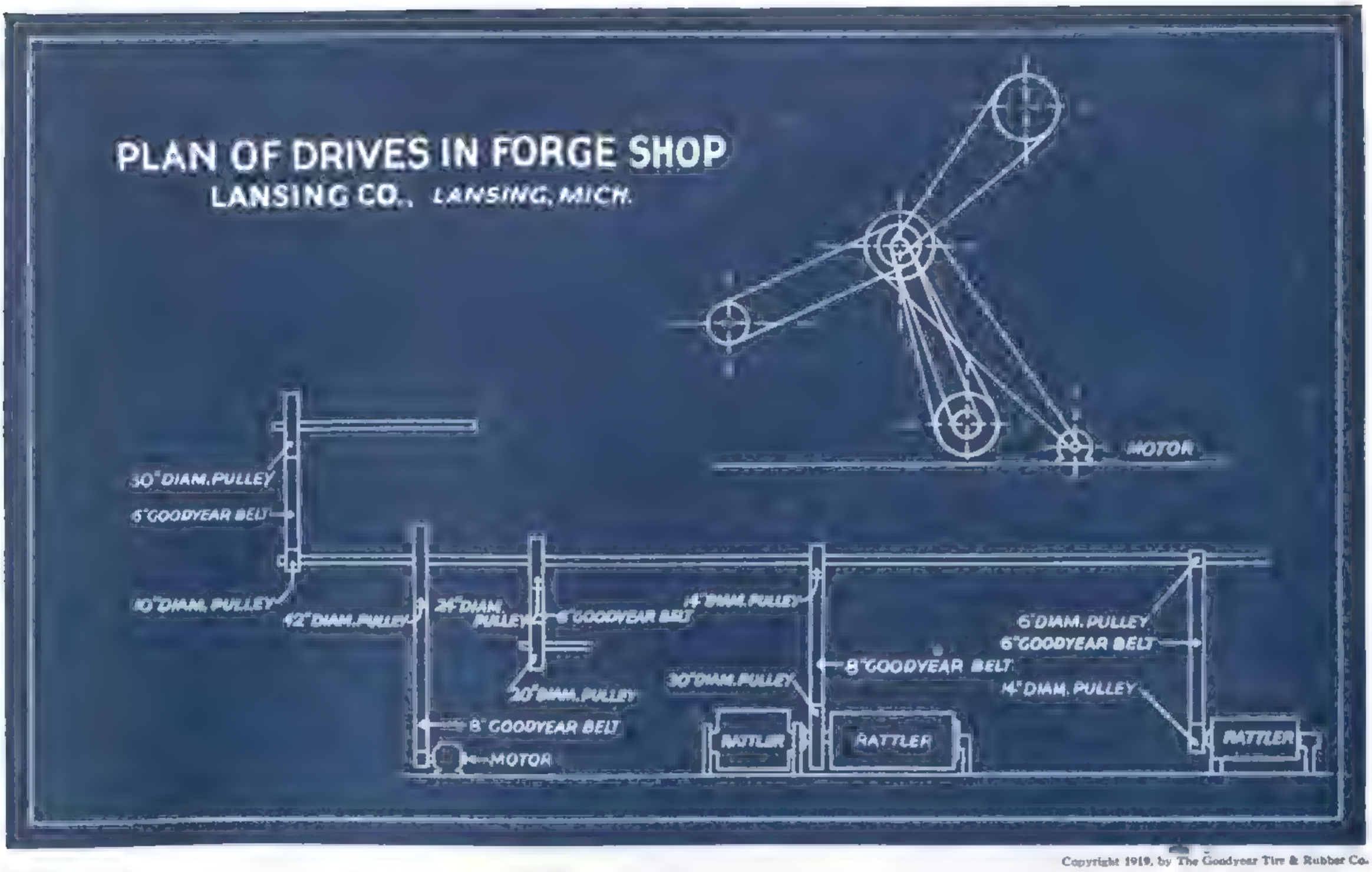
"You can't make it up," Joan said very softly, "but you don't have to. Danny, nothing matters but this." She touched his dark hair with her lips where the sun lay warm on it.

"This!"

The morning sun, the sun of her wedding morning, came through the threadbare curtains of Joan Carter's little room. It was September sunlight, but warm and bright. It showed the bare neatness of the room, the narrow bed, the clasped hands of the girl who lay there, and then her face. Joan turned on her tumbled pillows. She was going to wake. But she was dreaming still; living again in dreams the hours of her one romance. Joan's face, framed in the heavy braids that curled on the pillows, was pale and worn and touched with faint marks of tears, but beautiful. It had the warm beauty of life and the white beauty of dreams. The parted lips were smiling. They moved now, trying to speak. A sunbeam slipped across them, light as a first caress.

"Love," said Joan. "Love!"





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$11.66 Lower Price, $60.01 Lower Cost—and the G. T. M.

One day in the summer of 1917 a G. T. M. Goodyear Technical Man—called on the Lansing Company in Lansing, Michigan. He explained the Goodyear Plan of selling belts, of making a diagnosis of the conditions surrounding each drive and then prescribing the proper belt to meet those conditions. It seemed to him that the men he talked with rather thought that his belts must be very high priced.

But they showed him a motor drive, operating a line shaft, on which the type of belt used generally gave only six or seven months' service. He studied that drive, noted the excessive heat of the forge-shop in which it was, noted the presence of grit and dust, made his measurements of power, speed, distance between centers, pulley sizes and the like. Then he prescribed an 8-inch 5-ply Goodyear Belt of Blue Streak Construction.

The price was lower by $11.66 when compared with that of the belt then just about giving out. So they thought they might as well give him a trial order. The belt came and was installed August 9th, 1917.

In spite of the heavy duty drives from the line shaft—drives operating rattlers and an elevator for hoisting iron to the foundry—it gave them a trouble-free service that they had never hoped for before. And it lasted seventeen months—although its price was $11.66 lower than that of the seven months' belt.

Price is what you pay for an article; its cost is what you get out of it. The old, expensive belt was priced at $33.88 in the summer of 1917. It cost $4.84 per month for its seven months' life. The Goodyear Belt specified by the G. T. M. was priced at $22.22—and cost $1.31 per month for its seventeen months' service.

Its cost was $3.53 less per month—$60.01 less for the seventeen months. But long before it was worn out, the G. T. M. was asked to analyze another drive, one from the line shaft to a pair of rattlers. He specified an 8-inch 5-ply Goodyear of Blue Streak Construction. After it had been operating sixty days, the superintendent was so well pleased with its greater efficiency and freedom from trouble that he ordered another according to the G. T. M.'s specifications, and later still another; by Jan. 10th, 1919, there were five Goodyear Belts in the forge shop alone.

If you have a belt-eating drive in your plant, send for a G. T. M. In most cases he can save for you both in price and cost. His services are free, for the business sure to result within a few years more than pays for our investment in having him study your drives and specify the right belt to meet your conditions. If you ask for one to call, he will do so when he is next in your vicinity; but if your problem is pressing, there is one in a Goodyear Branch near you who will gladly make a special trip.

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—the friendly tobacco

THE INVESTOR'S NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS

(Continued from Page 19)

found his pen, escaped from the schoolroom, very curious about what he had heard—about the blue stock and the apparent issue of a former stock of another color, concerning which the drunken salesman had taunted Mr. Staver, hoping to irritate him, and had been so promptly and thoroughly backed down and shut up.

He might perhaps have inquired further concerning this, but the whirlwind campaign for the sale of International Manganese was now on; he must start if he was to have his share of it; and that night, with some regret for his present surroundings, young Mr. Tyler returned to his home to assume his agency.

His start in his territory upon the whirlwind campaign of Staver & Co. was in many ways not encouraging. His mother had been much alarmed by his summary resignation of his position at the bank; the bank officials were naturally not friendly and at times deliberately attacked his new enterprise; and, though he used his most engaging manner and innumerable cigarettes, and sought out as instructed by Mr. Staver—the new and especially the young investors discovered by the canvass of the Liberty Bond campaign, yet his sales were all in small denominations, and even comparatively few.

It was not encouraging; quite the opposite—especially at home, where for the present he must make his business headquarters when not canvassing in the field. His mother, though she never did reprove him or make a scene even when he was a child, was yet clearly regretful; and no doubt, by her lights, justly so. Her fortune was limited—merely the twenty-five thousand dollars left by his father and the rather small house they lived in. Besides this, they had, for his wants and hers, merely the meager salary he had received at the bank. And now his commissions from his sales, when his expenses had been deducted, were still smaller.

Meantime the whirlwind campaign of Staver & Co. was evidently going forward fast elsewhere. The stock, he learned from the home office, was being sold rapidly by others; and a similar inference was to be made from the steadily rising price of International Manganese upon the Curb Market, which he noted now every morning in the columns of the New York papers. For from being one-sixteenth of a point above the dollar, it now quite often touched a premium of one-eighth above the price for which he himself was offering to sell it.

The situation in which young Mr. Tyler now found himself was, in fact, maddening. Here was a stock he could sell at a price that would net the purchaser at once as much as twelve and a half per cent if he resold it again merely for what was being bid for it in the open market in New York. Yet no one knew it; very few apparently knew even of the existence of the Curb Market in New York; and by the terms of his agreement—under penalty of losing both his position and his earnings—he could not tell them! And often, after a hard discouraging day's canvass, he would have liked to curse both their ignorance and his folly in signing such a ridiculously binding contract.

He did from time to time, when his mother tried to comfort him, tell her something of the confounded situation he was in; yet she could do little but sympathize with him. Sales, after all, were what he needed; and when he touched once or twice on the possibility of her investing her own money there she shrank away from it with a woman's almost superstitious fear of changing old investments.

"Of course that's just as you say, mother," he told her; "only you couldn't lose—that's sure! You know that. For you can see right there in black and white, in the paper, what it sells for above a dollar—to say nothing of my commission of twenty cents for selling it."

"I know, my dear," she would say. "I'm foolish. And I hate to disappoint you."

"Oh, that's all right!" he would say, for he was always kind and pleasant with his mother, as with everybody else. "I know how you always feel. Only this is a sure thing!"

"I know, dear," she would say, getting nervous at worrying him. "And I know you think I'm foolish. But I hate to think of changing my money from the mortgages your father left us."

He would laugh and pinch her cheek, and let it go at that. Nevertheless, he could not help thinking of the chance they were losing—several thousand dollars, at least, to be had by simply taking up your pen and signing a paper. And he would often go up to his room in the afternoons and smoke his cigarettes, and figure out what a profit they might make—thirty-two cents and a half now, counting his commissions, on every eighty cents invested—over forty per cent on every dollar they would put in! For the stock was quoted now steadily at one and one-eighth on the Curb. And it certainly seemed rough to have such a chance of investment slip through your fingers because of a woman's timidity and lack of knowledge of finance.

There was a change, he thought, after a few days. Several times his mother asked him casually as to yesterday's price of the stock.

He caught her once glancing in the morning at the market page of her paper, and he felt sure at last that if he had pressed her she would have consented to make a small investment; because in the end she had almost always done what he wished for, as long as he could remember.

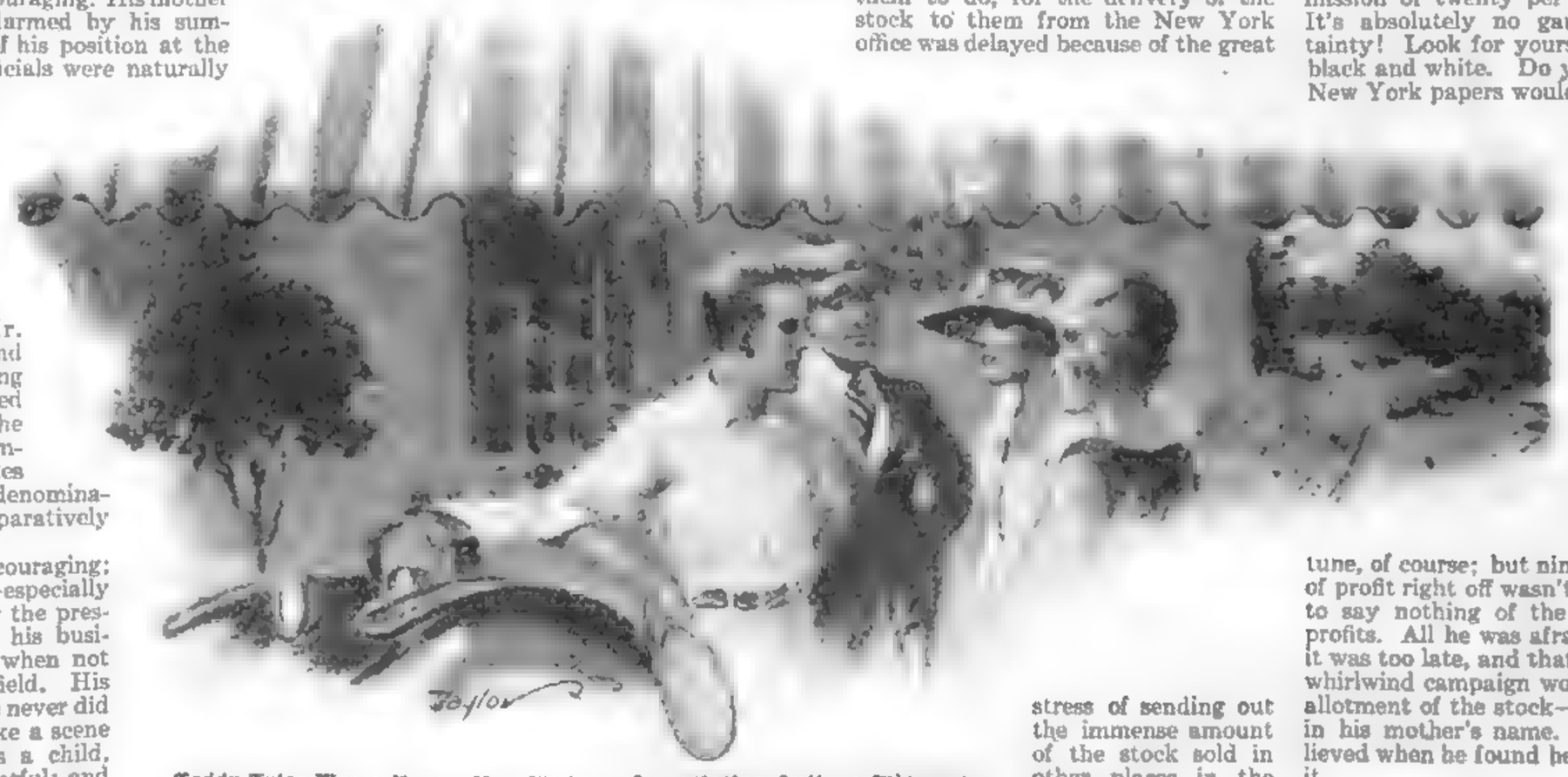
At this time, however, a change took place in his affairs that engaged his immediate attention. A new stock-market firm in New York—curiously enough located in the same great office building where Staver & Co. had offices—began sending to the customers he had sold stock to a regular weekly letter on the stock market. And in this, toward the end, there was a small but favorable notice of International Manganese stock.

"We recommend," it said, "the purchase of International Manganese—now selling at one and one-eighth—on all reactions. It is, in our opinion, one of the best buys in the market, because the demand for manganese is certain to be tremendous—following the great disturbance of production and the immense destruction of the European War."

The first impulse of young Mr. Tyler on seeing this circular was of anger—that his own customers, because of the ridiculous conservatism of the rules of Staver & Co., must learn of the market for his stock in this way instead of from him. But then he saw at once his advantage from the dissemination of the information, no matter how it came; for now customers and purchasers came much more easily—especially among younger men, who were quick to see an advantage like this.

Teddy Tyler applied himself with all his might, and very soon he had sold a very respectable amount of stock; there was a still widening market for the security, and a constantly growing number of young men each day bought the New York papers and turned to the figures of the Curb Market, where International Manganese now frequently touched one and a quarter in the course of the day.

There were, in fact, some customers now who advocated selling and taking their profits. But this it was not yet possible for them to do, for the delivery of the stock to them from the New York office was delayed because of the great stress of sending out the immense amount of the stock sold in other places in the whirlwind campaign. This was, however, very fortunate for the stockholders, as it happened; for the price of International Manganese grew stronger and stronger every day upon the New York Curb Market, and every day its holders could count up correspondingly greater profits.



Teddy Tyler Was a Young Man With an Ingratiating Smile, a Widowed Mother Who Adored Him, and a Host of Friends Among the Young People

All this was very gratifying to Teddy Tyler. His income was now very considerable, for more and larger customers are easily found to invest in a certainty. And soon he had sold to a great share of his friends in that vicinity who had any funds.

Meantime he could not blind himself to the fact that the whirlwind campaign was passing; the stock was being sold out and he himself was getting none of it. He had no desire to buy ordinary stock; but this was—on the face of it—an entirely different thing.

It was a cinch, a certainty, the chance of a lifetime, and a man who did not take advantage of it would be a madman; for you could sit and figure it out with perfect accuracy. Calculating absolutely conservatively, taking no account whatever of the hopes or claims for manganese profits, but merely figuring the actual prices paid for the stock every day on the open New York Curb Market, he himself could have made a fortune selling it there if he had had the funds and had been allowed to do so by his company.

The rule protecting them, of course, was clear enough from the standpoint of Staver & Co.; they must protect themselves against his selling. Nevertheless, a fortune was slipping through his fingers, and he was all the more determined now that his mother should take some advantage of it.

"But, mother, listen!" he would say. "There it is, every day, printed in black and white in the New York papers—a dollar and a quarter a share. And we can buy, with my commission out, for eighty cents—that is, we should get back a profit of almost sixty per cent on our money just as soon as the stock was delivered!"

But she was very hard to persuade, in spite of everything—the circulars from outside disinterested stockbrokers and the figures in the newspapers. At first she refused absolutely, and then wished to venture only a small sum. He had the greatest difficulty in getting her to make an investment that was worth while.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said finally—for he intended to protect her to the limit: "I'll buy this stock for you, which is now selling for a dollar and a quarter, for a dollar—that is, for eighty cents, really. If it goes up in price you certainly can't complain. And if it should start down I'll fix that too," he promised her; for he knew more of stock-market operations and terms now. "To make it absolutely sure, I'll put in an order the minute I buy to sell the stock at one dollar if it should fall to that. And even then we'd have my commission of twenty per cent to the good. It's absolutely no gamble. It's a certainty! Look for yourself—right there in black and white. Do you think those big New York papers would print a lie?"

"I see," she said. "I know you're right. You'll have to be patient with me; for you know all about such things, Ted, and I know nothing."

So, finally she did consent to invest sixteen thousand dollars, for twenty thousand dollars, par value, of this stock—enough to be worth while. It wasn't a great fortune, of course; but nine thousand dollars of profit right off wasn't to be sneezed at—to say nothing of the chance of further profits. All he was afraid of now was that it was too late, and that the closing of the whirlwind campaign would not allow their allotment of the stock—bought, of course, in his mother's name. He was much relieved when he found he had finally gotten it.

By a curious chance, upon going down the street that night, he ran across the stock salesman he had overheard Mr. Staver discharging in New York, already in a somewhat advanced state of intoxication, in the pool parlors of the Johnson House. He was evidently selling another stock in the district, was in a rather hostile mood, and was apparently bent on bantering him.

"Well, well!" he said, stopping his pool playing. "So you're still here handing them out that blue wonder, huh?"

"I sure am!" said Teddy Tyler, taking him good-naturedly. "Making them all rich!"

"Rich!" repeated the other, regarding him with watery-eyed earnestness. "You know," he remarked to his companion, "I think he really believes it! The poor fish!"

"Sure! Why shouldn't I?" said Terry Tyler, still bravely good-humored.

"Have you had your stock delivered yet?" inquired the other, persisting.

"Oh, yes—some," said Teddy Tyler, not adhering strictly to the truth, for the stock had not yet arrived.

"Come on, Jim! Come on! It's your shot," the other's companion called to him; but the old stock salesman would not yet be turned aside.

"Aha!" he said to young Mr. Tyler sarcastically. "Sure! Well, the next time you write Staver or see him, you tell him—from me—to mix in some of the pink with the blue when he delivers the rest, so they'll have both colors to remember him by."

"Come on, Jim!" His companion again interrupted him.

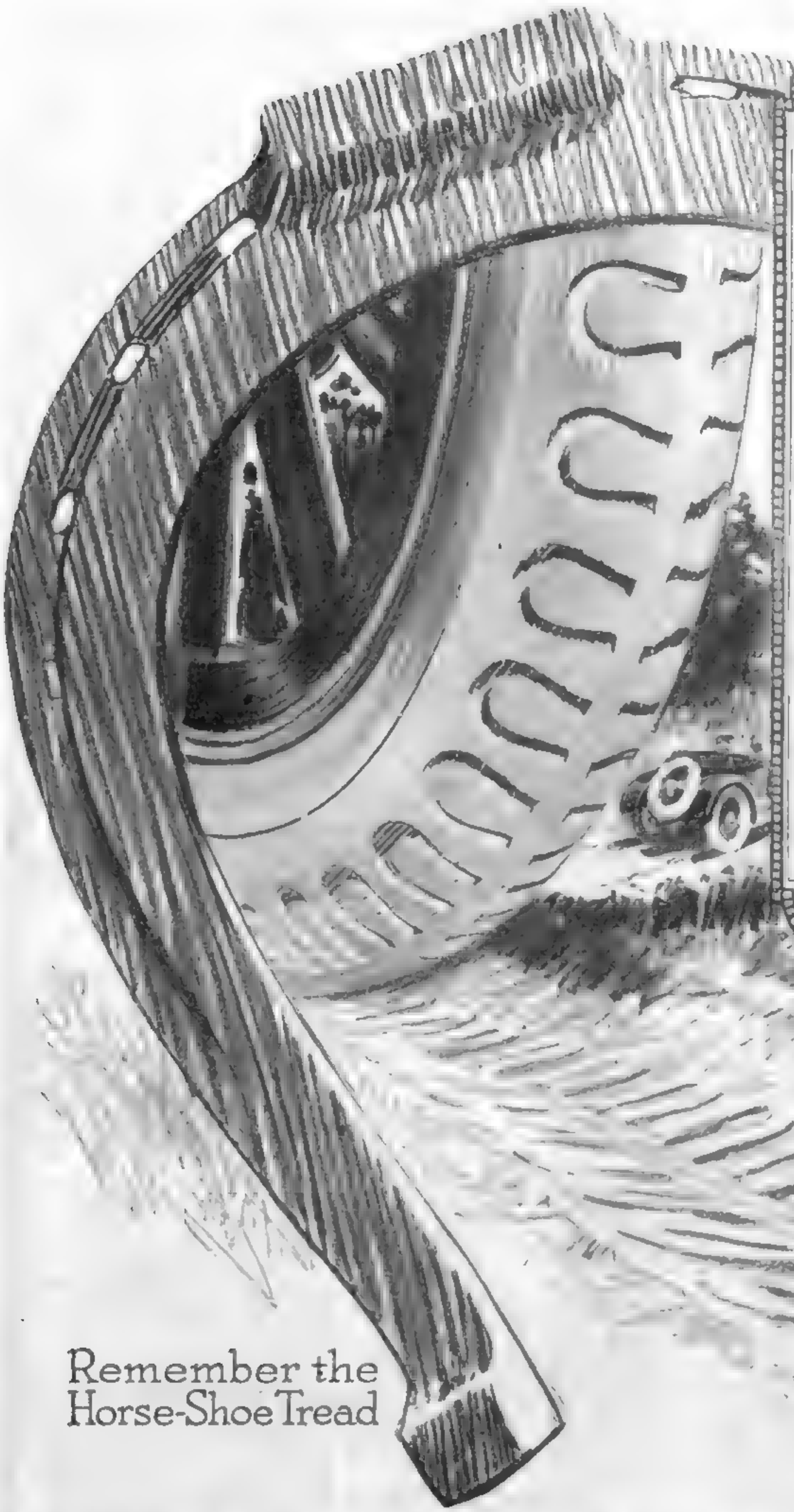
But the older salesman still stood, partly supported by his cue, addressing young Mr. Tyler.

"It's all right," he said. "Sell them! Sell them all you can. And then jump the town. But don't let him sell you any of it. For he might—at that!"

"Aw, run away! Run away, poppa!" responded young Mr. Tyler, who was fast becoming annoyed by that kind of talk.

"Don't say I didn't warn you!" exclaimed the other, regarding him fixedly. "You poor fish! And if you ever," he said,

(Continued on Page 105)



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RACINE HORSE-SHOE TIRES

(Continued from Page 103)

a sudden thought apparently occurring to him, "want to know more about Hen Staver and his blue and pink stock game, come around and see me at my office. Here!" he said. "Take it!" And in a spirit of bravado he pushed into young Teddy Tyler's hand a good-sized printed business card.

"Don't say I never warned you," he repeated. "You poor fish!" he said explosively; and then he turned and started to play his shot at the table.

Young Mr. Tyler was too angry at the moment to answer effectively or even to drop the card from his hand; and when, turning on his heel, he had passed out into the street he found the pasteboard still in his fingers.

His first impulse was to drop it then; but finally, thinking he might perhaps have some future chance at payment of his score against this man, he thrust the crushed card half absent-mindedly into his pocket and and went on with his thinking about what the old fool had said.

Going over this, though his anger abated, Mr. Tyler was somewhat disturbed at first, if not really alarmed. He could see now that by the two colors of stock, to which he had heard this man allude for the second time, he referred to the stock of the International Manganese Company, in which his own friends and his family had made their investments, and which had promised so certainly to make their fortunes—and indirectly his.

He was nervous, naturally. If anything should be wrong there—possibly—it would be the end of him. Yet finally he decided there was no sense in such worrying. For what possible purpose could there be in printing a stock in two colors? And if it were done what possible difference could it make to the stockholders?

"The poor old drunk!" he said to himself; for he could see now that in all probability the simplest explanation was the best—that here was merely a disgruntled and discharged employee, trying to make trouble for his former employer and himself.

And he went over in his mind his whole relation to the firm of Staver & Co.—their insistence on honesty; the singularly conservative rules they had made against their salesmen's overpraise of their stock; the more than fulfillment of their expectations for the price of their security upon the Stock Exchange—and their steady refusal to call attention to the prices at which their stock was selling.

There was one question, however, which puzzled him somewhat and which the taunts of the drunken man had raised again before his mind—and that was the slowness in the delivery of his stock. Several of his customers had, in fact, commented on this.

So, wishing to clear this up and feeling that in any case he should keep in touch with his office from time to time, Mr. Tyler on the second day succeeding finally decided he would run down to New York.

On his arrival in the office, somewhat early in the day, he found the same busy scene—the same neatly clad, madly working stenographers; but Mr. Staver detained by business outside.

In his absence Mr. Tyler sat down near the private secretary and head stenographer—the dashing, capable young woman in black, with whom he felt best acquainted. She was, as usual, driven with work, which she was briskly and deftly performing. And young Mr. Tyler was not long in seeing that she was making ready for mailing large quantities of blue stock certificates, evidently to be sent out to their purchasers in the whirlwind campaign.

"Have you got my stock there finally?" he asked her, not thinking.

"Yours!" she said quickly. "You haven't any stock!"

"No," he answered her as quickly, recalling the rule of Staver & Co. about stock selling—"not I; but a relative of mine—Mrs. Eleanor Tyler."

And finally, after a little while, she waived the formality of the thing and let him have the stock.

"You see how I trust you!" she said archly; for he was a clever, good-looking boy with an ingratiating way, and they had always been quite friendly.

But as she said that, he saw on another corner of her desk a little package of pink stock; and, reaching over, he picked it up.

"What's this?" he said, speaking in an offhand voice, but with a certain sinking of his pulse; for he noted now—so far as he could see at a glance—that this stock was a duplicate, a replica of the blue stock he had just taken and put into his pocket—except that it was pink.

But the private secretary asked him to return it to her at once.

"Let me have it," she said, "and go away. Let me have it! He may be in any time now!" she exclaimed, evidently concerned about Mr. Staver's returning.

"What is this, first?" young Tyler asked her, with a teasing smile which, however, was considerably forced.

"I don't know," she said, more and more peeved. "Honestly, I don't!"

But he would not return it to her till she told him.

"I don't know," she said finally; "only the blue he sends out by mail and the other goes over to the market."

"The Curb?" asked Mr. Tyler a little hoarsely.

"Yes," she answered him. "Now let me have it, and go away! Sit down outside there."

So he let her have the stock and went out—not to the bench in the waiting room, but outside entirely. For he must now—before he went any farther or saw anyone else—have a chance to consider for himself the growing and disturbing mystery of the blue stock and the pink.

He was more disturbed—yes, more alarmed now than he dared let himself feel—by this odd phenomenon of the two colors of this stock. For he saw now that not only were there actually two colors of certificates in International Manganese, but that these two colors were intended for two different destinations—the blue for himself and the other customers, and the pink for the stock market. And, as he saw this, naturally the bantering of the old stock salesman came back into his memory, and his offer to advise him if he ever wanted his advice. And, fumbling in his pocket, he found the crushed card still there.

He did not want to go to the old salesman at first; but finally, having no other place to turn, he decided he would swallow his pride and try this one, for he would at least be sure to learn there the worst that could be told him at one blow—after which he could make his own conclusions.

So he turned in to the address given, in an office building not far from Broad Street, and, coming into a blue-smoky room bounded on its farther side by a blackboard, he inquired for the man he wanted, and found he was not there at that moment, but was expected soon.

When he sat down to wait, as invited, before the great blackboard, his eye gradually worked its way through the various symbols at the heads of the columns upon the board until it fell finally upon what he took to be International Manganese, and found that stock to be—as usual of late—very strong, with some sales at one and three-eighths.

Seeing this a sudden idea came to him, and he rose and spoke to the attendant upon customers, who stood hatless among the hatted students of the board.

"I want to put in an order," he said, "to sell."

"Certainly," said the attendant politely. "What?"

"International Manganese."

"Why, yes," said the attendant, with a slight change of manner; "I think so. How much?"

"A thousand shares," responded Mr. Tyler boldly—"at the market."

"Why, yes; I think so," said the young attendant again, still more slowly. "Excuse me just a minute," he said then, passed across the room, and seemed to be consulting an older and more carefully dressed man, evidently the manager or head of the firm.

"Do you happen to have the certificate with you?" asked the latter, finally coming over.

"Why, yes," said Teddy Tyler. His heart began pumping hard at this disconcerting formality; and, reaching into his inside pocket, he produced the blue certificates he had purchased for his mother.

The well-dressed manager, when he saw them, pursed his lips together.

"I'm sorry," he said very gravely; "but we cannot sell these certificates for you."

"Why not?" asked Teddy Tyler in a high strained voice.

"Because there is no market for these at the present time," said the manager, obviously endeavoring to soften the blow by

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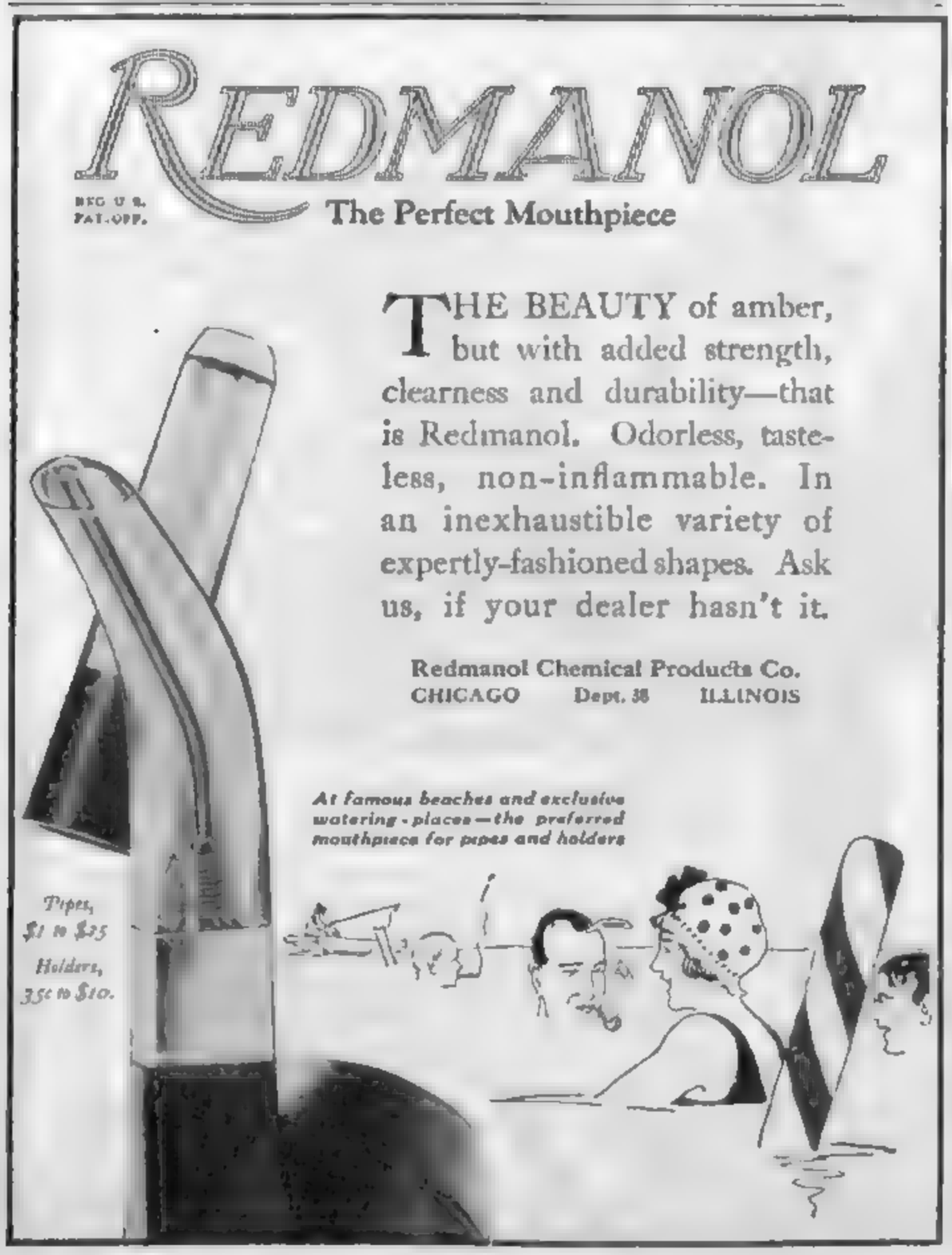
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the polite intimation of the closing of his sentence.

Young Mr. Tyler stood speechless, considering the blue certificates in his hand.

"But what—what——" he started to ask.

There was a little knot about him now, looking politely but curiously over his shoulder.

"Another one, huh?" inquired one voice, heard dimly by young Mr. Tyler.

"Isn't he a wonder?" inquired a second, alluding to someone whose identity Mr. Tyler could only conjecture.

But at this another voice broke into the conversation from one side, a voice already somewhat familiar.

"Hello!" said the man he had come to find, the old-time stock salesman. "So you thought you'd come to see me finally? You poor fish!" he went on, and struck Tyler on the back in not unfriendly greeting.

And then his eyes fell upon the blue certificates.

"You poor fish!" he said again, quite sympathetically.

"I was just telling him, Jim ——" began the manager.

"You leave him to me," said the old-time salesman. "I'll show the whole thing up to him. Suppose we get out of here—where we can go over and sit down and take a drink," he said to Teddy Tyler. "I'll tell you all about it. You poor fish!"

And, taking his arm in quite a friendly mood, he passed out of the broker's office with him, Mr. Tyler automatically putting back into his pocket the dishonored blue certificates.

When they sat down in the dark café, after Mr. Tyler had paid for their drinks, Jim, the old-time salesman, asked for a sight of the blue certificates and, taking them, wagged his head slowly and sadly over them.

"Gone!" he said simply.

"What is it?" cried Teddy Tyler in sharp alarm, his drink, neglected, pushed on one side. "Isn't there any manganese mine anywhere?"

"How do I know?" said the other. "There probably is—somewhere!"

"Then why," cried young Mr. Tyler—"why can't I sell it?"

"You want to know?" inquired his informant, whose voice was apparently habitually thick and watery. "I'll tell you: Because it's only the pink stock that's listed."

"Listed!" exclaimed Mr. Tyler. "On the Stock Exchange?"

"Yes; the Curb. The only one you could sell at any price!" said the old salesman; and, reading the name of ownership upon the certificates, he inquired whose they might be.

"My mother's," responded the young man with reluctance.

"You poor fish!" said the older and, having now gazed sufficiently at his drink upon the table, he tossed it off.

At his suggestion they had another—Mr. Tyler paying, but not drinking. And after that the old salesman settled down to the hoped-for explanation.

"It's just a variation on the new selling game they're playing now," he said—"especially during the last few months, since these Liberty Loans began. They're letting all of us older men go," he said, with some personal feeling, "who have sold stock for them for years, and they're going out into the country and getting kids by the thousand—anybody and everybody—to sell stock for them; some poor green fish," he said—again reverting to that eminently disagreeable favorite expression—"who never saw a stock before in their lives.

"Then they take them in and teach them," he continued; "a few days in these so-called schools of theirs make them all believe in it themselves. Then they turn them loose, to sell to their personal friends and families. And when they have sold to them all, and all their relatives, then they kick them out and get in a new set. Then they are out of a job," said the old salesman, his mind again reverting sympathetically to himself. "And they're out their job and their friends and their friends' money—and all their relatives' money. The poor fish!" he said, discharging that disagreeable and extremely spluttery expression again in his hearer's direction; and sat still, reflecting.

"But what," exclaimed Teddy Tyler, goading him on again, with cheeks crimson with excitement, "what is this particular game—this International Manganese thing?"

"Oh, that! That's a wonder!" said Jim, the old salesman, stirred to some enthusiasm. "Simple as it can be! That Henry J. Staver is a corker! No doubt about it!" And he outlined the enterprise of International Manganese.

"All he did was to form this million-share company—in Delaware or Dakota or somewhere. You see?"

"Yes," said Teddy Tyler, listening breathless.

"And list half of it—five hundred thousand shares. The pink. See?"

"Yes."

"All of which he owned himself—or his friends—and could shoot up and down in price on the Curb as he wanted to."

"Half a million!" exclaimed young Mr. Tyler.

"It might as well be ten million," said his informant. "They owned it all, didn't they? They made it out of nothing. And nobody else would dare to butt in on them in the market for it when there wasn't any stock except what they owned! They had it all their own way, naturally—up or down. Simple! Absolutely simple!" he stated, and stopped, gazing.

"But the blue stock?" inquired Mr. Tyler, dragging his mind back again.

"He sold it all in the country—through these agents—on the strength of these pink stock quotations; making them think," continued the exponent—"the agents and all—that they were getting in on the inside on the quiet, on a sure thing, selling all the time at a premium on the market. He starts up a whirlwind canvassing campaign on them and holds back the deliveries to the last end. And then—bing! He'll be gone! And they'll be there with blue stock, which was never listed."

"Never listed!" whispered Teddy Tyler, like a man in a trance.

"Yes," asserted the other. "And it can't be sold at any price. That nobody else ever bought—or will. But they'll never know it—most of them—until he's gone! The poor fish!" said the old salesman, using his disagreeable watery characterization for the last time.

At that, young Mr. Tyler stood up suddenly.

"Gone!" he said, remembering all at once Mr. Staver's absence from his office that morning.

With scant hurried apologies, he broke away from the old salesman while he was in the act of suggesting another drink; and, seizing the blue certificates from him, he started in the direction of Staver & Co.

What he would do if he found Mr. Staver was not clear in the mind of young Mr. Tyler; but he saw, at least, that the one thing to be done was to catch him first—before he went—and decide on the form of conversation later.

So he rushed on with the impetuosity of youth; for he proposed in some way to have either restitution or revenge, and the idea of personal violence in getting it, if necessary, was not absent from his mind.

As he passed across the noisy street of the great city, in which he was so much a stranger, and came nearer and nearer the offices of Mr. Staver, the first flare of his anger was somewhat abated—but not gone; for it rose again when he heard from the private secretary the unwelcome news that Mr. Staver was not there.

"Where is he, then?" he demanded.

"I don't know," she said, drawing back a little at his manner. "He came in and went out again."

"I'll find out for myself!" he said angrily.

And the busy stenographers stopped their mad typewriting for a moment and looked up in refined surprise when he forced himself by, in spite of the secretary's protest, and, opening the glass door into the private office, found Henry J. Staver sitting at his desk!

"What's this?" said Mr. Staver, looking up and fixing him again with his cold black eyes.

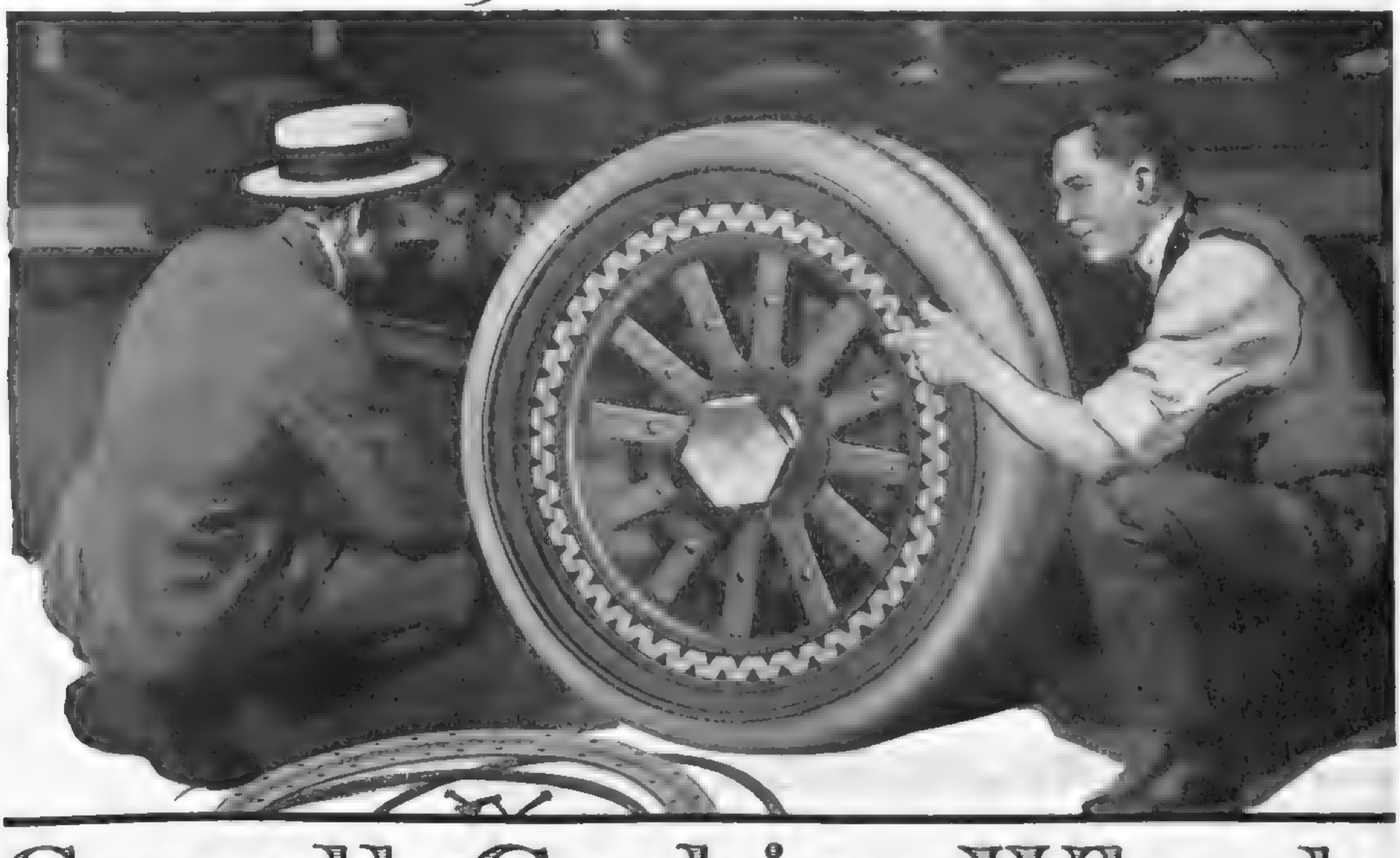
"What is it?" exclaimed Mr. Tyler. "I'll show you what it is! It's this!" he said; and dragging out his blue certificates he waved them at him.

"You'll show nothing," said Henry J. Staver, "if you talk like that!" And young Mr. Tyler again felt the chill repression of his eyes. "Sit down," continued Henry J. Staver. "And talk like a gentleman—if you want to talk to me."

And after a moment's hesitation Teddy Tyler did so.

(Concluded on Page 109)

The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel



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"For that reason your truck rides on a Roadbed which the truck carries with it—The Sewell Rubber Cushion—Built in the Wheel. This Rubber Roadbed absorbs the vibration and the roadshocks. This is a Roadbed that does not wear, because there is no friction. It is the same perfect Roadbed, day after day and year after year.

"You can see for yourself how this cushion of the very best and softest rubber, absorbs the strains and stresses of the road, in every direction, forward and backward, up and down or sidewise through the Sewell Rubber.

"The Sewell Wheel is so constructed, that the weight of truck and load is *not* carried on four or five inches of tire and wheel, but with *Sewell Resiliency*, this weight is distributed over forty per cent of the circumference of the Sewell Wheel.

"This Sewell Rubber Cushion is protected against grease, dirt, light—the big factors of deterioration. Sewell Wheels are built to last for years, and carry a positive *five year guarantee*. In eleven years of manufacturing and with 28,000 Sewell Wheels in operation repair work has been virtually an unheard-of factor.

"Perhaps, the best evidence I can offer you of the efficiency and economy of Sewell Wheels in truck operation is the experience of some of the largest truck owners in the country. For instance: Hudson Motor Car Co., Continental Motor Corp., Timken-Detroit Axle Co., Wagner Electric Mfg. Co., Delco Laboratories, Standard Oil Company.

"However, the whole story and principle of Sewell Cushion Wheels are right here before you—in this Wheel.

"You can see for yourself how you can prolong the life, increase the efficiency and reduce the maintenance cost of YOUR OWN TRUCK by employing the Sewell Principle—

"The Resiliency is Built in the Wheel."

For Eleven Years we have been building resiliency into Motor Truck Wheels

The Sewell Cushion Wheel Company, Detroit, U. S. A.

Branches:

Birmingham, Ala.
Baltimore, Md.
Boston, Mass.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Chicago, Ill.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Clarksburg, W. Va.
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbus, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Kansas City, Mo.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Milwaukee, Wisc
Minneapolis, Minn.
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Philadelphia, Pa.
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Seattle, Wash
Springfield, Mass.
St. Louis, Mo.
Tampa, Fla.
Toledo, Ohio
Washington, D. C.

Sewell Cushion Wheels are guaranteed for Five Years

The glory of Cornhill's Alley— COFFEE

In 1652, Pasquale Rossie, the Greek serving man of a Turkish merchant, opened the first English coffee-house, under the auspices of his master, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, London. He announced himself—"The first person to make and publicly sell coffee-drink in England." Another advertisement reads—"Coffee much quickens the spirit, and makes the heart lightsome."

In America today — coffee is as much a part of the daily diet of the millions as bread and butter. It is as staple as beef and potatoes.

Coffee forms the big part of the national breakfast — the indispensable part. If a man must "eat and run," he overlooks all but his coffee. In case he misses it at home he manages to get it later,—somewhere,— *somehow!*

ICED COFFEE is a really splendid summer drink. Served in a tall glass — with sugar and cream, or without as preferred,— it is a most cooling and refreshing hot weather beverage.

How much of the joy and pleasure of your day depends upon coffee! How it sets you up and puts you on your feet, by its cheery wholesomeness and genuine comfortableness! How you look to it—and rely upon it—and it never fails nor *falters!*

Coffee is the great democratic drink,— the "universal beverage." It is the one flavor that satisfies everybody. Nothing so enticing, alluring, appealing. It's the one taste that tastes best to *all tastes.*

Many, many men have been heard to say that should prohibition come, strong drink would not be greatly missed,— not by the great majority of clean living manly Americans. They will drink more coffee.

Coffee— *the American drink*

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(Concluded from Page 108)

"Now what do you want to say to me?" snapped Mr. Staver brusquely.

His eyes and his manner had already gained something of his old ascendancy over young Mr. Tyler; and his former agent addressed him, demanding restitution for his blue certificates, with gradually abating heat.

"Very well," inquired Mr. Staver coldly when he had talked to a conclusion. "Just what is it you want?"

"I want my money back!"

"Nothing doing!" said Mr. Staver with cold finality. "We're in the business of selling, not buying, stock."

"All right!" said his opponent, making a show now of getting up. "I'll go and see whether there's any justice. I'll go right off and complain to the authorities!" For he felt, on second thought, that this would be much more sensible than violence under the conditions.

But Mr. Staver's black eyes never flinched.

"Wait a minute. Sit down," he said coldly, not moving himself a particle in his chair. "I advise you to—for your own good. Sit down. That's it! Now just what is it you think you can complain about against me to any authority?"

And Mr. Tyler was silent, getting his thoughts together in his mind.

"For false pretenses!" he blurted out at last. "For selling a stock without a market—on false pretenses!"

"How?" snapped Mr. Staver sharply. "In what way? . . . On your own statement," proceeded Mr. Staver, when he received no immediate reply. "When have I ever told a possible customer that this stock we sold was even listed upon the Stock Exchange—much less advanced in price?"

"You told me!" exclaimed young Mr. Tyler miserably. "Both!"

"Did I? I doubt it," said Mr. Staver sharply. "I let you show yourself, as I remember it. But if I did you're no possible customer. You know that. You're under contract not to be one.

"More than that," went on Mr. Staver's snappy voice, now rising louder and more sharply in young Mr. Tyler's deepening silence: "Our agents were definitely instructed not to do just what you say they do. And if you, for example, told anyone that this stock was listed you broke your contract. You were under written contract not to say so—as you well know. And you were under written contract not to buy that stock," he said, now pointing suddenly to the blue certificates still grasped in Mr. Tyler's nerveless hand. "How did you get them?

"I'll tell you how," continued Henry J. Staver when Mr. Tyler did not answer him. "I'll tell you how: Under the slight pretense of your mother's name you bought this stock for your own benefit, contrary to your express written contract.

"And now, for some reason," he said, getting upon his feet—"probably because you're caught speculating in the market—you come in here with this cock-and-bull story about a blue and pink stock issue."

"Do—do you deny it?" stammered Teddy Tyler.

"Whether I do or not," said Mr. Staver, now looking directly into his eyes, "has nothing to do with this agreement. I deny it—yes! But, taking everything you claim—granting your own words—you can find nothing against me—not a thing—in this story you have invented. But I've got you," said Mr. Staver, "on your own statement! For breach of contract!

"If you think you've got me—all right!" said Mr. Staver, now snapping his eyes and advancing toward him. "Don't come to me. Go to the proper authorities and prove it. But now—get out! You've broken your contract with this firm. You're fired! Get out! Go before I call for a policeman!"

And walking sharply toward him, keeping his eyes continually on his, he backed young Mr. Tyler out of the glass door; forced him through the frightened silence that had fallen on the madly clacking stenographers, out into the corridor—and closed the door.

Mr. Tyler soon found himself in the lower corridor, still holding his blue stock certificates in his hand—alone, without acquaintance in that greatest of all cities, and with a sickening sense, continually growing, that under the circumstances he might have no redress. And finally, without acting further, he decided to take the train for home.

As he sat there, waiting in that greatest of all railroad stations, with the hurrying crowds about him, each person intent on some mission of haste or joy or sorrow, he pulled out his blue certificates of stock to while away the tedious time.

As he gazed down on them again, though he recognized well enough how unbefitting it was for men of his age, he could not—thinking of what it was about to mean to him and his mother and his friends—for the moment quite govern his emotions. And before he could once more regain his self-control great, round, unmanly tears slipped from the eyelids of young Teddy Tyler and stained one outside corner of the papers in his hands—those blue stock certificates that were to have such a fatal influence on all his future career.

For there was actually no redress—and no one, in fact, to find responsible; for when, a few days later, the local lawyer, whom his mother had employed to investigate at least, tried doing so, he found no one place even to begin.

The sumptuous office on Broad Street was closed; the snappy driving Henry J. Staver was gone—there was no one to tell where; and the polished furniture, the green carpet, the madly clacking stenographers—the whole snappy busy place—had vanished with him.

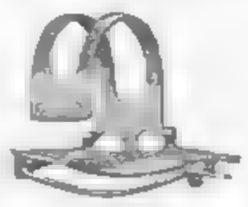
Like a transformation scene in a stage spectacle, all was gone, leaving nothing more tangible than the blue certificates—that twenty thousand dollars' worth, par value, of International Manganese, which young Mr. Tyler and his mother are holding to this day.

Every Little Girl Wants

—this wonderful "Sentry" hair bow fastener —holds bows securely in place—keeps ribbons from mussing—no danger of losing —is a pretty ornament.

N 5001

Go to the jewelry or ribbon department of any Woolworth Store and ask for


N 5010

The Sentry-Uniform Hair Bow Fastener

N 5003

N 5006

On display August 1st at every Woolworth Store in the United States and Canada.

The "Sentry" is made in beautiful stone set and plain designs. Why not have one for every hair ribbon?

N 5000

F. W. Woolworth Company 5 and 10c Stores

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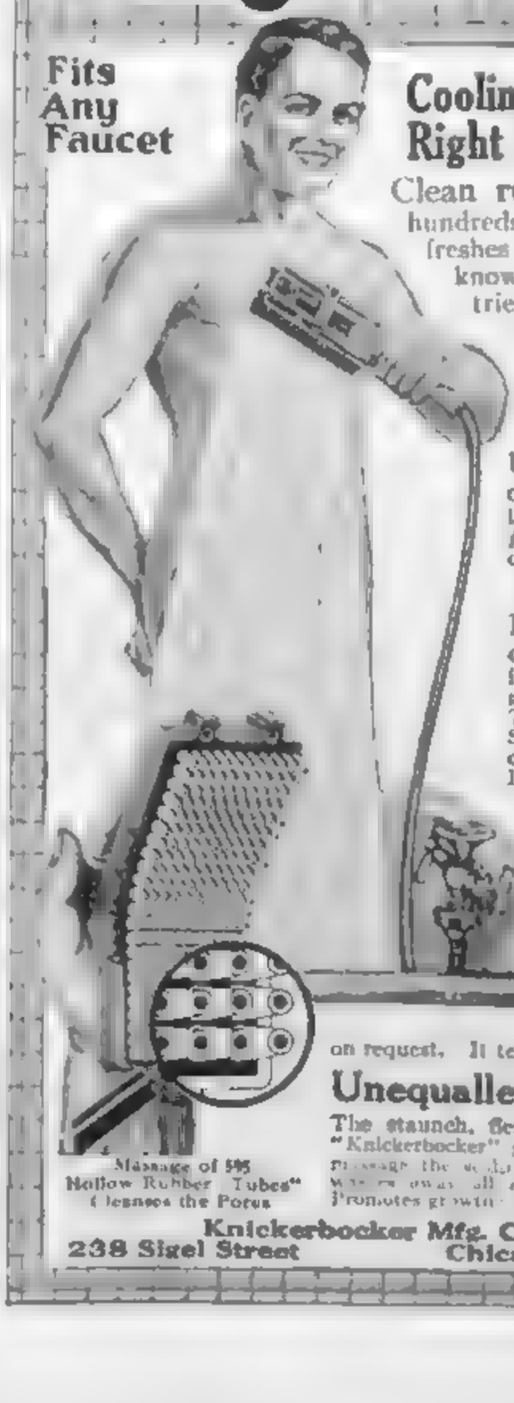
Patented and Manufactured by Goldsmith & Herbert, Providence, R. I.

Laugh at the Hot Days!



Fits Any Faucet

Cooling Joy of the Seaside Right in Your Own Home

Clean running water through hundreds of hollow rubber teeth refreshes and invigorates. You don't know real bath joy until you've tried a

Knickerbocker Shower Bath-Brush

Use it daily—takes only three minutes. It's quick—no waiting for tub to fill. Stimulates circulation. *Cleanses the impurities from every pore.* Gives you Shower—Shampoo—Massage—Rub-down—ALL IN ONE.

Revitalize with a Daily Massage-Shower

Enjoy the delights of a real tonic bath! It clears the mind—animates every nerve cell in your body. You'll start each day renewed, energetic—fit to carry the load of a strenuous day's work. The only *sanitary* way to bathe. *Does not splash.* Saves shampoo expense. Better than expensive overhead showers, costs only a *fraction* as much. Lasts for years.

Five Sizes: $2, $3, $4, $5, De Luxe Set $6

Syphon Outfit for Homes Without Running Water, $4

Don't wait. Get a "Knickerbocker" today at your dealer's or order direct. For sale at good Drug, Hardware and Department stores. Wear fully guaranteed.

Send for FREE Booklet

Interesting booklet free on request. It tells how and when to bathe

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Please send me your Free Book, "A Knickerbocker Bath."

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Massage of 595 Hollow Rubber Tubes" Cleanses the Pores

Unequalled for Shampooing

The staunch, flexible rubber "tubes" of the "Knickerbocker" penetrate the heaviest hair, massage the scalp and clean running water carries away all soap, dirt and dandruff. Promotes growth in a natural way.

Knickerbocker Mfg. Co.
238 Sigel Street Chicago, Illinois

JOHN BULL—RAILWAY MAN

(Continued from Page 16)

should be understood that in Great Britain the freight rate, to the small average user at least, includes not merely the transport by rail but wagon collection and delivery, in a way exactly similar to that of our express companies in America. The large users of railway freight over there, as we shall soon see, possess their own small cars, or wagons. These, however, are the concerns which as a rule have their own sidings. Yet to the small user the equivalent of a private siding is given in the railway delivery wagon, or motor truck, which backs up to his door for the collection or the delivery of his freight and so relieves him at once from the expense and other complications of truckage—and all at a very low figure, though in many cases not so low as our own.

The passenger rates even before the war were never so low; and it is but fair to know that the English passenger fares supply at least half the total revenues of her railways. In America this proportion is much lower. On some of our Western roads, in fact, it drops to a point where passenger returns bring in a bare twenty per cent of the gross revenue. There are few lines where the passenger ratio touches the British figure of fifty per cent. The New Haven system with its lines radiating through congested Southern New England, where the density of population approximates that of old England, is an exception.

This probably supplies the real reason why the passenger rates in England, even prior to 1914, were for the first class four cents a mile. This is a class of service that closely approximates our first-class service plus Pullman charges—there is no Pullman service in Great Britain or Ireland, with the exception of a few parlor cars, which still are operated by the American Pullman Company—and, as you can figure for yourself, at a slightly higher cost, even in prewar times, than our combined charge. On the other hand, the third-class fares—second class has become practically obsolete on many of the English railways—are at about half the first-class rate, or about two cents a mile. And in recent years the third-class equipment on most of the high-grade lines has been improved until for cleanliness and comfort it is quite equal to that of our average first-class American day coach.

Workmen's Tickets

These fares, please remember, were of the days before the coming of the great war. In an endeavor to reduce passenger traffic so that the British railways might better meet the enormous military demands that the war made upon them the rates for tickets were increased an even fifty per cent in January, 1917. This applied to all fares save certain seasonal, zone or workmen's tickets, and instantly brought the third-class fares to the comfortable figure of three cents and the first class to the fanciful one of six cents a mile. Yet it did not succeed for more than a very short time in materially reducing the passenger traffic, for the munition factories of every sort—with their high wages—were in full swing. The average munitions worker did not propose to be done out of the joys of travel—which had been denied him or her in the days of low wages—and so traveled.

The various roads went further. They made radical cuts in their train services, removed most of the sleeping and restaurant cars and completely abolished all round-trip and excursion tickets of every sort. But still the passenger travel increased. And England, which had entered upon a real orgy of spending—as one might witness in the greatly increased sale of jewelry, pianos and phonographs after the war first got into full swing—was not going to deny herself the pleasures of travel, and did not.

The third-class fares, even in the prewar days, did not touch the low-level mark of passenger transportation in John Bull's tight little island. This last was reached in the so-called workmen's tickets which years ago Parliament had wished upon the railways. Under these tickets workmen come into London, Liverpool, Manchester and other great industrial centers at remarkably slight cost—four cents or six cents for a round-trip journey from points as far as nine or ten miles out. While the understanding is that these tickets are for the actual bona fide low-paid workers, as a matter of fact the only binding rule upon their use is the hours in which they are available—as a rule for trains arriving at the town terminals between five o'clock and seven o'clock in the morning for the four-cent fare, between seven and seven-thirty for the six-cent fare and from seven-thirty to eight for a higher class of workmen's tickets whose round-trip cost ranged from eight cents upward. In a similar but reversed fashion the tickets are available for the outgoing return trip, the highest cost having the earliest and the lowest cost the very latest departure hours.

These tickets are held sacred against the fifty per cent war-measure advance. Not only that, but the adoption of the standard eight-hour working day in England has brought the three-shift day into so many industrial plants where the work must be continuous and unbroken that there is now a strong demand that the workmen's tickets be made available at practically all hours of day or night, so that George Hobbs, who goes to work at four o'clock in the afternoon, or Tom Gibbs, who quits at high noon, may not be deprived of his extremely low-rate ticket between his little home in the open country and his task at the factory. And he argues that since Parliament induced him to buy the little home on the basis of a low railway fare it should adapt that low rate to suit his changed hours.

The Strain of War

No wonder that John Bull scratches his head and, like our own Uncle Samuel, wonders where his path lies out of his railway dilemma. Having come into full possession and control of his rail lines—which involves the payment of dividend guaranties to their owners—he now desires to know how they are to be made to earn those guaranties. For even in the days before the coming of the war the English rails were not heavy earners. The most profitable of them—the Great Western—earned six or seven per cent a year upon its capitalization; the least profitable dividend payer set its figure at but two and a half per cent.

Competition cost, and cost a pretty penny. And if four competing lines from London up to his great industrial cities of the Midlands gave old John as fine transportation as any land in all the world possessed, he paid for it in the long run, and paid well—yet was apt to feel that the comfort of good service was well worth the price, while low rates, both freight and passenger, kept his people content and happy. Which seemingly was worth to him more than the excessive content and happiness of his railway stockholders.

The war wreaked no ravages elsewhere in England more striking than those that were wreaked upon her railways. She was quick to realize their supreme importance to her in her great crisis, and so reached out and within a fortnight after the outrage of Louvain—and with the authority that had been given her long years before by Parliament—took over her rail lines and began operating them for the national weal. There was no policy of vacillation on her part. It was a situation that she had anticipated and solved several years before the coming of the war.

Even before 1912 there was in existence an English body known as the War Council of the Engineer and Railway Staff Corps. This council consisted of the general managers—in England the post of general manager compares with that of the president of an American railroad—of the railways that in the event of war with a Continental Power would have the most to do with military traffic. The council made elaborate and definite war plans. The possible invasion of the East Coast was anticipated, and detailed plans, even to the working out of actual train and engine schedules, were made for the evacuation—if necessary—of the population of East Coast towns and cities and the movement of troops and heavy guns up to them. This council by 1912 had developed into the Railway Executive Committee, which was composed of the general managers of the twelve most important railway systems of Great Britain. It in turn formed an integral part of a Board of Communications, which included representatives of the War Office, the Admiralty, the Board of Trade and the Home Office. Among these representatives was Sir Eric Geddes, a young Englishman of great promise and energy, of whom you shall hear much more before you finish the reading of this article.

The Railway Executive Committee went to its job quickly and without ostentation. While it sought to unify the operation of John Bull's railways so that he might help win the war most efficiently and most promptly, it had no false or grandiloquent ideas of creating a single national rail system overnight. It did not seek to tear down in a day what had taken the patient labor of years to upbuild. It sought not to standardize either baggage cars or locomotives or dining-car meals. It even escaped having a director general. Its printed forms were few and modest. Few people outside of railway and army circles even knew of its existence. At the height of its endeavors it employed in its joint efforts a total force of not more than eighteen officers and clerks, who occupied two floors of a small office building directly across the way from the Houses of Parliament. It was an extremely simple enterprise, but it functioned, and functioned extremely well.

The closest parallel that we had to the English Railway Executive Committee was our own Railroads War Board, builded up by the American Railway Association under the advice and direction of President Wilson. This committee, consisting of five of the ablest American railroad executives, acted almost from the day that we entered the great war until the elaborate United States Railroad Administration came into existence. Its duties and responsibilities—in fact, the very composition of its membership—were almost exactly the same as John Bull's Railway Executive Committee. One important difference remained, however. Our own Railroads War Board had as full responsibilities as its English cousin, but, while Parliament had endowed its railway committee with the fullest power and the most sweeping authority, our own board was intrusted with neither. It might recommend to the various lines which it was seeking to supervise, but it had no power whatsoever to enforce its recommendations—and therein lay its undoing.

Of course the strongest criticism that might rest upon a supervising committee of this sort rests in the fact that it is forever hard for men to undo the habit of years. It was hard for General Manager This or General Manager That or General Manager The Other Fellow to sit in committee at 35 Parliament Street in the city of Westminster and forget Great Western or Midland or Great Central or South Eastern, just as it was hard for President This or President That or President The Other Fellow to sit in a council room in Thirteenth Street, Washington, D. C., and forget Pennsylvania or Southern Pacific or Burlington. This *per se* is a mighty objection. Yet I am not so sure that in hard fact it is any objection whatsoever. The spirit of loyalty to an independent and competitive institution has been responsible for the most conspicuous success in British business, as well as in American, and in many businesses other than railroading has shown its ability in emergency and necessity to cooperate to the end of the common good.

Lack of Authority

Therefore it is that I firmly believe the American board of railroad executives failed where the British one succeeded simply and solely because of the unwillingness on the part of the powers that were and still be to accord it authority. Without that power any so-called executive board was not really executive and so was doomed to fail. With the power the British committee succeeded, and without it the American committee could not solve the war problem of our railroads and was superseded by the United States Railroad Administration, whose successes and whose failures are matters of record.

With England's formal declaration of war the executive committee assumed instant and sweeping powers. It functioned at the very hour of the declaration of conflict and in an early sixteen days of that memorable August, 1914, moved to the embarkation port of Southampton the first British expeditionary force of 126,500 men, 42,000 horses, 6000 vehicles and 5000 tons of stores, in addition to 354 guns. This emergency movement, which required the use of not less than 659 trains, came at a time of great passenger stress upon the British rails. It was in August and at the height of the holiday season in a land which takes its holidays very seriously and very amply too; yet the additional burden was taken up without serious or lengthy inconvenience to the holiday-makers.

And in those same sixteen days when the first hundred thousand "contemptibles" were making their way toward a glorious death in France, 334,000 other soldiers, with all of their vast stores of munitions, were being quickly mobilized in England, involving the movement of 1400 other trains—and still without serious inconvenience to the ordinary traffic. There was no congestion at any point. By good planning and almost superhuman effort, goods and passengers continued to move as before from the south of England up to the north, and from Wales and the mouths of the Mersey and the Severn across country to London, to Newcastle and the suddenly awakened ports of the East Coast.

If the war had been a mere flash in the pan—a thing to be numbered in as many months as it was years—it is quite possible that the entire military movement would have been accomplished with hardly any upset whatever to the normal working conditions of the English railways. But the continued strain counted. It counted in many and various ways. Great mobilization centers were established and the movement of troops and supplies became a settled burden upon John Bull's carriers. Nor was that all. As soon as train ferryboats had been established across the Channel from Richborough—not far from Dover—to Calais, they began sending their freight wagons by the thousands to the aid of the still more overburdened railroads of France—locomotives, too, track as well. In all, some seven hundred locomotives were sent and more than two hundred miles of standard-gauge track, a good part of this last being taken from branch lines which were abandoned and torn up until after the war.

Railway Munitions Work

Despite the labor shortage due to the supreme demands upon England's man power, the railway shops worked with an energy and a force they had not known before. They turned out new cars and new locomotives—some of them standard and others narrow-gauge—to meet the military demands of transport on the Western Front. The immaculate and wonderfully comfortable hospital trains in which our wounded boys rode from the Front back to the base hospitals and the debarkation ports were the products of the English railway shops.

Yet even this was not all. Those same shops went into war munitions upon a huge scale. When the War Office most needed transport they built it some 10,000 service wagons. From service wagons they turned to limbers for six-inch and eight-inch howitzers, finally mountings and pedestals for all sorts of guns, from six-pounders to sixty. From guns to armored trains was but another step. And all this while smaller things in tremendous output.

At the outset the Railway Executive Committee promised the War Office 2250 shell cases. Within eighteen months it was delivering more than twice that number, while in the first four years of the conflict more than 22,000,000 shell cases were renovated and sent for refilling and refiring. Certain cases I saw at the Stratford shops just outside of London had been given designating marks and had been to the Front and back seven times in the course of the war.

The greatest problem still remained. The railways of England were by no means exempt from her demands for man power for her army. On the contrary they gave, and gave most generously, not only to the regular forces of the army and the navy but to the military railroad necessities in France, in Gallipoli and the Far East. Here is a typical case—that of the Great Eastern system:

The Great Eastern is not of the largest systems of England, yet it is far from being among the smallest ones. With a total line mileage of about 1000 miles—close to the length of the Lackawanna Railroad—it employs in normal times some 30,000 men.

(Continued on Page 113)

WRIGLEY'S

Are You Thirsty?

Don't be — all you need is a package of **WRIGLEY'S** to keep you cool and refreshed.

Five sticks **5**c

Three delicious flavors—wax-wrapped and sealed air-tight.

Chew it after every meal.

SEALED TIGHT—
KEPT RIGHT

ANGELUS MARSHMALLOWS

"One Taste Invites Another"

Fresh, pure and wholesome—kept so by the famous wax-sealed package which we **originated.** Sold by grocers, confectioners, druggists everywhere.

RUECKHEIM BROS. & ECKSTEIN

Makers of Cracker Jack, Angelus Marshmallows, Angelus Chocolates and other Reliable Confections

Chicago and Brooklyn, U. S. A.

Cracker Jack

America's Famous Food Confection

"The More You Eat — The More You Want"

(Continued from Page 110)

With its network of lines reaching from London to Harwich and other important ports along the East Coast, it did its share—and more too—toward England's part in the winning of the war. Its great docks just outside of Harwich—your true Englishman always calls it "Harridge"—were taken over by the Admiralty within a few hours after the declaration of war, as a naval base of greatest strategic importance. It moved hundreds of thousands of troops to and from this and other ports upon its lines, and its well-equipped shops did their full part in the making of munitions of every sort. Yet in none of these material things did this railway meet its greatest test.

Of its 30,000 workers, 9734 joined the colors of the King; and of these, 987 made the supreme sacrifice for their country. This record of the Great Eastern, like the similar records of the other English railways, has been printed upon heavy board as an undying roll of honor; and all these rolls today are emblazoned upon the railway stations, big and little, of Great Britain—just as every church from Kent to Inverness has underneath its sunniest and loveliest window the roll of those who took the call of the church militant as a serious call indeed.

To meet these serious and constant drains upon their strength the English railways were forced after a few months toward the sacrifices and economies which we already have seen. Yet they did not end with the mere withdrawal of luxury cars or even competing trains, though that process must have cost many a pang to the men who had so carefully planned them. They did more—they closed intermediate and way stations, particularly in suburban territory or in districts where there were alternative efficient means of transportation.

Chances for Economy

All these economies were as nothing, however, compared with one yet to be accomplished and which even to-day has been by no means fully accomplished. I referred earlier to the privately owned railway wagons, or freight cars. There are in Great Britain alone some 700,000 of these, in the hands of some 4000 owners. This enormous total represents about half of the entire goods-wagon equipment of the British railways. Its overwhelming size for some 25,000 miles of line may be the better appreciated when one understands that for our 275,000 we have but little more than 2,500,000 freight cars.

The British freight equipment of 1,400,000 cars, placed end to end, would reach nearly 4000 miles, or a considerable distance farther than from New York to San Francisco and then down the coast to San Diego. It seems an incredible figure, but the answer comes when one realizes that these little four-wheeled wagons, some fifteen feet in average length and carrying from eight to ten tons of freight—innocent for the most part of air brakes or automatic couplings—are pygmies indeed when one comes to compare them with the fifty-ton box car which brings grain down to our seaboard from our Northwest, or the hundred-ton gondola of steel which hauls the coal across the West Virginia mountains to the docks roundabout Norfolk, Virginia.

And yet these crude little wagons, ill fitted as they certainly would be to the long-distance hauls of our commodities that travel in great bulk, are remarkably well fitted to the freight necessities of the railways over which they operate. They are so small and so light that they can be easily hauled and switched at small stations by a lively boy and a sturdy horse. Moreover, being of slight capacity, they can be loaded with freight for but one community—even a very small community—and so eliminate transfer houses and yards, with high breakage and other expenses. John Bull has cut his railway suit very neatly to meet his own needs.

But the chief factor in these little wagons is their almost ridiculous cheapness. Eighty pounds — barely $400 — represents their average cost, with the result that the average British colliery or other large industrial concern has builded them without any too close regard to the precise economies of their operation. They are cheap rolling stock and commonly regarded as such. The result of this has been to regard any overhead costs upon them as practically nil and for the consignee to take his own bally good time as to their unloading. They make bully little storehouses, while in the serene days before the war demurrage or any other penalty charge against the delayed unloading of a car was practically unknown in all England.

Nor was this all. The fleets of privately owned wagons, having eventually become unloaded, were invariably returned to their owners in that condition. Half the time, therefore, they ran empty; and the frequent trains of empties upon the lines of English railways were a sight to make an American railroader—trained to regard an empty or even a half-filled freight car as an unholy sight indeed—open his eyes in real astonishment. Such waste! Yet the practice was by no means confined to the privately owned wagons.

To a somewhat lesser degree it prevailed in the case of the railway-owned cars. A wagon of the Great Eastern might find its way down on the rails of the Great Western or the London and South Western to Salisbury or to Plymouth. If there chanced to be a load in one of those towns for Harwich or Norwich or some other Great Eastern point it probably would take that load. But for any intermediate point—never! The station master at Salisbury or at Plymouth at his own good pleasure would probably send the Great Eastern's little wagon along with a lot of other little wagons of the South Eastern or the Great Central or the Great Northern or other lines running in the opposite direction from London in an entire trainload of empties. It could hardly be otherwise in a land which has practically no rental arrangements for the temporary use by one railway of another's equipment, or car accounting or other clearing-house systems for tracing and keeping track of them.

Neither is the construction of the wagons themselves—either the private ones or the railway equipment—standardized, which means that the repairs of any car of any railroad cannot be made in the shops of any other railroad, as is to-day our universal American practice.

Beyond this wasteful use of the equipment itself was the fact that, up to the coming of the war at least, the English railways had made little or no effort to bring about a better or more efficient loading of their cars. The patient and elaborate educational propaganda among shippers on roads like our Pennsylvania or Burlington, which brought fine fruit in a greatly increased economy in the use of the American freight car, never had its counterpart in England. John Bull simply never has done things that way. And the old gentleman is not easily induced into a change of method.

Passenger Fares Boosted

War does bring changes, however, and under the stress of war upon his steel highways many actual reforms were brought about by his Railway Executive Committee. Arrangements were made for a real pooling of much of the freight equipment, though because of the time factor and the increasing shortage of man power these necessarily were in many ways crude. And demurrage charges came into active use in England, while better-loading propaganda was introduced, all with the direct result that English freight—both the increasing volume of war munition and troop traffic as well as the ordinary commercial traffic—moved without even the threat of breakdown.

As time went on and the war increased in severity and in volume other trains were removed, and along with them many more of the sleeping cars and dining cars, and still other stations, partially or completely.

And finally came the radical step taken in the flat increase of fifty per cent in all standard passenger fares. Yet—strange to say—no increase was made in freight rates. When you ask the English railway man to explain this, he does so after his own fashion:

"You see," he will tell you, "Parliament alone has the right to increase our haulage charges upon goods." And lets it go at that.

Then you recall that England has never had any organization whatsoever as a counterpart either to our Interstate Commerce Commission or any of the railroad regulatory boards such as each of our states possesses. John's Parliament likes to reserve to itself the right to run his railways, just as the parliament of North Dakota likes to regulate the strength of locomotive headlights or the parliament of Oklahoma the fly screens in the window of the coaches of the railroads that traverse those respective commonwealths.

"You see, the increase in the passenger rates," our English friend concludes, "was not made in order to increase the revenue of the railways but to keep the people from traveling upon them and so overcrowding their facilities."

With what effect we already have seen. Yet the hordes of munition workers in England—who were able to say for the first time in their lives: "Oh, dem the cost! We'll go down to Brighton or to Margate anyway and see how the swells do it"—did contribute a largely increased income to the coffers of the English rails and at a most opportune time. For John, at the same time that he took over these lines, guaranteed the continuance of their dividends, very much as our Uncle Sam guaranteed the maintenance of the net income of the railroads which he gathered under his arms on December 28, 1917. Only in John Bull's case the payment was based upon the dividend requirements of 1913, while he also set aside a fixed sum to each company to equalize the upkeep and repairs that it would ordinarily make upon its line in the course of a twelvemonth, but which in the years of the war—owing to the shortage of men and material—could not be fully made. These last payments have been made with religious regularity into the coffers of the various companies and already make a tidy sum, drawing an excellent interest; while because of the excellent construction methods of the average British railway the lines have not suffered undue deterioration.

War-Bonus Wages

The fifty per cent increase in charges on a feature of John's railways which brings in approximately half their income in ordinary times was—no matter how much he might scorn to admit it—the one factor that enabled him to keep his head above water in their operation. Up to this time I have not even referred to the most serious cost question in that operation—labor. To that phase of the problem we have now fairly come.

The 700,000 men who formed the backbone of British railway labor at the beginning of 1914—the 52,000 women war workers had not then been drafted into their service—were paid astoundingly low wages, at least according to American railroad standards. The average wage of these workers was twenty-eight shillings, or something under seven dollars, a week. The best paid of the rank and file—the drivers of fast express locomotives—were paid but twelve dollars a week, which hardly compares with the before-the-war wage of forty dollars or fifty dollars a week which many of our engineers were paid. No wonder that John could so long continue his wasteful railway methods, could prosper apparently without the adoption of a tithe of the operating economies to which our railroad managers were beginning to be forced a full twenty years ago by the narrowing income margin between increased expenses and fixed rates.

When the war began to bring the high-wage era into Britain the railway worker there—like every other sort of worker—began to feel it, and to feel it keenly. He made known his necessities and felt no hesitancy in announcing his perfect readiness, if wage adjustments were not made immediately, to go into the high-paid munition trades, with the result that in two or three rapid successive steps a war-bonus wage of thirty-three shillings—eight dollars—was given to the men workers, with slightly lower figures for the women and the half-grown boys who had replaced the railway men called to the colors. This bonus wage supposedly is fixed upon the increased cost of living and is to be readjusted quarterly. As a matter of fact, it has not been readjusted since it was first set; and the expert engine driver of Great Britain to-day gets twenty dollars a week—a figure which to-day would be scorned by even the humblest of our own railroaders.

Several times during the progress of the last year or two of the war the railway workers asked for a readjustment of their wage scales. Already they were looking ahead toward the coming of peace and the large readjustments that must necessarily come in its train. Each time, however, they were appealed to upon patriotic grounds to permit the existing arrangements to stand until peace should really come, when the entire matter would be taken up and arranged upon a more permanent basis.

When the armistice finally did come they repeated their demands with a fresh insistence. Peace was at hand, but the promised lower cost of living was not. What was the government going to do about the matter? The government did not know. The railway men said they would see. They saw one David Lloyd George, who was on the eve of one of the most important national elections that England had ever held and who was standing for a popular support at the polls. The Premier listened to their appeal. It was not only for a wage adjustment but for another most important thing—the eight-hour day.

The entire matter was handled in a most orderly fashion—that seems to be the way of England. The men put their appeals into the hands of their two great unions—the Associated Society of Locomotive Enginemen and Firemen and the National Union of Railwaymen, the last embracing all grades of railway service and headed by Mr. J. H. Thomas, a former Great Western engine driver and a leader of real force. His executive ability is recognized by the fact that to-day he is not only a member of Parliament but a Privy Councilor.

In other years these two great organizations had been many times—in fact almost continuously—embattled, and so had oftimes defeated the very ends for which they had been striving. Now they made common cause, just as our four great American railroad brotherhoods two years ago began for the first time to make common cause and a successful one, and joined with themselves a railway organization of growing strength—the Railway Clerks' Association.

To the pressure brought by these 700,000 railway men through their affiliated organizations Lloyd George quickly yielded and promised outright the eight-hour day as well as reopening the wage question within the next two or three months. And, being indorsed at the polls by sweeping majorities, he was enabled quickly to carry his promises into effect. The eight-hour day went in at once upon the English railways, and the railwaymen, through Mr. Thomas and their organizations, took up the question of a more permanent wage adjustment with the Railway Executive Committee, which still represented the government as the supreme operating power of all the British lines

The Underground Strike

But before it could reach a decision something happened. On the first day of February the workers on the many tubes and underground rapid-transit routes of London struck abruptly. These men had been included in the eight-hour-day agreement; in fact, included with them in their strike were engine drivers and guards of certain suburban lines of the standard railways which are closely connected—in a physical sense at least—with the great rapid-transit system of the town.

The quarrel was over the reading of the eight-hour agreement. In the document to which Lloyd George—on the eve of the national election—had so hastily agreed was a clause which provided that all other conditions of service should remain unchanged. It so happened that in the nine-hour day which had prevailed theretofore in the metropolitan and district railways and the tubes of London a half hour had been taken by the men out of the nine for a mid-service meal. When they started taking a similar half hour out of their eight-hour day their operating bosses objected.

"You are screwing it down too tightly," they said. "You are leaving only seven and a half working hours out of the day. Your eight-hour tricks must be like those of our signalmen, towermen and other continuous-service workers before the war—a continuous and unbroken eight hours of service."

For answer the men called attention to the clause in their Lloyd George agreement which said that the conditions of service must be unchanged. The railway managers of the London lines stood fast, however, and the strike began.

It was a stupid strike—most strikes are. But this one was more than merely stupid; it was criminal. For a week in the dead of winter the transit facilities of one of the greatest cities in the world—the very ebb and flow of its lifeblood—were halted. And because of the exposure they endured in walking in the streets of London in one of the nastiest weeks of the entire winter many men and women died.

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Any Puffed Grain with cream and sugar forms a witching morning dish. But mix them with your berries, too. Float them in every bowl of milk. Use as wafers in your soups.

Use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs as a garnish on ice cream. Use them like nut meats in home candy making. Crisp and lightly butter for hungry children to eat like peanuts when at play.

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Public opinion ended the strike. It generally does end all strikes—sooner or later. The public comfort was inconvenienced mightily and therefore public opinion formed itself against the side of the strikers. And they were forced to withdraw their contention as to the half-hour mealtime out from the eight-hour day. Yet after they had done this very thing the city railway companies conceded a quarter hour to them out of the registered eight hours—a snack time—not as a matter of right but as one of fairness and generosity on the part of their employers.

In the meantime the wage-adjustment matter proceeded but slowly. The men had asked that the thirty-three-shilling war bonus be converted into a permanent wage increase. They also wanted a flat rate of pay for each type of employee, no matter whether he was engaged in a rural village, a sizable city or London itself. In other words, the engine driver of the fastest de-luxe trains on the most important main-stem lines was to draw the same pay as the driver of a goods train on a most unimportant side line.

Some time in March the railway companies made their reply to these demands. They pleaded their poverty, the greatly increased cost of every other phase of their operation, but suggested that the old wages be raised to approximately fifty per cent of the difference between them and the total war wage and that this figure be retained while the cost of living continued at its extraordinarily high figure.

This offer the men promptly refused. England faced the greatest industrial crisis in her history. What was a tie-up of the London rapid-transit lines compared with that of her entire national transportation system? The situation was further complicated by the threat of a coincident strike on the part of all her coal miners. And England without any coal reserves and keeping the very lifeblood of half of Europe going by her contributions from her scanty store of fuel! Those spring days were anxious days for old John Bull. Men went about England with anxiety written upon their faces.

Revolution was accomplished—a peaceable, social economic revolution that gave the workingman of Britain the very things he was demanding. The eight-hour day was firmly established; for the railway men it was firmly ruled that eight hours' work should bring eight hours' pay, and that ten hours' work should bring ten hours' pay—two hours' overtime. In other words, each day stands by itself. And no railway company working a man but six hours in a single day can credit those two hours to itself against the day when it wishes to work him ten hours. On the contrary, the principle of overtime was fairly fixed. It was stated, moreover, that the payment for this should be time-and-a-quarter for night hours and time-and-a-half for those of Sunday.

Facing Huge Deficits

"We shall continue the thirty-three shillings a week war bonus," the government ruled, "until the end of the present year and we shall accept the principle of the standardization of wages." Which in itself, with some seven hundred grades of employment, is no small problem.

It is this sort of thing that costs money and much of it. Up to the adoption of the eight-hour day, not as a mere operating principle but as an iron-clad rule of hard, hard fact, the English Railway Executive Committee has boasted that it was operating John Bull's lines of transit without a deficit—that is, if you figured in the government's paying for the transportation of its troops and munitions at the fixed prewar tariffs for both. In order to save useless bookkeeping, the government did not make those actual payments. It considered that as long as it paid the dividend requirements of the railways it had taken over—in addition, of course, to their fixed charges—it was superfluous to go through such red tape.

But this year of grace, 1919, with the expensive principle of the actual eight-hour day and the elaborate overtime payments—this 1919 is different. Many inquiries in different directions seem to fix the fact that this year's deficit in English railway operation will amount to some $300,000,000, which compares with our own probable deficit of from $900,000,000 to $1,000,000,000—a tidy sum which John Bull will have to find somewhere in his well-taxed pocketbook.

Observe, if you will, all this while the great similarity between the working out of his own rail problem and that of our own Uncle Samuel; the difficulties in eliminating the great extravagances of the competitive system of railroading, the great additions to the pay rolls of the railway workers, the more or less constant interference of politics, as well as such minor details as the upraising of a Railway Executive Committee, which—as we already know—with one great exception, compared very closely with that of our former Railroads War Board.

"But," you interrupt, "we eliminated our Railroads War Board—with not very much grace at that. We have the United States Railroad Administration."

No one knows that better than I. And I can quickly reply by stating that England to-day is preparing a thoroughly governmental railway administration, though of much greater powers and scope than the hastily thrown together mechanism which Mr. McAdoo began to guide at the very beginning of 1918. In England this supreme power is to be lodged in a ministry, which—as we shall presently see—is not to be merely a directing and guiding force for her rail lines, but for her highways, her port and harbor facilities and perhaps her electric power as well, but shall give her for the first time in all her existence a sort of Interstate Commerce Commission.

For I do not believe that at heart England, any more than the United States, wants government ownership and operation of her rail lines at the present time. Of course there—as here—there are radicals who call loudly for it, and there may crystallize at almost any moment a definite movement in its favor. The railway unions unquestionably would favor such a move; it represents their largest opportunity. And the fact that the more or less closely affiliated miners' unions are demanding a government working of the coal mines is a decided factor in the situation.

Bearing New Burdens

The government-ownership enthusiasts, of course, make much of the successful operation of the state railways of Prussia in the days before the war, and overlook perhaps the cheap construction and the cheap service of these North German railways. In all North Germany there is not a single railway tunnel; in England alone there are hundreds of them. There has never been a day when the German rail service was comparable with that of the British—in frequency, in speed or in completeness. And the government-ownership advocates say nothing of the calamitous experiences of France with her own segment of state railways or of the equally unfortunate state railways experiences of certain other European nations.

There is, however, still another factor in this particular situation, and to my mind a most important one. The railway owners of England, no more than the railroad stockholders of the United States, wish their properties thrust back upon their hands with greatly inflated pay rolls, yet with little or no increase of rates and absolutely no promise of protection for the future. The wage raising of the English railways was close to $235,000,000 a year. The war bonuses added $275,000,000—it is interesting to compare this last figure with the $220,000,000 paid by the English roads to their stockholders as dividends in 1913—while it is estimated that the operation of the eight-hour day will add at least another $125,000,000 to running cost of the lines. Six hundred million dollars added to operating cost is indeed an appreciable amount.

On the other hand, the English populace already is calling out for the abolition of the fifty per cent overtax upon its passenger fares and, with a fine British memory, is calling the attention of the government officers to the fact that it was imposed "not to produce revenue but to prevent excessive travel in war times." And the government officers, being government officers, are keeping their ears to the ground.

And yet it must be that some of England's officers are keeping their heads high, are making a definite effort to see and to see clearly into the future. For the Transport Bill—the genesis of England's new and comprehensive Interstate Commerce Commission—has already been introduced into Parliament, and will pass, though probably not in so drastic a fashion as originally laid down. And because it will pass there is

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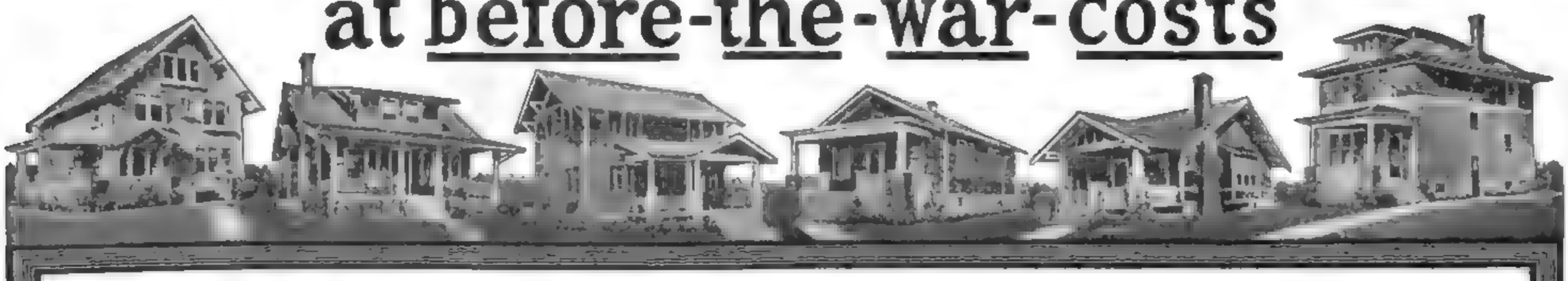
Build Now

at before-the-war-costs



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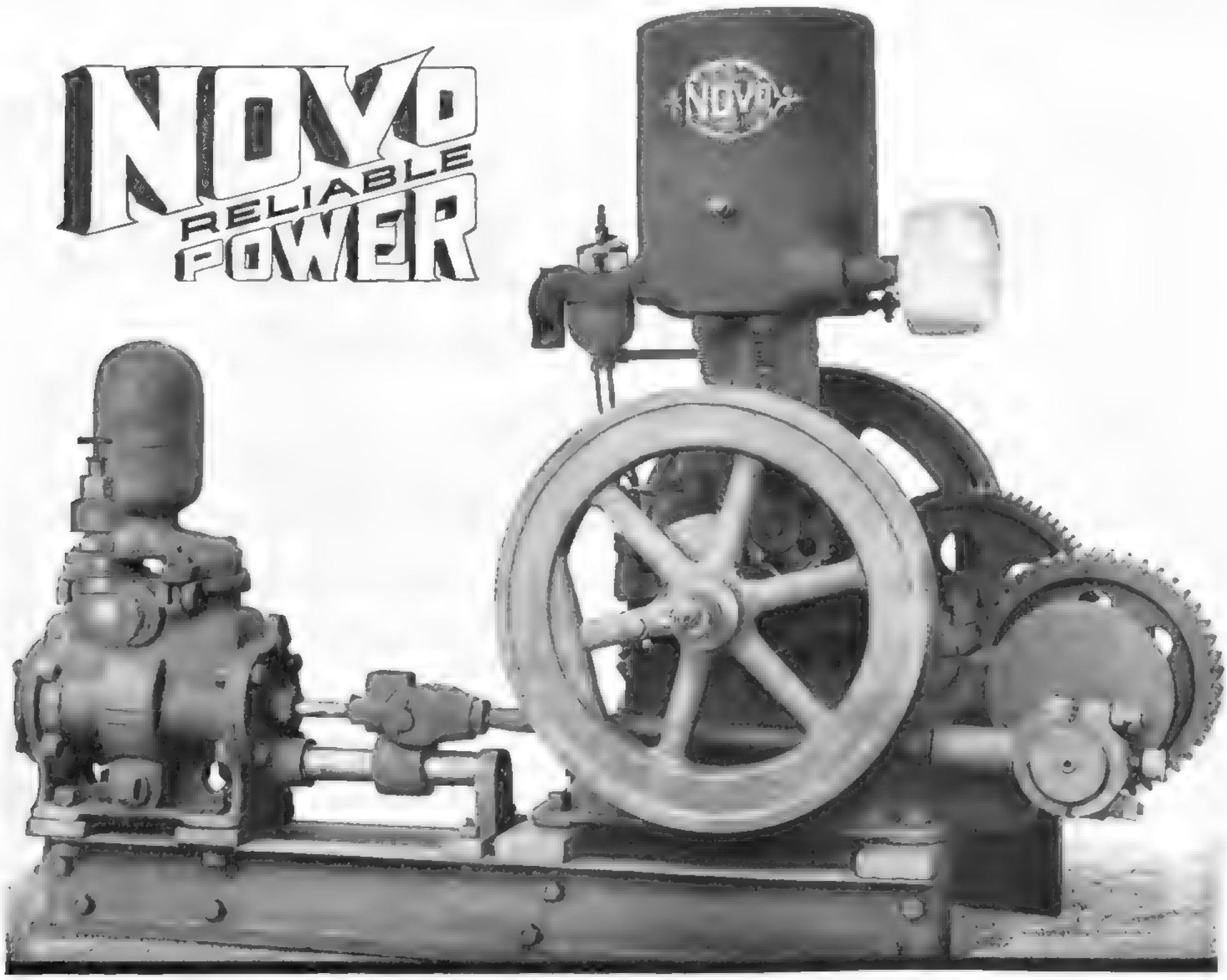

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already a Minister Designate of Ways and Communications, even if he be as yet a minister without a portfolio. You may trust the British passion for foresight and for planning things far in advance to look ahead.

And so Sir Eric Geddes, a young man who has had a considerable experience in English railroading in addition to some years spent in a minor capacity on our own Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is the new Minister Designate of Ways and Communications and—as this is being written—is making a hard fight in Parliament for the retention of his full powers as provided in the original draft of the bill.

The English railway officials with whom I talked in London view this measure with rather mild approval and a considerable amount of actual distrust. It does not come pleasantly to their minds to contemplate the authority of a young man who shall tell them where this train shall run and that shall not, the color they may paint their stations and the things that they shall serve in the table-d'hôte meals in their dining cars. Yet they are the first to realize that their properties—any more than our own railroads—cannot now possibly return to their prewar status. It is conceded by the most of them that their financial position, which even in the days before the war was none too happy, has now become wellnigh desperate; and that, therefore, there must be some measure of state control exercised over them, or else government ownership itself.

Must Charing Cross Go?

They know, too, that the passenger rates can never be placed back at the prewar figures, though there seems to be no good reason why they should not be considerably reduced and the freight traffic made to bear some fair proportion of the increased operating costs. At the present time these freight rates are absurdly low. For instance, the rates for groceries from Bristol to Cardiff, thirty-five miles, are still but two dollars and sixteen cents a ton, which includes both wagon collection and delivery. The cost of each of these last services in the days before the war was estimated at about one shilling—twenty-five cents—yet to-day each is estimated to cost at least one dollar and twelve cents, not only leaving nothing for the rail carriage of the goods but putting the railway actually in the hole on the transaction. There are many hundreds of these instances. They only go to prove that the freight rates must be brought to a fair economic level without delay.

These are the most immediate problems that confront John Bull and his young man, Geddes. Of Geddes one hears nothing but the highest approval, even from the railway executives who yet may find themselves opposing his policies. His job is a large one indeed. To iron out the wrinkles of the railway problem over there alone would be a man's-size job. But because the railways of Great Britain own and control more than half her dockage properties he feels that he must have control of these; and because her highways, which cost England $100,000,000 a year for maintenance alone, are becoming—through the increased use of the motor freight truck—increasingly dangerous competitors of her railways, these too are to be brought into his task; and because one of the largest future economies of those same railways may be the wide substitution of electric power for steam, Geddes wishes the control of electric power also brought under his jurisdiction. And so he has written them into the bill now before Parliament.

With the adjustment of rate increase, Sir Eric may then turn his attention toward larger economies. The possibilities of these upon the English railways to-day are fairly staggering. I have hinted already at their lazy freight wagons, taking their own blessed time to go up the line and be unloaded and then coming back again—perfectly empty—at their own good pleasure. Good demurrage rules and accounting systems, such as have been part and parcel of our own railroad establishment for the past twenty years or more, together with liberal education of the shippers along these lines, will accomplish wonders.

There are still other economies possible. To cite a single one, take the case of terminals. The establishment of union stations for several and in many instances competing railways, such as has been so long a common practice in the United States, is practically unknown in England. Competing stations frequently stand close by one another, where one might easily do the work of both with scarcely any additions to the staff. In London there are at least two instances—at Victoria and at London Bridge—where separate railways have separate stations tightly hugging one another and yet operated with absolute independence—even to the extent of lacking a communicating door.

In fact, the entire terminal situation in London is strangely obsolete and already close to inadequate. Some stations are very much overcrowded, while for others there seems to be little real use whatever. So already it is hinted that Cannon Street and Charing Cross may both disappear; the one because it is expensive in its upkeep and serves a section of the city already almost overprovided with terminals and the other because it is not only to a large extent superfluous but because it congests the traffic at the narrowest part of the busy Strand, which it faces, and thrusts from its train house the ugliest of all London bridges and at a point where the Thames should present its loveliest vista. So it is proposed as a part of a great architectural scheme to serve as a war memorial that Charing Cross Station and its approach bridge shall be wiped out of existence and a huge stone highway bridge erected in its place, which shall give dignified approach to a Charing Cross on the south side of the Thames.

Enthusiasts go further and suggest one great union passenger station for all London. But, like most enthusiasts, they go quite too far. London, like Paris or New York or Chicago or Boston, is quite too large for a single passenger station. There comes a point where the volume of traffic may grow far too great for any one station to handle it all—with any convenience to the passenger. If ever you have tried to make a hurried use of either the Washington or the St. Louis station you will appreciate this. Yet London, like Paris or New York or Chicago or Boston, is capable of vast terminal improvement—of a vaster improvement perhaps than any of these other huge metropolitan cities. And what is true of the passenger terminals is quite as true of the freight terminals.

Big Traffic in Small Stations

Yet do not believe the British are asleep in these matters. John Bull knows a thing or two himself about terminals. It is astounding the traffic that even a comparatively small station like either of the structures at Victoria manages to handle in the course of an ordinary working day, while when you come to a station like Liverpool Street you face a passenger business that is hardly less than amazing. For in and out of this station in ordinary days there come and go some nine hundred and twenty-four trains. These handle 100,000 passengers in and 100,000 out each weekday. And yet you could take Liverpool Street—its twenty-two platform tracks, head houses, terminal hotel and all—and all but set it down within the train shed of the South Station, Boston, or the Union Station, St. Louis. So much for the efficiency of a typical English station which wastes little thought or room on elaborate waiting rooms or concourses but devotes itself to the business most immediately in hand—the prompt handling of the passengers that come to it. Yet it is easy to see, with Liverpool Street as but one of the eight or ten major terminals of London, why a single union station for the big town is quite out of the question. And yet huge terminal economies are more than possible.

"Granted that these economies can all be made and that Sir Eric Geddes will make them," you say, "is there any hope for the expansion of the English railways, for the growth of revenue through a growth of traffic? Is not the island about as well provided as it should be with railway trackage?"

Take your last question first and answer it: "Yes." Of mainline routes Great Britain would seem to-day to possess not only plenty but—like many sections of our own beloved country—an overplus. Yet these do not represent her sole opportunities for internal transportation development.

Our boys in khaki, who went to France and with their sharp eyes observed, must have observed the light railways—for the most part narrow-gauge—that follow so many of her main highways. There are similar light railways upon the main highroads of Italy. These lines, cheaply built—and, with their one train a day in each

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direction, cheap to operate—have given the interior of these two Continental nations for more than half a century a transportation service such as the interior portions of no other country have ever possessed. They are not wildly profitable, yet they are far from being losers. And their service to the communities, whose whole dependence they are, cannot easily be measured.

The real future opportunity of the English railways—oddly enough, as it may seem at first sight—apparently is in connection with the Continental railway systems, not only of Europe but of Asia and of Africa as well. For recall that for the first time in the railway history of Europe the past four years have seen English locomotives and English cars operating upon the railways of France, Belgium and portions of Germany. This innovation was strongly against the traditions of English railway men.

There is no reason to-day save one why a man should not step into a sleeping car at the Gare du Nord after a good dinner in Paris and step out at Victoria Station, London, in time for breakfast. That one reason is—once again—British conservative tradition. It phrases its opposition in terms of economies—after it has paid a due deferential respect to the sin-filled qualities of the English Channel—and calls our attention to the fact that a trainload of sleeping cars will carry far less foreign-bound folks than a well-filled small ferry boat with trains to connect with it at either shore, while the size and operating cost of a train ferry runs far beyond that of two or three small ferries. To which we may deferentially reply to British tradition that it has been our American experience that improved service brings improved rates and that the average traveler does not hesitate very long at paying a fairly increased rate for a fairly increased degree of comfort; and add that the peacetime traffic between Paris and Brussels after the war is again about what it was before the war—some two and a half times that of the traffic between London and Paris.

Through Lines by Train Ferry

The train ferries will probably continue to operate, despite British conservatism; in fact, definite plans are now under way to use them for through fruit-and-vegetable service up from Spain and the south of France, as well as to provide a similar service across the Irish Channel to bring meats from Ireland to English markets in solid trains of refrigerator cars without the delays of transshipment that heretofore have characterized both of these services.

But the real solution of the problem of the English Channel lies in the digging of the tunnel. With the war ended, this great scheme—for so long a time the bugaboo of British tradition—has been earnestly revived. For it is now known that had the Channel tunnel been in existence in 1914 the entire problem of the war would have been greatly simplified and the conflict shortened. The possibilities of a double-track line upon the surface or underneath it, when provided with the proper equipment and terminal facilities, seem almost limitless. Trains might then move between Europe's two great cities—London and Paris—with the frequency that they now move between New York and Philadelphia.

One of the great industrial dreams of the Germans in their ambitious days before the war was that of the Berlin-to-Bagdad Railroad, which, reaching south from Hamburg and Bremen through Berlin and Vienna, should cross the Bosporus at Constantinople and long before reaching Bagdad should divide into two great arms, the one dropping south through Africa from the Suez to the Cape and the other passing through Bagdad and not stopping short of India itself. So they tantalized John Bull, these Germans—John Bull and his many strings of pretty but slow-moving ships. Yet John now has his day in court. With the help of his Gallic cousins he may quickly find a route from the tunnel terminals at Calais south and east through Paris, Dijon, Milan, Venice and so—quite avoiding Germany entirely—pick up the line of the Berlin-Bagdad at Belgrade. And so he may go from the new Charing Cross—there is something in the old name that sticks in his affections—to Bagdad in five days, and eventually to Cape Town or to Calcutta in from ten to twelve, which would contribute a something to the solidity of his empire that it has not yet known.

Nor is this all. If it is feasible to tunnel the English Channel, twenty miles in width, it is even more feasible to tunnel the Strait of Gibraltar, which is but eight miles wide at its narrowest point. I do not imagine that such a man as Samuel Rea, of the Pennsylvania, would hesitate at such a job. This would mean that it would be an easy matter indeed to send a through train from London under the English Channel, across France and Spain, the selfsame Strait of Gibraltar and straight to the wonderful new port of Dakar, which the French have been so quietly constructing these past few years in Senegal at almost the extreme westernmost point of Africa. There the Atlantic is narrow indeed. An ordinarily fast steamer can cross from Dakar to South America in four to five days, while the traffic experts in London figure out that, with such a through-rail route, from Charing Cross or Victoria to Rio de Janeiro will be but eight days and Buenos Aires nine days distant from London; with Santiago de Chile, by means of the Trans-Andean Railroad, only two days farther.

It is feasible to tunnel underneath the English Channel. Moreover, it is going to be done. The company has already been organized and Parliament is extending its support. The old-time traditional opposition to its construction has all but disappeared. England does not propose to be caught in another war without such a valuable and extremely necessary military aid, and so within the decade should have the tunnel quite complete. It is not a particularly difficult job. I have talked with Mr. F. C. Tempest, engineer to the tunnel company, as well as of the South Eastern and Chatham Railway, which will form the link between its Dover terminal and London.

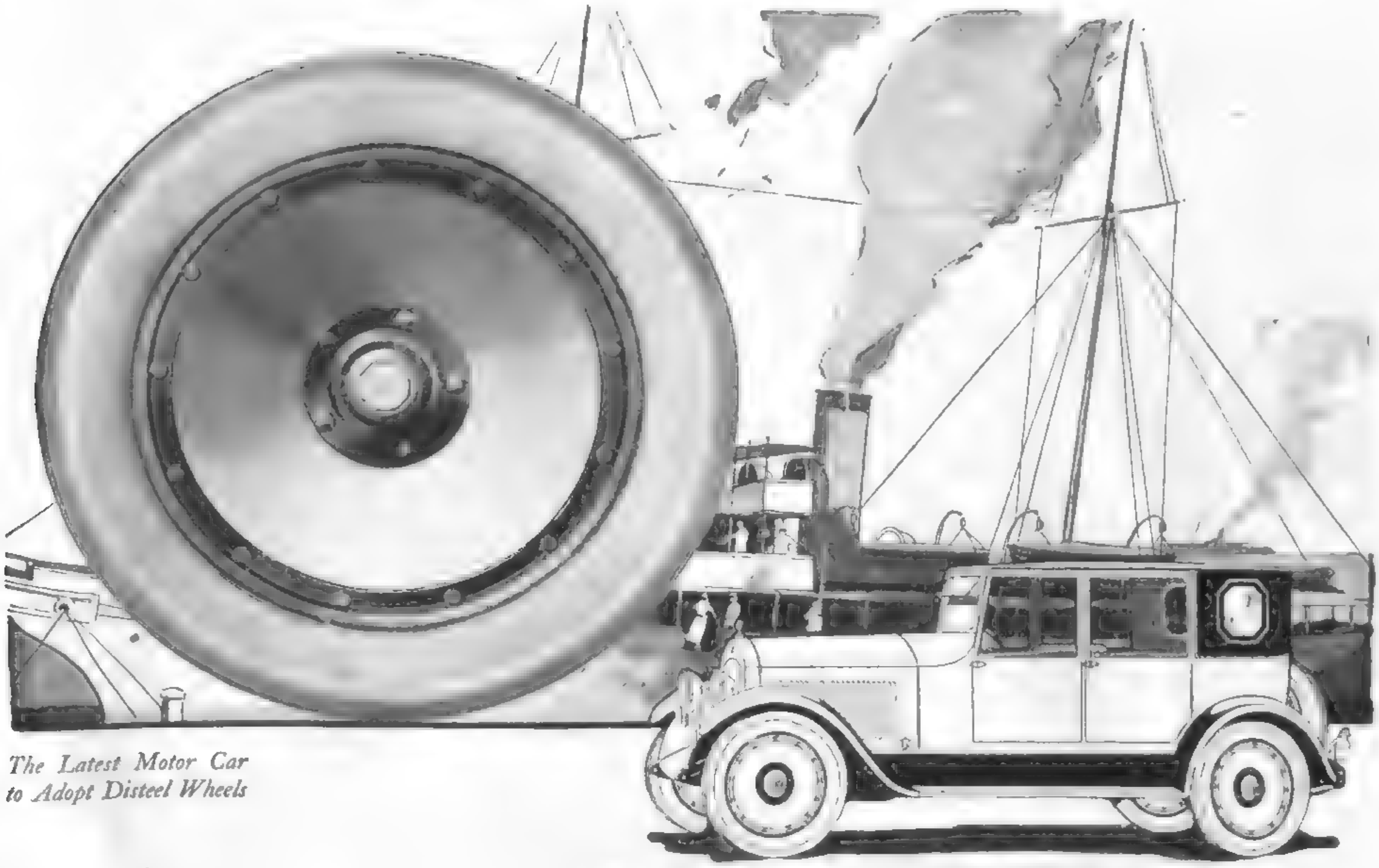
A Tunnel That Would Pay

Mr. Tempest has assured me that with five to seven headings established and each provided with a cutting shield, cutting through the fine yard chalk at a rate of about two inches a minute and working at least fifty per cent of the time, the tunnel can be completely dug in five to seven years. The cost? It is not staggering. His estimates are that it will not exceed some $125,000,000, which is about one-third that of our Panama Canal, and a mere bagatelle in these days when we think in billions. There are to-day—despite the great difficulties of the trip—about a million passengers a year between London and Paris.

With the great bore completed this number would double, while a tax of ten shillings—two dollars and fifty cents—upon each passenger would bring in an annual income of $5,000,000. And this takes no account whatsoever of the vast freight revenues to accrue to the tube or of the constantly increasing business that will come pouring through it. With the steady and inevitable increase of through-rail routes in the Old World, it is to-day a most inviting corner of the entire earth for railroad development upon a huge scale. Ten million passengers a year would seem to be a conservative estimate as to the future of the Channel tunnel.

I have set these things down in some detail because—like the perplexities—the future possibilities of John Bull's railways are so remarkably like those of our own railroads. We have at least two continents upon which to expand our long-distance rail routes, and as yet have hardly made even a beginning with them, but have surrounded ourselves with turmoil and confusion with such lines as we already have.

Our English cousins are not in a turmoil and confusion over their lines. They do not like turmoil and confusion about them. They are working to an end—and definitely. And even though it is not given to any man as yet to see that end, it will be reached—and that within the period of two years after the signing of the peace, which is the period set down by the British Government for its actual control of its railways and the maintenance of their dividends. At the end of that time John Bull will have worked out a broad and comprehensive plan for their development. It may be a return of the lines to their private owners with due protection for those owners in increased rates under a stricter government ownership, cloaked under the name of nationalization. There are many wise men in John Bull's island who believe this last is inevitable. But whatever it is, it will be broad and comprehensive and, I believe, exceedingly fair to all who are involved in or by it. You can trust John for that—and Sir Eric Geddes too.



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The Wheels That Complete The Car

As one by one the representative and long-established motor car manufacturers, the designers and builders of quality-cars, come to the adoption of Disteel Wheels, we find it interesting to analyze the considerations that moved them to the final decision.

Primarily, we find, Disteel Wheels facilitate and extend motor car sales. They greatly enhance the Beauty, the Distinctiveness of the Car. The car's clientele, the owners, the dealers urge Disteel Wheels. They are recognized as the Wheels of Progress, an essential feature, of the up-to-date motor car.

The investigation, the thorough test, the final approval of the engineering department of the Motor Car Company constitute, too, an important factor. Men of Science are quick to recognize the essential mechanical superiorities of Disteel Wheels. They KNOW with mathematical precision that Disteel Wheels ARE stronger, yet lighter; that they greatly lighten the labor of wheel-changing and tire-changing; that they are easily cleaned, are long-lived and eliminate the annoyance of squeaking rims and rattling spokes.

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—is the *exclusive* Inland patented principle of construction that makes Inland One-Piece Piston Rings absolutely *gas-tight.* For fuel economy—for smooth-running, dependable, unvarying power—for longer motor life—equip your car with Inlands.

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If you are not using Inlands, put them in your motor today.

Inlands are for every type of internal combustion motors—**automobiles, trucks, tractors, stationary engines and marine engines.**

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Get Inlands from your dealer —or at garages everywhere.

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INLAND
ONE-PIECE PISTON RING

TRUTH AND MERCY

(Concluded from Page 34

Mr. Singer waan't under a long future agreement to stick to Deems' store, was he? Or perhaps Mr. Stearwin was going to be disappointed.

It is not too much to say that as Mrs. Stearwin eloquently hesitated, having come to the end of her tentative offer, Mercy Singer saw stars. She felt mentally fallen down with a deliciously bumped head. She blinked, trying to right herself. It was unbelievable! It was not true!

The unhappiness, the frustrated hope and plans of months back—why, they were wraiths! Even wraithlike, she could hardly bring them to flit by her now. This! This! She drew a small furtive breath of excitement which she hoped the other woman would not detect. She had to draw a second and a third before she could get out, with self-respecting casualness:

"Why, Mrs. Stearwin, this is so su—— why, I'm sure Cyrus would be delighted! Cyrus isn't—hasn't been exactly satisfied at Deems'. He—he ——" she groped for proper words, defensive yet ingratiating words. "He has always felt capable of harder and intenser work than he has been required to do at Deems'!"

There! That was a nice speech, she felt elatedly. Truthful, proper, clever—just what a helpful, wise wife should say. Not a word too much; nothing of injudicious servile gratitude, yet quite polite and appreciative. The triumph of Mercy's comely dark-blue eyes was quite topped by a quick complacency over her handling good fortune as it should be handled.

"Oh, he would be willing ——" Mrs. Stearwin said this slowly. She surely could not have been surprised at Mercy's quick acceptance of her offer of the place to Cyrus—it amounted to that. But she seemed nonplused.

She looked at Mercy strangely. She seemed to expect her to say something—or relate something—or confide something; something incidental, yet significant. At least that, later, was Mercy's fleeting impression.

But Mercy decided that that was all her fancy; and having indeed nothing to say or relate or confide, she got Mrs. Stearwin a glass of iced tea and some cinnamon sponge cake. Mrs. Stearwin consumed these items of hospitality—and of gratitude as well on this occasion—rather absently. And presently—very soon in fact—departed, giving Mercy a last odd baffled look. Queer look, Mercy would have said.

But she was too excited to be saying anything except: "Oh, dear me! How I wish Cyrus Singer would get himself home!"

All excitement, she waited with difficulty. But it was too near supper time for her to anticipate by going down to the store. Besides, it would not be quite the thing, she felt, to break the glad news under Andrew Deems' own roof.

The minutes dragged like chains and she fairly flew at Cyrus, when he entered the front door. She almost flung the words at him. Her recital was furious, furiously joyous. "Can you believe it, Cyrus?"

"What's that?" he said at once, as others had said.

With a tremolo of excitement and pure joy she repeated. Well, likely enough he couldn't believe his ears. She hadn't believed hers!

"Oh!" said Cyrus then flatly.

There was something odd in his tone. She knew Cyrus' tones. She looked at him hard.

"I—I can't take the place, even if it is offered to me," said he.

"You can't take it! Why, Cyrus Singer, are you out of your head—or dreaming?"

"Andrew Deems went this morning to a sanitarium. For some months. Doctors insisted. He's pretty sick. He left his store in my charge, so I can't leave it."

"Cyrus Singer!" Mercy Singer was glad her two small daughters were out in the yard playing. Her words wouldn't be what they ought to hear. She was dumfounded and enraged. "Cyrus Singer, do you mean to stand there and say—and say that you actually intend to let this chance of a lifetime slip for—for an old curmudgeon and his worthless half-failing store?"

"That's it! The store's all he's got—besides a trifle in bank. And no relatives. If I quit he might as well close his doors—at this time."

"What of that? What is that to us?" panted Mercy.

"But Mercy!" placatingly. "You surely see I can't do anything else?"

"Don't tell me what I see!" she flung at him. "I have my own power of vision, Cyrus Singer!"

There followed a fierce quarrel, though the quarreling was mostly done by Mercy. Cyrus was silent mostly—lips tight and tired. And in the end Mercy was silent and bitter-lipped. Tearful, too, but her tears seemed to have scalded her flushed face.

V

THE weeks went on. Old Andrew Deems lingered on peevishly at the sanitarium. He wrote Cyrus frequent letters—peevish letters of command and advice. Mercy found one on the center table as she dusted one morning, and she tore it into a hundred pieces and threw them violently at the wastebasket.

A broken-splinted wastebasket—it reminded her by contrast of the silk-lined wicker affair that was a splash of green in the Stearwin living room; and she quit the dusting to indulge in one of her frequent—these weeks—fits of angry crying. Old Andrew Deems! For him their chance was gone.

For in the whisk of a word, Thomas A. Stearwin, taking curtly Cyrus' curt explanationless refusal of the proffered place—Cyrus was in too bitter a humor after Mercy's recriminations to bother about explaining his refusal to that prosperous wide-waisted man—had got another man from Chicago; an aggressive young business fellow whose pretty young smart-bloused wife hurt Mercy Singer's tired bitter eyes as nothing had hurt them for a long time. And Cyrus could have had the place!

It might have solaced her in her bitterness to know that Thomas A. Stearwin was depressed and his wife bitterly fretted by Cyrus' action; but the two had said glumly to each other: "Well, if there's anything against us, why can't people say it to our faces instead of to our backs?" Martyrlike, worriedly.

But Mercy didn't know this; and her comely face took on a look of middle age that it had not known. It wore habitually the depression that before it had worn only spasmodically.

Willotown talked.

"She's sick," said some.

"They ain't getting along," said others.

This was capable of two interpretations. One speaker meant that the Singers were quarreling; that they had got to the daily marital wranglefest to which many couples descend sooner or later. Others meant that the H. C. L. had crept up high on the Singer income and no longer could they make both ends meet. Mingled with a certain townlike feeling of pity for both Cyrus and Mercy there was also—at this—a placid despising of their inefficiency. Like all autocrats, the H. C. L. has its own lick-spittles; those who say: "Oh, it isn't so bad if folks handle their pennies as they should!"

Mercy Singer bitterly cared little what Willotownites thought or said. Life had hit her too hard for lesser hits to be felt. She was embittered to stolidity, the only exception to her stolidity being that a dislike for Cyrus was growing in her heart.

There was no more cinnamon sponge cake baked at the Singer cottage. However, if Cyrus noticed, he said nothing. Mealtime came to be a sullenly silent affair. Eda and Ruth got into the habit of slipping away as soon as they had eaten.

There was one spicy incident. Hetty Healy waylaid Mercy and demanded outright what Cyrus had against the Stearwin store. Mr. Thomas A. Stearwin had said he would like to know.

"Let him find out," said Mercy briefly, and walked round Hetty and on up the street.

As she walked she brooded on what she could do in the future that it would hurt Cyrus Singer to find out. Get a place herself to clerk—in the Stearwin store, say. But she doubted if she would be given the place—and there is pride. She couldn't stand the day's meetings with inquisitive side-eyed Willotownites any more than Cyrus could stand thinking about them.

But that night at supper her angry defiant eyes brought the color to silent Cyrus' face. He ate a few mouthfuls as though they choked him, muttered that he had to get back to the store that evening. She knew that he had to do no such thing. But it pleased her viciously that she had made home too disagreeable a place for him to linger in.

But that next day Andrew Deems died.

The long sullen silence between the two was broken at last by Cyrus' curt announcement.

"I'll have to go after the—body," he said. "The old man had no relatives or friends but me."

"Oh!" Mercy had known this. But for the first time she digested it. "Only you?"

"Only me."

She fairly fell into his arms. "Oh, Cyrus, I'm a mean woman! What if you were old ——"

"Oh ——"

"I don't care!" she cried suddenly. "Honestly, Cyrus, I don't care if the store is shut up and—and you haven't any job! I don't know why I acted so. I just got set in a spell of temper."

"Oh, that's all right, Mercy," Cyrus accepted the making up. But he looked tired. "I couldn't have done any different—but doggone, I hated to let that chance slip too!" He sighed, getting ready to leave on the next train.

While he was gone, Mercy Singer baked a large cinnamon sponge cake, though she looked tired too. She shivered a little at what was ahead. Of course Cyrus would find a job somewhere—but there was a young aggressive horde of soldiers back looking for the same. Cyrus was past his youth—and looked it.

Mrs. Hetty Healy called that afternoon. "Bad news, ain't it? What'll Cyrus do now?"

Mercy was suddenly out of temper again. "Oh, maybe start a store of his own!" she defiantly lied.

"In opposition to the Stearwin? He wouldn't dare!" gasped the widow.

"Oh—maybe!" Quite conscienceless. Mrs. Healy departed in cold skepticism.

Mercy cried when she had gone. She was suddenly very tired of life and Willotown. What would Cyrus do? She began to wonder with growing worry.

And though her temper did not lose itself again—she was weary of that—her nerves grew taut under brooding, planning futilely, wondering. So that she received Cyrus silently and uncomfortably when two days later he returned.

She made a great effort to be quite calm and affectionate to him. He, too, seemed curiously taut of nerve or temper.

"We won't worry, Cyrus. We'll just act as though we're going to get along perfectly all right. After all we're not crippled or anything like that. I guess we won't starve. There's only that little debt at the grocery store."

"We won't worry, Mercy," said Cyrus in a curiously taut voice. "We'll certainly act just as though we're going to get along all right—because we are! Andrew Deems"—his voice shook with feeling—"has left me the store, besides two thousand dollars in bank that he had all along but wouldn't touch through fear of the store failing and him being left penniless and sick in his old age. Expected if the worst come to get himself in an old folks' home. For my faithful years of service. Gee, if he'd only have loosened up on that bank fund a few years ago I could have made his store a winner! And now—in my own hands ——"

"Cyrus!"

"You are hearing right, Mercy!"

Mrs. Cyrus Singer, meeting Mrs. Stearwin in the street the next day, nodded politely but absent-mindedly.

Mrs. Stearwin flushed. But in a way it was touched with relief—that flush. She foresaw rivalry. The Deems dry goods store already—it was reported—had contracted for a column instead of five lines of advertising in the Willotown Weekly Palladium. Still, rivalry is not the most uncomfortable thing in life.

"He knew he was going to get the store all along," she reflected with a sense of comfort. "I don't think, Thomas, he had anything against you."

"I never thought he did," blustered Thomas A. stoutly.

But Mrs. Stearwin knew that Thomas was lying—firmly, determinedly.

I Must Have More Money

How Can I Get It?

Thousands of women everywhere are saying that every day. Rents are higher, food and clothing cost more. They economize every minute; they go without things they need, and still they cannot quite make ends meet.

Maybe the income has increased a little. Still, it is not enough to pay for necessities, to say nothing of a few luxuries that every family is entitled to. What are you going to do about it?

Here is the Answer

Do what 17,600 other women have done. Become a successful World's Star Representative and sell

World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear

to your friends and neighbors. It is easy to do. It is made easier by our advertising in all the leading women's magazines.

The first sales you make always mean more sales. World's Star quality insures that. And hosiery and underwear are two things that every housewife must buy for herself and the family.

Be independent—have a substantial business that is sure and profitable month after month.

Write today for our beautiful catalog of World's Star Hosiery and Klean Knit Underwear and complete information. Do this now, and in a very short time you will solve your money problems.

For twenty-four years women have been selling World's Star Hosiery and Klean Knit Underwear. They have made money. So can you. Write us today.

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO

Dept. 326, Bay City, Mich.

Dennison's

PAPER TOWELS

No more the grimy, germy towel. Today it's standard to use Dennison's—soft, safe, sanitary. *One* dries *both* hands.

Write to Dennison, Dept. H Framingham, Mass., for "Handy Book"

What Next ?

BECOME AN EXPERT

ACCOUNTANT

La Salle Extension University, Dept. 671 H Chicago

"The World's Greatest Extension University"

What Makes Your Engine Boil?

By Chas. C. Gates, E. M.

If your engine heats—loses pep—look first to your fan belt.

Spin your engine and stop it—probably you'll find that the belt is slipping on the pulleys.

There is something you should know about the structure of your fan belt—it is important.

Figure No. 1, shows you a belt with the threads running lengthwise and across.

The pull is all on the lengthwise threads. The belt has no elasticity, and as soon as it wears a little, it becomes loose on the pulley—and then your fan isn't running up to speed.

Now, notice the weave of the belt in figure No. 2. It is on the bias—that makes it elastic and gives it a firm grip on the pulley.

Such a belt always stays tight—and a tight belt means a cool engine.

This bias wove, elastic grip belt has been patented as the Vulco Process—no other belt can be made like it.

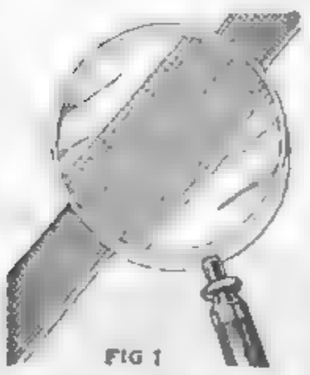

FIG 1

That's the reason more than 6,000,000 of them have been contracted for this season.

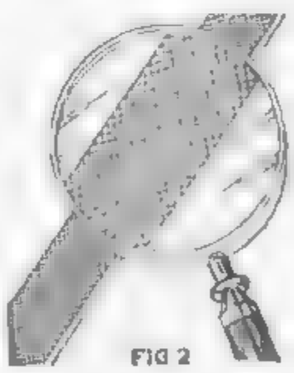

FIG 2

If your engine isn't pulling as it should on warm days; if it heats up too quickly—it will pay you to insist upon a Gates Vulco Cord Belt to replace the one you are using.

Dealers everywhere—now 35,000 of them are able to supply you.

And whether your engine takes a flat or a "V" shaped belt, there's a Gates Vulco Cord Belt to fit it.

Any manufacturer whose product calls for small machinery belting is cordially invited to send us specifications. We will submit samples of Gates Vulco Cord Belting specially designed to meet your requirements.

MADE BY GATES Rubber Company DENVER

"WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF FAN BELTS"

HAPPY ENDINGS

(Continued from Page 39)

thing, and David Fitch, judging by his irritation as he dictated to her, had no vast opinion of it either. He seemed to be fairly sweating it out of himself. He confessed as much one morning to her.

"This darned thing isn't any good," he said.

She was pleased that he should be willing thus to give her his confidence. It was a hopeful sign. But she wisely withheld any comment.

"This Bemis party is a dead one and the girl's a stiff, isn't she? The thing as a whole doesn't ring true, does it?"

"I haven't been as interested in this one as I was in the one before," she said noncommittally, "and I didn't know the whole of that—just the last part of it."

"There you are! That proves it's no good. But it's one of those obsessions that hang round sometimes. I'll have to get it out of my system before I can do anything else. So here goes!"

They resumed work.

They stumbled along with the thing until on the tenth morning Fitch said with a sigh of relief:

"Well, thank God, that's over with! Great way to feel about any work of the sort, isn't it? Shows it up. But to-morrow I think we'll have better sailing. I think I've got something up my sleeve that's going to be worth while."

Nor was he wrong in that surmise. He fell to next morning with immense enthusiasm. He dictated so rapidly that Sibyl Anna could barely keep pace with him in an opening that sent the editorial part of her into fine ecstasies. Half past eight came all too soon for her, as well as it had come for David Fitch. She did not want him to stop; she did not want to risk any chances of his breaking that strain that he had shown in the opening of the story. She worried about it considerably at her own office at The Hour that day. But she needn't have done so. He went to work the following morning with his enthusiasm unabated, his grasp of his material loosened not a whit. She liked the way his eyes shone and his way of cracking the doubled fist of one hand into the palm of the other when he caught some word or phrase that fitted his purpose as none other could have done.

By the end of the fourth morning's work upon it she knew David Fitch was writing the story she had waited for—a bird, a wonder; something to make the editorial heart the country over beat faster at the thought that such a thing could be done.

It had developed sufficiently for her to see its finish and the possibilities of that finish. David Fitch had the chance of his life right there in that yarn he was dictating to her. And this time the end of it was going to be what the end of such a story should be. If he turned or swerved or began to wallow off into one of his gloomy endings there was going to be one wild little old whale of a bellow from her. Believe her, there was!

The stage was set for the ending. Every last thing was in order for it. They began it that fifth morning. Fitch's pipe was going like a chimney. Sibyl Anna's pencil fairly tore across the white sheets.

And then suddenly in the midst of it all she put down her pencil and swung about in her chair.

"No!" she cried out wholly unexpectedly. "No! No! No!"

David Fitch jumped above five feet. His pipe fell out of his mouth. He said oversharply:

"What's wrong? You've broken me up!"

"Have I? Well, I'm glad I have—if you're going to do what I think you are. You're going to have Henderson kill his son in the next few paragraphs, aren't you?"

"Certainly!"

"Oh, don't do that! Have Henderson instead see the light; have him see the truth of what the boy has told him; have him respect the boy and honor him for what he has done and his courage in doing it—and change his own ways."

He said very coldly:

"Miss Smith, who is writing this story—you or I?"

"You started out to write it. But you're not doing it now. You're falling down on the job and falling down hard and spoiling everything."

"Just what do you know of the technic of the story anyway?" he snapped at her, that fighting jaw of his tense in its every line.

"I know whether or not I like 'em," she said, coming to her senses and getting a grip on herself. "I know I don't like this one—not the way you intend to end it. It's so senseless. There's no use having Henderson kill his son. What does all that the boy has done count for if you end it like that? Please, please, Mr. Fitch, let him live! Let the older Henderson see himself as the boy has seen him. I'm all excited about it. It's your fault, because you have made me see it all so clearly. I want young Henderson to live. Let him live! Please!"

David Fitch softened a trifle. He looked at her queerly. Then his face hardened again.

"I write of things as they are, not as the reading public wants them to be. There's a reason for it. Let's continue."

She slammed her pencil noisily to the desk.

"I won't go on with it; I won't set down another single word if you're going to have this murder. All my sympathies are with young Henderson. You have made him live for me. You shan't kill him!"

"What's this—a strike on your part?"

"If you choose to call it so. And besides, this man never would have killed his own son. You say you write of things as they are—consider that. This killing stretches the imagination. It doesn't ring true. It never would have happened in the world."

"No?" he said quietly. He drew himself up. "I don't know why I should argue this with you. I don't know why you should question my craftsmanship—such as it is. But you seem inclined to do so and you certainly have been a jewel in your work so far. I don't think I care to lose you, so just let me tell you this is a personal experience of mine. This whole story is a close experience. I happen to know how it would come out, and it would have been exactly as I say. Now will you go on?"

"No!"

"Under what circumstances will you go on?"

"When you'll write the ending I want."

He threw out his hands in an impatient gesture.

"Suppose I prove to you I am right?"

"How could you?"

He looked at his watch.

"My father is in his office by this time. He is always here a little before eight. He is the Henderson of this story. If I went to him as Henderson's son went to his father and told him the same thing he'd attempt to kill me. I'm sure of it."

Sibyl Anna's hands were clenched together—clenched hard. She was looking at David Fitch, standing very straight by the wide window. He had picked up the pipe and was cramming a fresh charge of tobacco into it. There was about him a great dignity and a great strength and a great sadness as he told her this so very quietly.

"I will go into his office. You watch outside. The door will be open. I will tell him what young Henderson told his father. I will do this to prove my point to you, because you are one person out of a thousand; a person who can take dictation from me without fretting me half out of my senses; and because, therefore, I will overlook this one and only interruption from you and prove this thing to you so conclusively there will never be any other interruptions. If he tries to kill me ——"

"You wouldn't let him kill you?" Sibyl Anna gasped between set teeth.

"I'm a husky lad, well able to take care of myself," he said, smiling at her. "As I was saying, if he tries to kill me you will agree to finish taking the dictation of the rest of this story without any more suggestions, won't you?"

She thought this over for a tense moment.

"Yes; if on the other hand, as I'm sure will be the case, he doesn't try to kill you, you'll finish the story the other way."

"That's a go," he said, holding out a hand which she took rather limply.

He looked out the wide window at the roofs and the sooty chimneys with the clear morning sunshine doing its best for them. He turned suddenly away.

"I'll be back in a minute," he said, opening the office door.

He was gone for some few minutes. The best picker of fiction in the country sat at

(Continued on Page 125)

PAIGE

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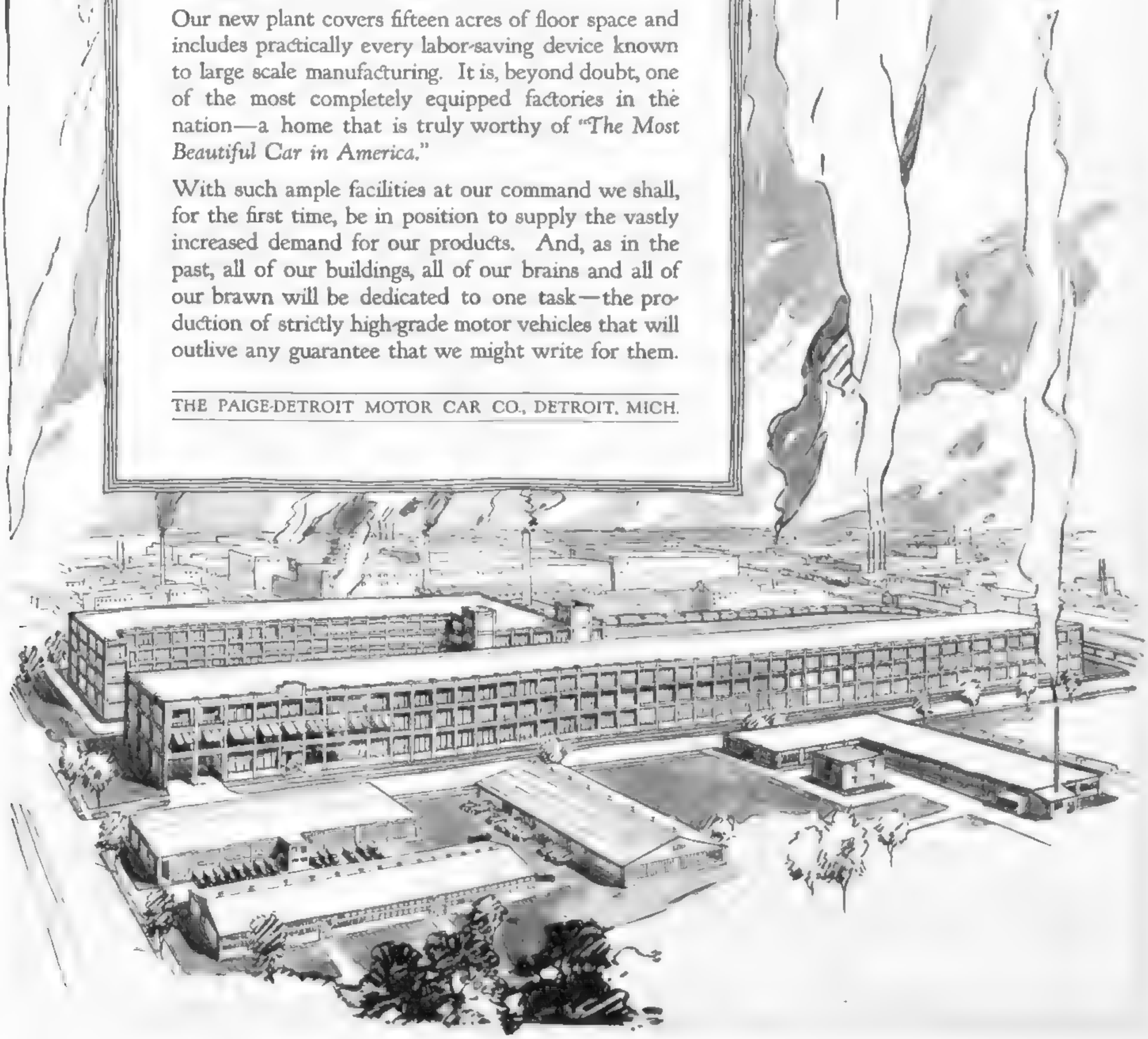

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(Continued from Page 122)

the desk, slumped down in her chair, her fingers drumming a nervous tattoo on the blotter. This was the biggest story she had ever stumbled onto, and it wasn't a story that was doped out in an easy-chair. It was a story that had been lived—and more than that, was being lived at this very moment!

Fitch came in briskly at length. He opened a little parcel. Out of it came an automatic pistol of heavy caliber and a box of cartridges. He filled the magazine from the box and thrust the pistol into his pocket. Sibyl Anna somehow felt relieved when she saw that gun go into his pocket.

"Come!" he invited her simply.

No one was in the outer office, save only old William Silsby, wriggling out of his overcoat and preparing to take up his observation-post duty behind the first-line trenches for the day.

Fitch went over to him.

"William, just go out in the hall—lock the door after you. Don't let anyone in until I tell you to. And don't pay any attention to what you may hear in this office."

A bill changed hands. William Silsby bowed and muttered something. Then he went out. The key grated in the lock outside.

Fitch pulled up a chair for Sibyl Anna at one of the desks in the first long row of them.

"You will be able to see things beautifully from here. I will leave the door open. Watch carefully—that's all!"

She put out a detaining hand as he turned away.

"The gun! It isn't caught in your pocket in anyway, is it? It will come out readily?"

He looked at her with a queer half smile which was also half frown.

"The gun will come out easily enough when I need it," he said, and striding to a door just beyond them, opened it.

Sibyl Anna's cold fingers gripped hard the desk edge.

Through that open door she saw an office the counterpart of young David Fitch's—wide windows, yawning fireplace, expensive rug and desk in the center of it. And at that desk sat a big man; clean-shaven, his bushy hair white; a pair of cold boring eyes, half hidden by the heavy shell-rimmed glasses, were set too closely together under shaggy brows. He was pawing over the papers in a wire letter basket in front of him. He looked up as young David came in.

"Morning, Davey!"

"Morning, dad!"

"Nice work of yours in the Hammond matter. If God is good we'll put that deal through before noon to-day."

"God is good, all right, dad. He's been particularly good to me of late. But I haven't come in here to talk Hammond deals or any other business. Something more important."

"So? Get it off your chest, Davey boy!"

Young David Fitch stepped forward. He pulled the loaded gun from his pocket. He laid it before the older man, who looked at it, frowned, turned questioningly to his son.

"What in the name of creation is this?"

"A gun. You may need one—or think you do—before I'm through in here."

The older man started to get up. His son pushed him back, not ungently, and stepped back from him a pace or two.

"Some time ago a couple of little stories came out in The Hour. They were signed William Silsby. Copies were sent to you—marked copies. You read the stories. They hurt. They got under your skin. You knew someone—someone round this office presumably—had written those stories, for they showed up the rotten game you play here as only someone on the inside could show it up.

"You tried to find out who wrote those stories—nothing doing. You knew it wasn't old William. He could never have done it in the world. But you couldn't find out from him or anyone else who was using the old boy's name. All your snooping about went for naught. I'll tell you who wrote them, for the time is ripe to tell it. I did!"

The elder Fitch scrambled to his feet. His face was livid. He seemed about to burst into a torrent of invective. But he controlled himself and smiled unsteadily.

"You, eh? That's a good joke, Davey boy. You had me going for a minute, that's a fact. But don't carry a joke of this kind too far. It's in poor taste."

"It isn't a joke. It's the truth," said young David, a cold, immovable pillar before his father. "But it's not the whole truth. The whole truth is that after my first few weeks here in this office I stayed on here, I worked like the devil, I made you think I was going to be a wonder—simply to get the material to show up the whole rotten way you and your kind do business. The way you choke off the little fellow; the way ——"

"Stop!" the older man roared. "Why, you scoundrel! You cur! You traitor to your name and to your salt!"

The livid face was turning purple. The shell-rimmed glasses fell to the floor. The chair behind him tipped over with a crash. Young David was unmoved.

"There's a gun on your desk. Why don't you use it?" he taunted. "It's all one to me if you do—or don't. I'm ashamed of the name I bear. I'm sick when I think of how the money that has supported me up to now, that has given me my daily bread, was earned. There's the gun for your convenience. If you don't use it I warn you I'll write some bigger, better yarns that will show up every last move of you and your kind and make your names bywords in everybody's mouth. You have your choice between the two."

Fitch, Senior, looked down stupidly at the gun. It was as if he had seen it for the first time. His fingers touched it, closed on it, lifted it. Against that deep purple of his face the whites of his staring eyes stood out with uncanny distinctness.

"I *will* choose!" he sputtered.

Neither of them heard that funny gurgle from Sibyl Anna Corey's throat. Neither of them saw her come in. But there she was, standing in front of young David Fitch, her slim young arms spread wide as if the better to protect him, just as the gun cracked twice.

A moment she stood thus after the two quick flashes and the two staccato barks. Then she swayed—crumpled. Young David caught her as she sank to the floor.

The elder Fitch tottered toward them. He was like some man who was very old or very drunk or both. He bent over the girl, smoking gun still in his hand.

"What have I done?" he bleated piteously. "In God's name, Davey boy, what have you hounded me into doing?"

The younger man refused to be perturbed.

"You've just tried your hand at murder, that's all," he said quietly. "The reason you didn't succeed you'll discover if you'll take the trouble to remove the magazine from the gun and have a look at the cartridges."

"She isn't dead then?"

"No—nor hurt. Fainted from excitement merely. Look into the gun, as I suggest, and be doubly sure of it."

Fitch, Senior, took out the magazine with hands that trembled so the cartridges spilled out all over the desk. He picked one up, looked at it carefully and sank heavily into his desk chair.

Young David lifted the girl in his arms. He shut the door very softly but with a certain forbidding finality behind him as he carried her out.

Sibyl Anna Corey opened her eyes in young David's office by one of the wide windows, which was open. The sunlight streamed full upon her. In the outer office was the sound of opening desks and voices calling good morning one to another. Her temples throbbed madly. Also they were very wet. Young David himself was beside her, chafing her hands.

She tried to get up. Very gently but very firmly he held her in the chair.

"Now we're all right," said he cheerfully. "Not hurt a bit. I wasn't taking any chances, you see. All the cartridges in that gun were blanks."

"Oh!"

He stooped suddenly and kissed her full on the lips.

"Why—why—what are you doing?" she gurgled.

"Something I've wanted to do ever since that first morning you came into the office. Something I've had to fight hard to keep myself from doing—or trying to do—every last morning hour we've worked together."

"You—why, I've never given you the least cause ——"

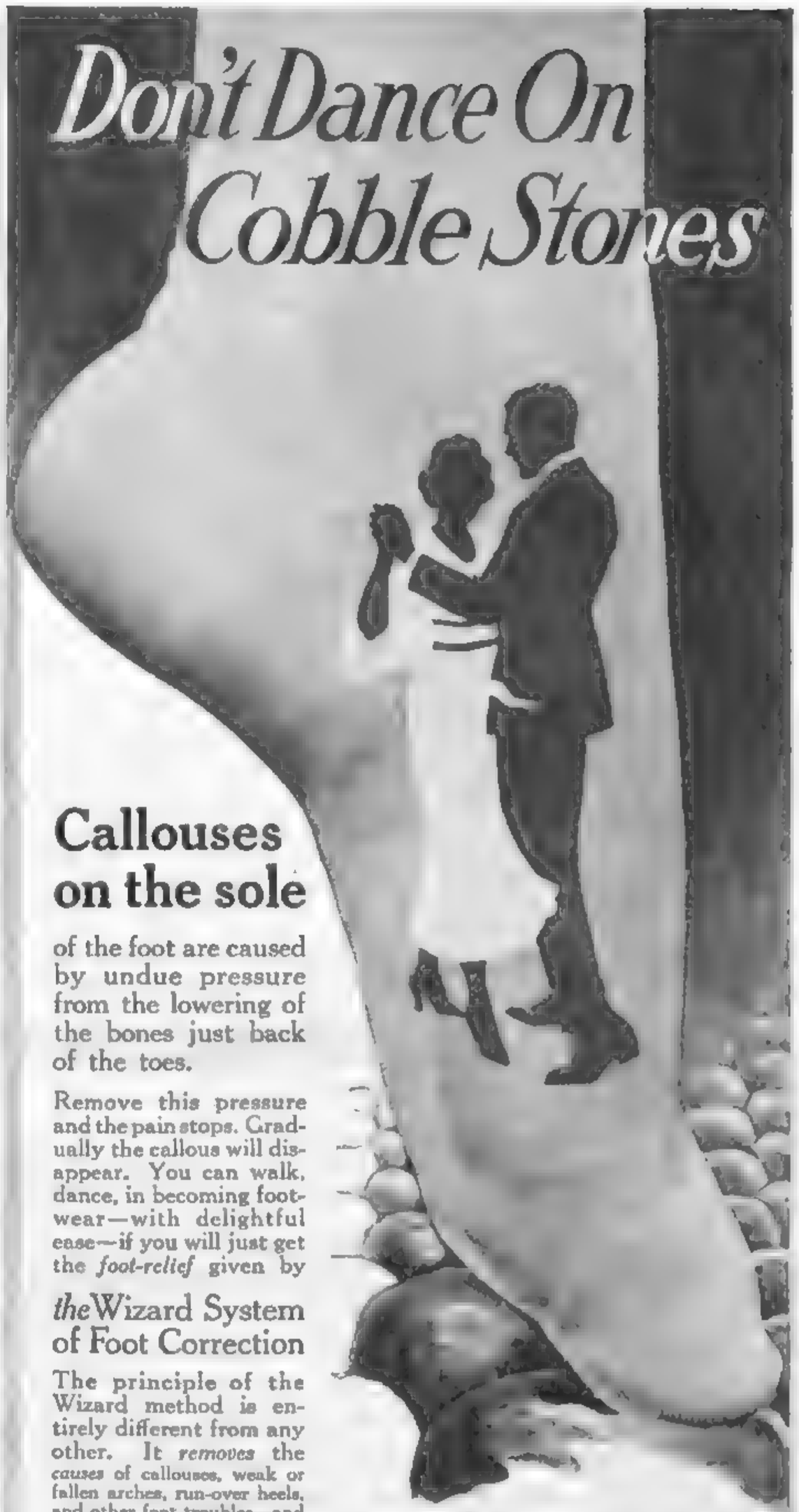
"You stepped in front of me when he let go at me with that gun," he said, his eyes burning down on her.

"That doesn't mean anything, save that I didn't want the world to lose a man who can write as you can."

"Is that so?"

He didn't seem to believe her.

"It is so," said she with dignity. "Listen to me and maybe you'll believe it. My



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THOUSANDS of business men and business women leave their offices every day at noon with these words on their lips—"I am just going out to snatch a bite of lunch—I'll be back immediately."

Then, they go to some "hurry-up lunch place," and give to the chewing of their entire meal the time that should belong to almost a single mouthful.

Later in the afternoon their work lags, and their speed is cut down anywhere from 25% to 75%.

Food that has not been properly supplied with saliva will not digest properly, and as everyone knows, improperly digested food will upset anyone.

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CHICLE

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name is Sibyl Anna Corey—you know me—of The Hour staff. I came here that first morning stalking William Silsby, who had sent us in some stunning stuff, all of it with the punkest endings imaginable. You know how we felt about them from the correspondence we've had. I got cold feet a little when I found out who you were, but I was going at you about those endings just the same. But you mistook me for the stenographer lady after a job. That was simpler. It would give me so much better opportunity to get in a telling argument, you see, so I took it. Now I simply wasn't going to have a man who could write such a story as was the beginning of that last story croaked off right under my eyes and nose. That's why I stepped in front of you when he fired. Now do you believe me?"

He stood there looking at her fixedly—so fixedly she could not look back at him.

"No! I don't believe it," he said, and kissed her full on the lips again.

"Well," sighed Sibyl Anna resignedly, "on the whole I think I'm rather glad you don't."

Followed happenings for the next few minutes which are none of our business at all. Sibyl Anna finally laughingly disentangled herself.

"Davey," she said, sobering, "was it all true what you said to him in there this morning?"

"Every last word of it," he told her solemnly.

"Oh, Davey, you'll be such a writer—such a wonderful writer! But you'll never be so big a writer as you are a man, dear."

"My dear," he said, "it has just occurred to me that I am practically penniless. I haven't been pulling down any amazing amount here, for all my exalted position with the concern. I'd got to show 'em I could make good before I drew the real coin. Well, I was making good all right, but just as I was going to pull out a whale of a salary I've spilled all the beans in that quarter, it would seem."

"You should worry about a little thing like that. Why, Davey, they'll be mad about you in a little while. Every editorial office in the country will be after your stuff. You can peddle it out at your own prices. They say I'm the best picker of fiction going, so I should know about such things, shouldn't I?"

"And you'll have to let me write the stuff my own way after my proof to you this morning, won't you?" he inquired. "Gloomy endings or what not, you'll have to let me go my own gait."

"That part will take care of itself," she laughed. "Just wait till you have a wife to support, a wife that is a good spender. I've always been that. Then, Mister Man, you'll want to sell a lot of stuff. You'll want to sell it quick. And if you do want to sell it you'll put happy endings on all of it—believe me, you will. Awfully happy endings, Davey boy. As happy as this one!"

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

(Concluded from Page 28)

while the secondhand bags we recover are worth one-eighth as much.

Practically every piece of paper, with the exception of newsprint, that is manufactured in the United States to-day is made out of old rags or paper stock. Part of this material is collected in this country, but prior to the war fifty per cent of the amount we used was imported. Even should we so desire there is small likelihood of foreign governments again permitting the unrestricted export of paper-making materials. Our own forests are fast becoming depleted and the only hope of lower paper prices depends on the energy we put into our conservation efforts. At the present time we are producing 15,000 tons of paper and paper board daily. Rags form 7.8 per cent of the fiber we use in making this paper. Black rags, especially old black stockings, are used in producing black or granite papers, but such things as corsets, mackintosh clippings, dress shields, suspenders or any rags containing rubber or a large proportion of metal are useless and should be thrown away.

At the present time in the United States we use 2,000,000,000 cans each year for canning fruits, vegetables and soup. This means that we require eighteen cans per capita. In the manufacture of these cans there is consumed 800,000 tons of material, of which 8000 tons is pure tin. In the large cities empty cans usually find their way to the detinning plants, where the material is recovered; but in our small towns thousands of cans go to waste, and a serious loss results. The solution of the problem lies in rousing each community to the importance of conservation and in urging that each municipality organize a reclamation service. In our average small town we annually send to the dump tons of valuable waste material for each thousand of population. Twenty per cent of this tonnage is waste paper, and two per cent of the volume is tin cans.

Probably the greatest progress in handling the matter has been made by the Industrial Salvage Company in Akron, Ohio. Here we have a civic movement to reclaim waste not only in the home but in the store and factory. The plan was started by the city's industrial leaders and the stock of the company is mostly held by local firms and corporations. The concern is not only utilizing waste but is studying new methods of utilization, and proposes to establish industries within the community to conserve the by-products of industrial and commercial life. The scheme is to expend all profits to defray the cost of research work. It is believed that thrift habits will be taught the citizens by demonstrating the value of the things that have heretofore been destroyed.

In Chicago, also, there is an interesting salvage system. The plan was inaugurated at the Chicago House of Correction, where the prisoners were employed in handling the waste from public buildings, sorting it for the market or repairing it for further use. After the plan was put in operation the city departments received $129,423 for material they had previously sold for $13,000. The municipality was credited with $11,000 for the labor of the prisoners, and $40,000 was turned into a relief fund for the dependent families of the inmates.

Discarded shovels were repaired and used at the brickyard; worn harness was strengthened and put back into use; discarded parts of vehicles were utilized in making carts for use at the stone quarry; a testing plant for discarded light bulbs received in the city waste was established and sufficient salable lights were found to supply the entire institution; the dead lights were broken up and more than nine thousand dollars' worth of platinum was recovered; the broken furniture and equipment from the public schools were repaired so cheaply at the prison that the department of education suspended the operation of the repair shop and utilized the facilities of the prison for this purpose.

While on this subject of waste let us devote a moment to the food question. The necessities of war caused the Government to investigate the wastage of foodstuffs carefully. In one military hospital the waste of food averaged 32.3 ounces per man per day. The kitchen, however, was discovered to be the chief source of loss. This was due principally to the burning of food and to the failure of cooks to put all bones, suitable liquor from vegetables, and appropriate but left-over articles of food through the stock pot. Such action insures an abundance of soups. Material wastes come from carelessly peeling potatoes and other vegetables, from failure to empty the contents of cans thoroughly, and from failure to use food remaining from a meal while fresh and palatable. Experience proved that the placing of bread, cream and sugar upon the tables added but slightly to their consumption. At one mess hall placing sugar on the table caused an increased consumption of .063 pound a man. This amounted to half a cent a person per day. Of great value was the rule that each individual should leave a clean plate. This restriction prevented the person from serving or accepting more food than he could eat. It was also found best to serve the individual small portions with the privilege of additional helpings. Small portions attractively served were found to be stimulating to the appetite.

We might go on and discuss the benefits of the cash-and-carry plan of household marketing. Here we could suggest the substitution of a market basket for a poodle dog, but such a story will wait for another time. Suffice it to say that the possibilities of economy on our daily routine are quite beyond our present conceptions.

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THE UNEARNED INCREMENT

(Continued from Page 13)

call him for it he chirps: 'Say, whataya think I am, taking a chance on a busted kneecap or somethin' just to steal a base and earn a coupla thousand bucks more for the owners by my playing when they already cut my salary two hundred dollars from last season. Us guys ain't no slaves, ya know.'

"Then we're tied up with the Grays in the ninth, with a bird on third and Duke Ellison going so good for 'em it don't look bright that we're gonna be able to hit or even get a sacrifice fly offa him. So I try the squeeze, sign Griffiths to bunt the next one—and what happens? Al don't even take his bat offen his shoulder and they tag the runner out by four miles.

"I says: 'Al, didn't you get my sign for the squeeze?' And Al says: 'Sure I got the sign for the squeeze.' 'Then why didn't you try an' bunt?' I ask him. 'What, me bunt,' says Griffiths, 'when he feeds me one outside? Say, you don't s'pose I'm gonna reach way over for a wide one and maybe strain my ligamunts just for a rich club owner, do you? If Duke had of stuck one over in the groove I'd of tried to bunt it, but I ain't puttin' myself out to reach for no wide ones when I ain't getting only two thousand a season and don't even get my increment what's comin' to me.'

"The boys're all gone clean off their beans. They never was that way before." And Doyle nodded his head dolefully.

Wray drank his coffee, lit a cigar and smoked a while in silence. Then he looked quietly at the manager.

"They refuse to take orders absolutely now?" he asked.

"They refuse to take anything but their salaries and their dog-gone increment, whatever that is," snapped Doyle. "Why, if I tell Addie Pembroke to pitch out on a guy to bust up a steal he asks me do I think he's a slave to make him sling waste balls all day when he can just as easy stick 'em over in the groove and have the guy hit or go out right away and save his wing.

"This Augie bird is got 'em all up in the air. We dropped three games last week and if it keeps up we'll find ourselves trying to climb outa last place in the International League instead of the majors.

"If somebody don't poison Augie pretty darn soon they won't be nothin' left of this ball club but the franchise. We're skiddin' like a secondhand flivver in a movie comedy now. I'll come close to pullin' one of them Harry-Carrie things on Augie myself if I get much sorer."

"It's too late to remedy matters by killing anyone now," said Wray reflectively. He was a tall slim man with a scholar's face, keen gray eyes, determined mouth and chin, yet with kindness and justness written clearly in his clear-cut features. "The harm's been done. This sort of thing is in the air at present. And in many cases the workers aren't getting all they should; but I don't think my players have any real cause for complaint."

He drew his fingers nervously through his brown hair, which was beginning to silver at the temples, and then, "Exactly what do the boys want?" he asked.

"They want your unearned increment. They claim you got it now. I don't even know what the darn thing is, myself," said Doyle.

"It's the tremendous wealth I'm supposed to be getting out of the downtrodden ball player through no effort on my part," answered Wray with a wry smile. "Who's actually responsible for all this discontent? Who's at the bottom of this trouble?"

"Augie," said Doyle belligerently.

"Who?"

"August Heitzmann, that new player we got from Idaho. He already bust up the club out there an' slipped the skids under the league, and now he's tryin' to stick a gas bomb under the major leagues, I guess," snarled Doyle.

"He seems to have a pretty fair start," declared Wray grimly.

"You said a score-cardful," replied Doyle angrily. "That bird just feeds on trouble. He goes out an' pages it and what he can't find he thinks up and invents. And he's got one grand bean for thinkin' it up too, I'll say. I guess I'll trade him while the trading's good, like Bobbie Ryder wanted me to."

"No, no; don't do that—yet," interrupted the other hastily. "Don't even give him a dressing down."

"Why not? I oughta bust him one in the jaw first and then can him afterward," scowled Doyle.

"No, send him to me with a committee of the players the first thing in the morning. I'm going to give him what he wants," said the owner.

"You ain't crazy, too, are you, Mr. Wray?" asked the other in alarm. "You ain't gonna slip him your ball club, are you?"

"Hardly," said Wray. "Though I might almost as well if something isn't done. I'm going to give the players a chance to run the club for a while and see how far they'll get with it. It's the only remedy now. If you fired Heitzmann there'd be even more discontent and we'd be playing to empty seats. A trial is the only way to convince the boys. After that you can choke Heitzmann or anything else you want," ended the owner grimly.

Next morning August Heitzmann, with Addie Pembroke and Joe Minor, a veteran of the club, called upon Wray at the club offices. The latter wasted no time in coming to the point and Ryder, the scribe, entered as the discussion began.

"I understand, Mr. Heitzmann," began the owner quietly, "that you profess to believe and have convinced most of the other players that the club isn't getting a square deal from me. Now will you please tell me briefly and without any oratorical bombast exactly what you want? Perhaps we can come to some agreement."

Pembroke and Minor fidgeted under Wray's direct searching gaze, but Heitzmann stared at him boldly and impudently.

"It's all a question of economic right. The day is past when capital can exploit labor. You're paying good—even generous salaries, I'll admit. But when a baseball club can draw more than twenty-two thousand dollars through the gate in a single afternoon, two-thirds of which goes to your club and the major portion of that two-thirds to you, who do nothing for it while we players create it, it's time we took things into our own hands and got a little more of what is ours. In these days predatory wealth can no more exploit honest production than ——"

"Please, please, Mr. Heitzmann," interrupted Wray wearily, "kindly eliminate the oral fireworks and the stale platitudes which seem to be your chief stock in trade. I've heard them everywhere and I'm about fed up on them.

"We'll assume that I'm a slave driver and that these boys are all overworked, cruelly wronged mortals. Exactly what do you demand as a remedy?"

"I demand," declared Heitzmann unctuously, loudly clearing his throat, "that we be given the right to all the profits of the club less a slight return to you as interest on your baseball property."

The owner slowly clipped the end from a long cigar.

"In the last five years, with a second-division club, I've had only two paying seasons," he stated quietly. "I broke even once and lost money twice. My net income in the last five years from the Bear Cats is rather less than zero. But I've been willing to stand it, because the game gives me a thrill and it's worth it. However, from your viewpoint of justice, shouldn't you say that I have some right to recoup my losses partly with one good year such as the present one promises to be?"

"Not at the expense of the present club," insisted Heitzmann. "As a club, this season's team is not responsible for the sorry showing of the other years. The other chaps didn't produce, therefore there were no profits. The present club is producing and they're entitled to the profits."

"All right," said Wray. "Now how about losses? Suppose the club slumps from now on, the attendance falls away to nothing and there's a deficit. Would you expect me to stand it and pay your salaries?"

"There'll be no deficit," announced Heitzmann positively. "When we get our rights we'll play ball and win and we'll have a prosperous year."

"But suppose you do lose money?" insisted Wray.

"Then I suppose we'd have to stand the loss," admitted the other ungraciously.

"In that event I'm going to turn the club over to you boys," began Wray.

"Now that's shouting," said Pembroke.

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"For two months as a trial, first," continued the owner.

"Satisfactory," smiled Heitzmann sarcastically.

"And under a strict, binding, legal agreement, drawn by the best lawyers in the country," snapped Wray sternly. "I'd trust these other boys to keep their word and give me a fair break, but I want legal protection from you, Heitzmann."

There was some discussion as to details of the agreement and it was finally decided that for the period of two months as a trial, to be continued indefinitely if the players proved able to pay the owners their agreed return on their property, the club was to be operated by the players. Eight per cent of the actual property value was to be paid to the present club owner. The expenses, including salaries, were to be borne by the players; and inasmuch as the entire agreement was based upon the economic law of equal pay for all the creators of wealth in a common enterprise—this law being glibly propounded by Heitzmann as the crux of his scientific-economic system—all players were to be paid equal salaries and share equally in the remaining increment accruing above such salaries and expenses.

This salary provision brought out a vigorous protest from Pembroke, who was a high-priced pitcher.

"Where do ya get that kinda stuff?" he demanded of Heitzmann. "Here I make twice as much as some of these other birds. Ain't I worth more kale'n they are?"

"Not under this economic system," replied Heitzmann. "All workers share equally. But you needn't fear about your money. Every man on the club from the utility men to the stars will get the same, but they'll all get several times what they were able to make under the ruthless capitalistic system."

As the meeting was about to adjourn, Bob Ryder rose.

"I just want to say," he remarked, turning to Pembroke and Minor, "that I think all you boys, except Ordell, Bates and Larmore, who are against this thing, are making a big mistake. I happen to know that what Mr. Wray said about losing money on the club is true. It's common knowledge round the circuits that he's put more into the game in both time and money than any other magnate, and got less out of it. But he's been glad to stand a loss occasionally in payment for the enjoyment he gets out of the greatest game in the world.

"He's also frequently helped you boys when he wasn't compelled to. Only last season he carried poor old Chet Ramsay on his pay roll when Chet was so far gone as a baseball asset that every club in both leagues would have waived on him and not even a Class Double X outfit would have paid him a thousand dollars a year as a player or coach. Mr. Wray did this because Chet had done good work for the club in the past and because he happened to learn that he needed the money. And now, when for the first time in his baseball experience it looks as though he has a chance of partly recouping his losses this year, a cheap mouthy fake, a piking trouble maker like Heitzmann has to horn in and gum up the works.

"I'm not blaming you boys; I know you're a square lot of fellows; you've simply been fooled and kidded along by this four-flusher here. But I want you to know that you're making a whale of a big mistake, because you're not going to make any more money under this scheme and Mr. Wray's going to lose the only chance he's had to make any."

Heitzmann leaped to his feet in a rage.

"That's an insult and I demand an apology," he snarled.

Ryder gave him a cool contemptuous look.

"Of course it's an insult. You don't imagine I thought I was handing you a bouquet, do you? And if you weren't such a yellow four-flushing mutt you'd meet me outside when this meeting's over and try to make me retract it. I know all about you. You didn't start this thing with the idea of making more money for the fellows. You're just a common trouble maker and a notoriety seeker. You don't stop at baseball trouble either. I've learned that at college you attempted to stir up trouble for the very school that was giving you a free education and you've persistently derided the Government of the very country that's given you protection and opportunity after your parents fled from the country of your birth, where they couldn't get common justice.

"You know as well as I do that the total result of this crazy scheme of yours isn't going to benefit the boys and that it is going to rob the home fans of the first chance they've ever had at a pennant and Mr. Wray of the only chance he's ever had to partly replace his former losses. Your pig-headed selfishness is going to injure everybody concerned and you know it.

"But mark this, Heitzmann"—and Ryder shook his finger in the player's face—"I'm going to get you if it's the last thing I do on this earth. I'm onto you and I'll get you. And," he concluded, glaring balefully and shaking his fist under Heitzmann's nose, "if you object to any of these little compliments just step right outside now and try to make me retract them." Whereupon the hitherto orderly meeting hastily dissolved.

III

IF RYDER nursed any idea that the Bear Cats were due for an immediate ride down the baseball chutes or that the attendance at the park would forthwith dwindle away to nothing he was doomed to disappointment.

In fact, what happened almost immediately was exactly the reverse. The players having got what they demanded, harmony was restored, Doyle was able to give an order without a lengthy debate on the subject of slave-driving owners following, and the Bear Cats started in winning. A winning spurt that won seven out of nine games put them back in second place and a little later, by taking an entire series from the leaders, the Bears regained the top.

Once again the town went pennant crazy, the fans talked pennant from morn till night, the name Bear Cats was blazoned over the sport sheets and heard upon the lips of the sporting denizens the country over. Augie Heitzmann, playing a sensational game, got endless publicity and the ball park was drawing capacity crowds.

When the club took to the road again, leading the league, it created much comment and packed parks over the entire circuit. Your baseball fanatic is interested in diamond individuals, clubs and performances, but the financial status of the owners is necessarily obscured in the bright flare of the actual ball-yard fireworks. Which is of course as it should be.

Doyle, conversing with Ryder after a game at the Polo Grounds in New York, was grinning with deep satisfaction.

"I thought for a time that we were due for a swift skid into the cellar," he said, grinning, as the two left the clubhouse, "but I guess Augie had the right dope after all.

"The Bear Cat special is gonna pull into Pennantville at last, just as sure as Ordie is gonna be the leading pitcher this year. Augie might be a anarchist or a Bullshevike or sumpin, but I gotta admit he slipped a lotta jazz into the club."

"It looks that way, doesn't it?" admitted Ryder, smiling. "And I sure hope you boys cop. But what you think is jazz may be a healthy dose of T N T, and if it is it'll blow the club over this grand stand some day instead of into a world's series."

"Same old undertaker, eh, Bobbie?" chuckled Doyle.

"Well," said Ryder reflectively, "you may need an undertaker before long—to bury the pieces if the explosion occurs."

The two entered the Subway and as they were leaving it at Eighty-sixth Street to enter the hotel where the club was staying, the writer said to the manager: "By the way, Scrappy, speaking of Ordie, he and Jack Bates and Brick Larmore have something on their minds besides baseball and their hats. That's a bad sign. You'd better watch out."

"Ordie oughta have something on his mind," returned Doyle. "If that official scorer hadn't of been distributing Christmas presents to-day in the second inning he'd of scored an error on Al Griffiths instead of a hit for that Yankee player and Ordie would of sneaked into the Hall of Fame with a no-hit game. But what's worryin' Brick and Jack Bates? Maybe they think with rents so steep nowadays they won't be able to hire a flat to keep their jewels in after we cash in on this scientific-economic season."

"It's just this scientific-economic arrangement, alias anarchistic bull, that seems to worry them a little," replied Ryder. "With the exception of Heitzmann, these three are doing most of the work on the club; and after all Heitzmann has said about the workers getting the pay, they foolishly seem to imagine they aren't getting a square deal. Of course you and I and Augie, who thoroughly understand economics, know that their idea is ridiculous, but Brick and Bates and Ordell aren't so well versed."

It was shortly after this conversation that the club wobbled a little and began to slump. The Panthers, in the throes of a spurt, were coming fast, and Doyle found himself with two hard series, each of which included two double-headers, facing him with a frail lead of only two games to work on. He would need all the good pitching he could get and he started Ordell in the first game against the Blues, which the big Bear Cat pitcher won easily. Two days later he selected Ordell to work again. The latter merely lobbed the ball over in the first inning and was batted for four runs before he could be removed. To make it worse, Larmore and Bates failed to report at the park for the game and the Bears suffered their worst defeat of the season to date to the dismal tune of 13 to 3.

Doyle, furious and anxious, hurried to the clubhouse after the game to see Ordell, but Ordie had left long before. After a hurried and worried search round town, Doyle returned to the hotel late in the evening and found the big right-hander in the lobby.

"Say, what's the matter with you? Gotta sore arm, Ordie?" asked Doyle, temper in his voice.

"Naw; my arm feels great," responded the big pitcher, a scowl on his strong good-looking countenance.

"You hadda swell way of proving it," said Doyle brusquely. "Them birds hopped onto you somethin' awful. Your curve had about as much hook to it as little Mick Welch has got to his nose and I could of said my prayers and wrote a letter home before your fast one got to the plate. You ain't feelin' kinda sick, are you?"

"Now you said a forkful," exclaimed the pitcher aggressively, with an angry glare at Doyle. "I'll tell the world I'm sick. I'm dog-gone sick of all this bunk this mutt Augie is trying to salve me with, and here you come along and jump on my neck for blowing one game. Why pick on me? Why not slip an earful to one of the birds who don't do a darn thing and're gonna get as much kale as me?"

"What birds?"

"The bench warmers, f'rinstance. I could of slung as good a game as I ever did, but you don't think I'm gonna keep right on being a sucker and earning money for them other guys, do you?"

"Ah-hah! So you went and threw the game, hey?" roared the manager, blazing with anger. "Well, when the boys find it out they'll get even with you."

"Oh, no, they won't! I'm gonna get even with some of them. That's where my kick comes in. Here I go and cop sixteen and lose only two games up to to-day. I get worked in double-headers and out of turn and to save games. And what do I get out of it? A bunch of bull and a lotta promises. Eddie Kramm has copped just two games all year and he's lost eleven, and according to this swell scheme of Heitzmann's he's gonna get as much kale as me. Well, from now on I'm laying down on the job until I lose as many games as Eddie's lost. When we're even I'll try and cop again, but as soon as I get ahead of Eddie again I quit till he catches up."

"I s'pose you think that's square stuff to pull," said Scrappy with sarcasm.

"What else is it but square?" demanded Ordell. "This rummy Augie says, 'Let the workers get the big money 'cause they earn it.' 'All right; then leave the guys who do the most work get the most money,' say I. 'Nit,' says Augie. 'In this scheme all the workers share alike.' 'All right then. If all the workers share alike then,' I say, 'leave all the workers work alike.' And that's just what I'm gonna pull from now on. No more and no less work than any other guy. If that ain't fair, I'm a Hottentot."

"What about Bates and Larmore? They didn't even show up to throw a game to-day. Are they in this thing, too?" asked Doyle.

"Why don'tcha ask 'em? Here they come now," replied Ordell as the two mentioned players approached.

"Where were you two birds that you didn't show up to-day?" demanded the angry manager.

Bates grinned widely as he drew a chair up; and Larmore, seating himself and

(Concluded on Page 133)

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crossing one long leg easily over the other, casually lit a cigarette.

"Brick went to see the pictures in the art gallery and I went to take a slant at the ones that move in a movie joint," explained the grinning Bates. "We ain't got a good slant at pictures in a helluva long time, boss. We been too busy doing the other guys' work on this man's ball club."

"Since when have you two guys been so nutty on seeing pictures?" asked Scrappy. "If you don't watch out I'm gonna show you guys a swell picture of three birds gettin' nicked a hundred-dollar fine apiece."

"Oh, no you ain't," retorted Larmore easily. "You dassent do that, because it's against the rules."

"Against what rules?"

"Against Augie's rules," said Brick. "No manager can fine a player. That'd be having predatory wealth committin' slavery on downtrod labor, or something like that, and Augie says it doesn't go."

"Brick's right, boss," chimed in Bates. "That part is even in Augie's book. We looked it up."

The angry manager glared furiously at the two while they grinned good-naturedly back at him.

"What I want to know is are you two birds gonna be at the ball park to-morrow and get in the game?" he sputtered.

"We are," they replied in unison.

"And are you gonna do your best?"

"You said it," replied Bates. "We're gonna do our gosh-darned best to catch up with some of them cripples we got sitting on the bench doing nothing."

"What do you mean by that?" Doyle asked.

"Well," drawled Larmore, running his fingers through his tousled carroty hair, "we mean something like this: I been in every game so far this season. Slim Oaks has been in only seven. The rest of the time he's decorating the bench. I'm hitting four twenty-seven. Slim is hitting one eighty-three. From now on I'm gonna bat like Slim does, only even more so, until my average is the same as his. I'd be a nut to do Slim's batting for him when I only get as much kale as he does. 'Equal pay for all the workers,' says Augie. And 'equal work for all the equal-paid workers,' say we. Jack here is gonna do the same when he catches."

"If you guys try to get away with anything like that I'll suspend you," threatened Doyle.

"You dassent do it. It's against Augie's rules," explained Bates.

"Then I'll release you."

"Can't until our agreement with Wray runs out. It's against the rules," said Larmore.

"Then I'll lick you," roared Scrappy Doyle.

"Can't. We're three to one. And besides, fighting's against the rules too. Gotta arbitrate," said Ordell.

And the manager threw up his hands in despair.

From that time on the club lost rapidly, frequently and awfully. Doyle had no hold upon the players at all. They fought among themselves and their play daily grew worse. In a few weeks they were woefully intrenched in sixth place. When the two months' trial period had expired according to the agreement, none of the players but Heitzmann wanted to renew it. They had paid current expenses, as agreed, out of the receipts of the first few big weeks of their winning streak. But when the long playing slump followed, the attendance fell away to almost nothing. The players owed themselves back salary and were willing to be burdened with regular pay checks again.

Doyle tried to trade or sell Heitzmann, but found it impossible.

"We want a third baseman, not a political economist," wired one club in answer to his offer.

"Can use a good hitter, but not a knocker," wired another.

"Send us a ball player, not an anarchist or a Bullshevist and we'll talk business," wrote a third; and even the minor leagues turned him down.

"We can bust up our own club without hiring an expert to do it for us," wired a club in the International League, and finally the Bear-Cat management simply set August Heitzmann adrift.

The Bears finished the season on the road, playing the Yankees in New York. About nine o'clock one evening, en route to his hotel, Ordie Ordell chanced to pass the corner of Ninety-sixth Street and Broadway when he suddenly paused. The words "Unearned increment" boomed out at him on the evening air and he turned. It sounded familiar. And there upon a soap box addressing a crowd stood a street orator wildly exuding oratory. Ordie frowned; then he grinned.

"Well! Well! If it ain't Augie, I'm a gorilla," said Ordie softly. Hurrying to the hotel he rounded up eight of the players, explained his discovery and led the players into a near-by delicatessen store. From the store they walked to Ninety-sixth Street, scattered in the crowd and listened. Augie Heitzmann orated for a good two minutes before he unknowingly gave the signal, but finally it came.

"The unearned increment," shouted August vociferously. "The unearned increment——" But he got no. further. With the words an egg struck him at the end of his nose and splashed over his face. Came another egg and then another and then many more. Eggs splashed over his mouth, his eyes, his ears. From the sides, front and back they came, and when August beat a retreat he carried with him four dozen badly scrambled eggs.

Scrappy Doyle will always maintain that the greatest put-out in baseball occurred the day August Heitzmann clipped that innocent-looking little two-line sport item from a morning newspaper.

"Because," explains Scrappy, "when Augie done that he put the Bears plumb out of the world series."

Bobbie Ryder doesn't entirely agree with Scrappy, however.

"The play started long before that," thinks Ryder. "For, though Augie really does get credit for the actual put-out, Trotzky, away off in Russia, gets the assist."

VITALIC Bicycle Tires

Some Inside Information

All Vitalic Tires are made with an extra strong 14½-ounce fabric. The strongest fabric used in *any other bicycle tire* is 12-ounce—and most bicycle-tire fabrics are even lighter. Here is a magnified cross-section of 14½-ounce Vitalic fabric compared with an equally magnified cross-section of 12-ounce fabric.

Look for the V-shaped tread

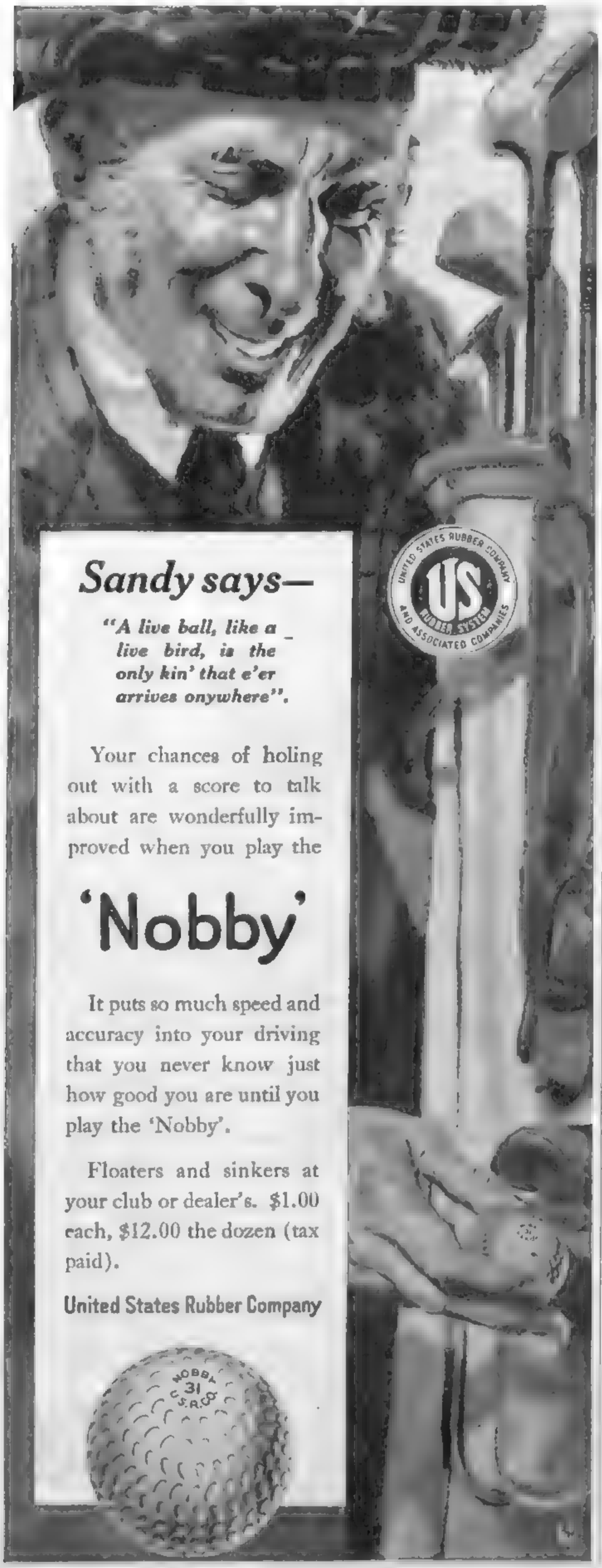
You can tell a good deal more about a bicycle tire when you see it in service than when it is all dolled up on a dealer's shelf.

Look for the distinctive V-shaped Vitalic tread, and look for it on the road. You'll be most likely to find it on the better grade of bicycles. Notice how trim and neat and sturdy Vitalics look after years of service. Ask any Vitalic owner how many thousands of miles his tires have gone. You'll get some surprising answers.

Vitalic Tires stand up in service because the quality *is there*. They are made right and priced fairly. But quality always comes first and price second. And that means Vitalics must be priced a little higher than other tires. But, by the same token, it means that the cost per mile of riding is always least to the Vitalic owner.

"Tougher Than Elephant Hide"

CONTINENTAL RUBBER WORKS, ERIE, PA.


Sandy says—
"A live ball, like a live bird, is the only kin' that e'er arrives onywhere".
Your chances of holing out with a score to talk about are wonderfully improved when you play the
'Nobby'
It puts so much speed and accuracy into your driving that you never know just how good you are until you play the 'Nobby'.
Floaters and sinkers at your club or dealer's. $1.00 each, $12.00 the dozen (tax paid).
United States Rubber Company
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
US
RUBBER SYSTEM
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES
NOBBY
31
U.S.R.CO

FILM-FLAM

(Continued from Page 7)

Yet I refuse to put the blame for this picture on the director. Did he not have to film a story that could only have been written by a not very bright little girl?

Then I saw another picture. Unlike the first it oozed drama. It was a war picture. I groped to my seat in time for the subtitle: "We want someone to get inside of the enemy's lines and direct the operations of our sap. We want to get under his liquid fire."

Hero exposed with a towel round his neck and shoe blacking rubbed on it to make you think some of his priceless hair is being cut off by the company barber. Take a good look at him, because he is going to run the war for the next two weeks. I forget his screen name, but in the good old knightly days when a man's name meant something he would have been known on all fields of chivalry as Bertrand the Bonehead.

But listen. Bertrand procures the papers of a captured German officer. He forges a letter to the officer's wife, whom he humorously conceives to be a waistless hausfrau of fifty, telling her she is to introduce Bertrand as her real husband. I am still unable to fathom his intention; how it would have helped him to have the officer's wife introduce him as her husband to people who would know better. But it is not for this that Bertrand wins his name.

Armed with the letter and a German uniform Bertrand escapes with some real German prisoners. We see them crawling across No Man's Land. Here Bertrand sticks up his arm to be shot off because he must be really wounded. A soldier back in the trenches gets him in the wrist. Oh, why does Bertrand not get shot in the head as other screen actors do—where it won't hurt him? Why take a chance of losing his hand or his arm?

Anyway, his wound bound up and impersonating the German captain, Bertrand appears in the cap's home town back of the German lines and presents his letter to the wife. She is not an unbeautiful hausfrau of fifty. No one but Bertrand had thought she would be. She is dainty Yvonne, who adds much to the beauty of that part of Belgium. Believe the director and me, it takes Bert no long time to get easy with her. Being a Belgian she hates Germans, and hates Bertrand until he tells her all about himself. After that she isn't a bit fussed when he says: "If it were not for that wedding ring on your finger I would take you back to God's country."

Right then we know a certain Belgian home is to be broken up and that this can be done—in accordance with the austere morals of Filmland—only by killing off Yvonne's husband. But how kill him when he is safely a prisoner back in France?

The Plot Thickens

Simple enough. "In the exchange of prisoners after the battle a German soldier is bribed to let the captain take his place." Don't you bet the cap will get back home in time to make trouble? You know it!

Back at the château Bertrand is carrying on. First he went out and caught a basket of pigeons dropped to him on a dark night by an American plane lit up like an electric chewing-gum sign on Broadway. And he sends back a pigeon with the message: "Our boys should tunnel first to a point under Yvonne's house and then to Hill 173, where the liquid fire is stored."

And our boys do it. As this city is far enough behind the lines to be so quiet that the Germans here conduct one of their well-known schools for teaching little Belgian children I take it that this was a sensational feat in tunnel construction. It couldn't have been less than ten miles of tunnel and more probably was twenty. But our boys have the tunnel opening into Yvonne's wine cellar in no time. The entrance is cunningly masked. They have sawed a door in the head of a big wine cask where it couldn't show. They have excavated a real tunnel, too, considerably higher than a man's head. If they would tunnel this far to blow up a liquid-fire chamber, why wouldn't they take a couple of weeks more and tunnel to Berlin? It's too late to think of that now, but the war would have been a different war with moving-picture directors running it.

And our boys are secret about the tunnel, because once Bertrand has Yvonne brought into it for some perfectly honest purpose, and though she is a friend and knows all about the enterprise and could probably guess what the inside of a tunnel looks like they blindfold her before they take her through the clever door in the head of the wine cask. You can't be too careful in war and in moving pictures.

But here comes that scoundrelly captain, just as I was afraid he would, walking up the front steps of the mansion and finding Bertrand in the dining room. The cap is suspicious. He will subject Bertrand to a cruel test. So he orders a couple of steins of beer and says they will now drink to the health of the Kaiser. The cap knows that no true American—even when acting as a spy—would stoop to this degrading rite. And sure enough, Bertrand, with his six feet of red-blooded manhood and a head composed of what the butcher will weigh in with your steak and then chop out, looks the cap square in the eye and says: "I drink to my United States!"

I am obliged to believe the director meant this for a big moment. But it wasn't. The audience seemed to pity Bertrand for his cranial infirmity, but I think chiefly they were trying to make out whether the cap was wearing the same cuff links. Anyway, the cap threw the rest of his beer into Bert's face—which again only made the audience thirsty; then each man drew his revolver and pointed it straight at the other's stomach. The cap poked Bertrand in the ribs with his revolver and Bertrand poked the cap in the ribs with his. They played tag with the muzzles of their deadly weapons. Then the cap says he will telephone to the barracks; he won't trifle another moment.

Satisfied Proprieties

And what do you think Bert does instead of shooting holes in the cap as he has the loveliest chance to do? Why, he picks up a pair of scissors and cuts the telephone wire right before the cap's face! He's a perfect mischief, Bert is, and he wants another game of automatic tag. But the cap is resourceful. He goes to another telephone, first, I believe, hiding the scissors from Bert—though I am not certain of this. But before the summoned help can arrive Bert at last acts like a rowdy and lays the cap out.

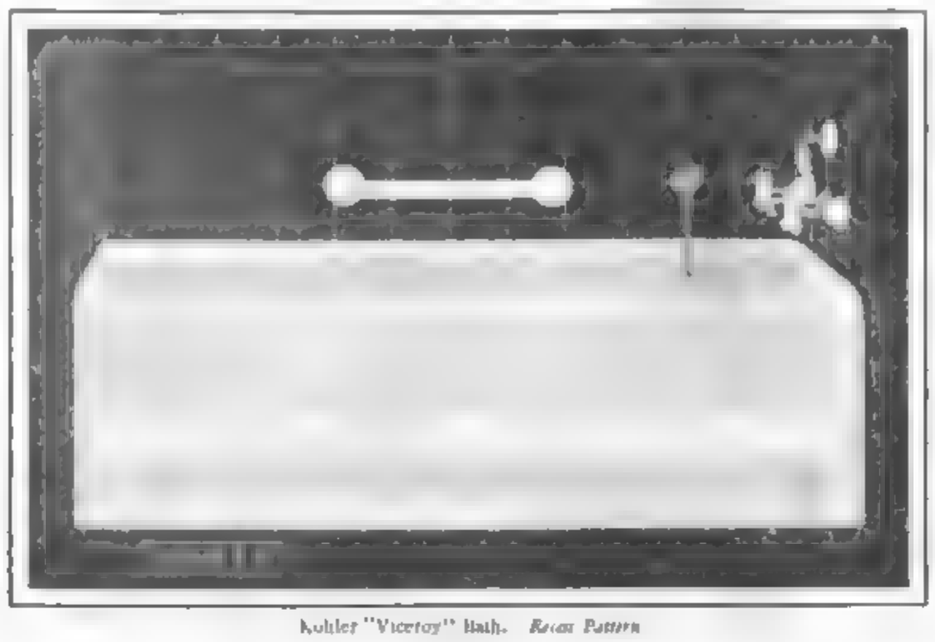
About time too! For a busy wrist watch keeps telling us that it is time to blow up the mine under the liquid-fire chamber. Bert goes down to the tunnel, and what does he find? Only that Yvonne and fifty little tots from the German school, aged from three to six years, have fled into the tunnel because the Germans were going to deport them to work in ammunition factories. And they have taken the wrong turn and gone straight to the mine under the liquid-fire chamber where at 1:30—and it is now 1:29¾—they will be blown to atoms.

Oh, what shall Bertrand do? He knows Yvonne is the sweetest, truest little pal a man ever had, and besides he doesn't like to blow up the children, even if they were going to make shells to kill our boys. It is an agony of doubt for the lad—a strong man torn between love and duty. Work fast, Bertrand, your act is flopping! So he grabs a hatchet and cuts the wires to the mine. He started in by cutting telephone wires, and see what it led to!

Then the kiddies and Yvonne start through ten miles of tunnel to our trenches. But Bert stays. He piles two sandbags at the opening of the tunnel, making a barrier two and a half feet high. And here comes the cap down cellar with a squad of Huns. And they all fire at Bertrand; so he ducks until the bullets have gone over his head; then he gets up and shoots at the soldiers; then it is the soldiers' turn again while Bert ducks; then Bert gets up and shoots, and then it is the soldiers' turn again. It was nice of the Huns to play fair that way and it was a grand battle. Bertrand kills all twenty of the soldiers with his revolver, for they are only about ten feet away. And you can guess the last one he gets. The cap slumps down so dead that we needn't worry any more about Bert and Yvonne. Screen proprieties have been met and love may now conquer all.

But wait! Bert is called up on the carpet for cutting the wires. General Pershing

(Concluded on Page 137)



Kohler "Viceroy" Bath. *Recess Pattern*

KOHLER

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Whether for a dip at the start of a scorching day or a splash at the end of sultry hours, the cool, crystal depth of a Kohler tub provides the utmost in bathing comfort.

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Let us send you, complimentary, an illustrated book containing the interesting Kohler story of better plumbing ware.

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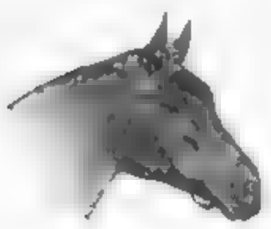
AND TWELVE AMERICAN BRANCHES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE

"Horse Sense"



There is one automobile to every eighteen persons in the United States, as against one to every 267,267 inhabitants in China.

Shipments of Traffic Trucks in the month of May to foreign countries doubled all previous months.

Eighty-six per cent of all motor vehicles in the world are owned in the United States.

There are over 480,000 motor trucks in use in this country at the present time.

100% Score on Expedition

Two loaded Traffics, which entered the St. Louis Motor Truck Expedition, on June 9th, of 400 miles, made a 100 per cent score, averaging 12 miles to a gallon of gasoline.

They never faltered over any road under their heavy load, and the highest possible score was the reward to ***the lowest-priced 4,000-lb. capacity truck in the world.***

There were no good roads on the tour—no solid roads anywhere and there was not an adjustment necessary on any part of the Traffics on the entire trip of five days of hard driving. Twenty-three different makes of trucks from other prominent producers participated.

Traffic Truck Specifications:

Red Seal Continental 3¾ x 5 motor; Covert transmission and multiple disc clutch; Bosch magneto; 4-piece cast shell, cellular type radiator; drop forged front axle with Timken roller bearings; Russel rear axle, internal gear, roller bearings; semi-elliptic front and rear springs; 6-inch U-channel frame; Standard Fisk tires, 34 x 3½ front, 34 x 5 rear; 133-inch wheelbase; 122-inch length of frame behind driver's seat; oil cup lubricating system; chassis painted, striped and varnished; driver's lazy-back seat and cushion regular equipment. Pneumatic cord tire equipment at extra cost.

Chassis $1395
f. o. b. St. Louis

Dealers, Attention: There is going to be a Traffic dealer in your territory who will make thousands of dollars selling Traffic Trucks.

This clean, untouched business will be yours if you can secure the Traffic contract.

It is Traffic policy to make direct connections in every city, town and village in the United States.

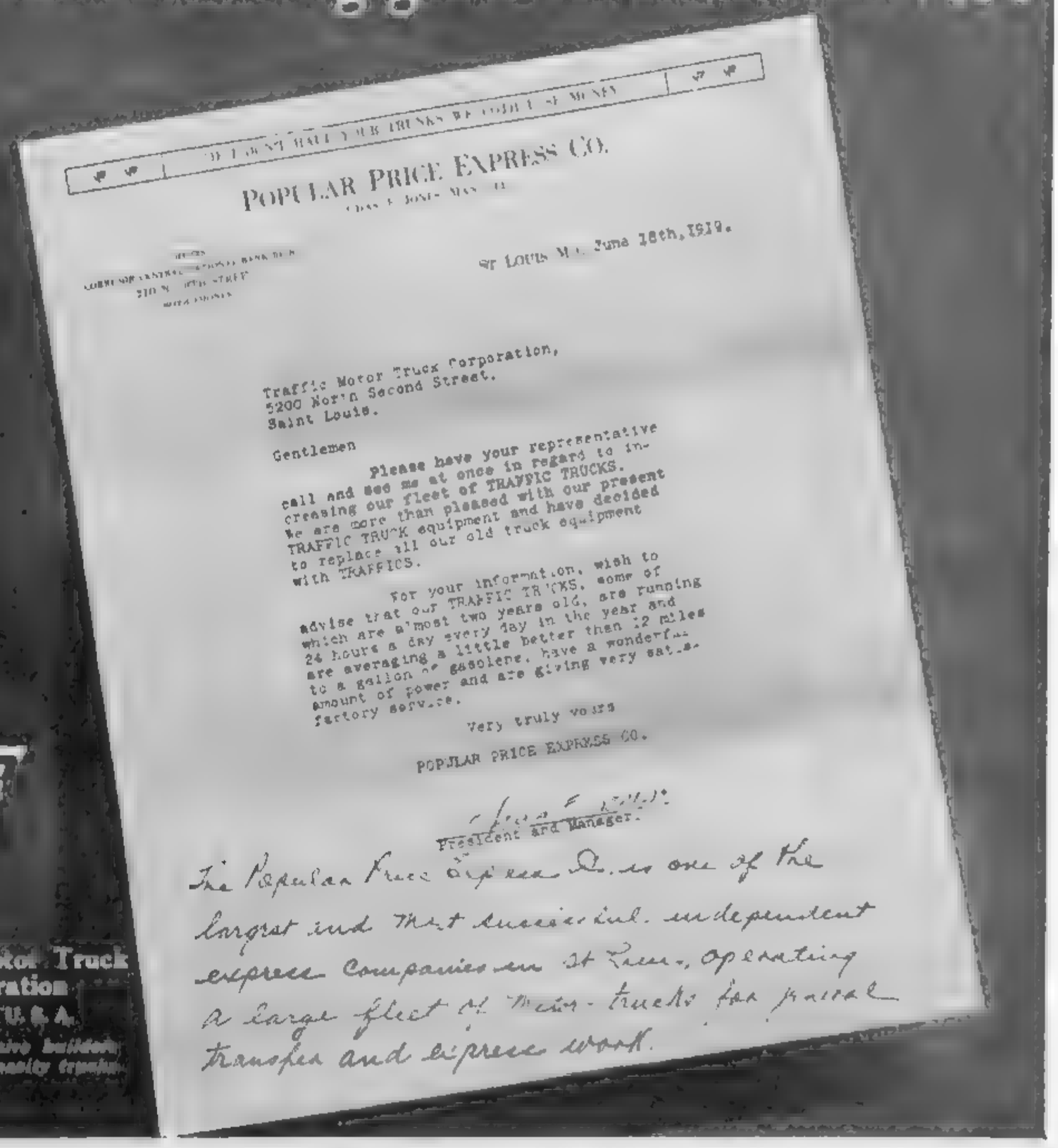
Wire for the territory you want and, if open, come to the factory and see the Traffic produced and perform.

Traffic Truck

4000 LBS. CAPACITY

$1395

Traffics making good in hard service



POPULAR PRICE EXPRESS CO.

St Louis Mo. June 18th, 1919.

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation,
5200 North Second Street.
Saint Louis.

Gentlemen

Please have your representative call and see me at once in regard to increasing our fleet of TRAFFIC TRUCKS. We are more than pleased with our present TRAFFIC TRUCK equipment and have decided to replace all our old truck equipment with TRAFFICS.

For your information, wish to advise that our TRAFFIC TRUCKS, some of which are almost two years old, are running 24 hours a day every day in the year and are averaging a little better than 12 miles to a gallon of gasolene, have a wonderful amount of power and are giving very satisfactory service.

Very truly yours

POPULAR PRICE EXPRESS CO.

President and Manager.

The Popular Price Express Co. is one of the largest and most successful independent express companies in St Louis, operating a large fleet of Motor-trucks for general transfer and express work.

Traffic Motor Truck Corporation
St. Louis, U. S. A.
Largest exclusive builders of 4,000-lb. capacity trucks in the world

(Concluded from Page 134)

says it is true that the lives of women and children are sacred, but still war is war and Bert hadn't ought to of cut them wires and will have to be court-martialed. And just as they are about to order the noble fellow to be shot, somewhere except in the head—instead of sending him to a home for the feeble-minded—who should come in but King Albert of Belgium, to say he thinks they ought to let Bert off, so they let him off. And Bert and Yvonne and one of the tots and King Albert go into the bay window and watch a long line of our boys in khaki march by, while the audience tries to make out if the Belgian King is wearing the same mustache as in Reel One.

Drama enough there! Drama in every foot of the mile and a half of celluloid; drama, indeed, that might have been effective if told as a fairy story; but drama that took such gross liberties with fact when told in terms of real life that it left the audience bored and eager for something it could believe, which on this night was How Your Rubber Boots are Made and Reception of Fifth Assistant Attorney-General by Boiler Makers' Federation, Local No. 105, Union Station, Scranton, Pennsylvania.

I doubt if even a basket of kittens and a litter of puppies and a very, very small baby could have made this exhibit tolerable. Which is saying much in its disfavor. You know, don't you, what a ripple of genuine human interest enlivens a picture audience when the basket of kittens is shown or the litter of fresh puppies or the real baby? At last they are seeing something natural. They are looking at the only things a director thus far hasn't been able to direct the life out of. And gosh, how good it seems!

But I say again, the director is not entirely to blame. It is not wholly his fault that you are unable to watch the average picture play without suspecting yourself to be half-witted. He is doing the best he can and often enough he does it cleverly. What more can he do with the stories he gets? And where does he get the stories?

A Thrilling Scene

From the factory sweatshop of the manager. Come with me, then, to the film quarter of Los Angeles and linger outside one of the factories as the noon whistle blows. See those throngs of pale, hollow-cheeked, undersized scenario writers as they come blinking into the sunlight. See their little ones run to them with their dinner pails and their bottles of cold coffee. Watch yonder gaunt workman in frayed garments wolf a chocolate éclair from the low corner cafeteria. The poor fellow is a piecework on plots dealing with the honest young ranch foreman who goes to the great city in woolly chaps and wins the love of a pure young cabaret dancer with the eyes of a child and the mind of a Madonna. Day by day he must bend over his bench at this debasing toil to get the crust of bread for his frail wife and their little ones. Yet to-day there is a new light in his sunken eyes, for very soon now the kiddies will be old enough to take their place in the shop and help out his scanty earnings. Already the oldest, the one that fell on its head from a second-story window of the tenement home, has turned out a smashing five-reel masterpiece of love and hate in which a spoiled society girl is roused to better things by the love of a pure young burglar. Better days are in sight for this poor chap.

Watch the other workers gesticulate excitedly with their bloodless hands. A radical in the group insists they should strike for an advance of fifty cents a day on all plots in which a society crook is reformed by the love of a good woman whose husband misunderstood her. Another agitator urges immediate affiliation with the East Side Garment Workers of New York. But the group is hailed joyously by a wizened worker on this-pure-little-sewing-girl-is-none-other-than-the-daughter-you-so-basely-deserted-when-wealth-came-to-you plots; his trembling fingers clutch a morning paper and quickly his comrades scan an interview promising better conditions of sanitation and lighting in the great factory. Perhaps you read the same interview:

"Pleasant surroundings and plenty of light are essential to writers for the screen as well as in any other artistic endeavor, and it is our intention to tear down one of the small structures on our lot and erect a three-story concrete building providing spacious individual offices for each of the scenario staff. These rooms will be decorated in subdued but attractive colorings."

Hurriedly these stunted workers pass the glad tidings from hand to hand, and as the whistle again blows they troop back to their benches with something like hope gleaming in their wan faces. But really now, will the factory beautiful again bring people to the picture palace because they want to be there and not because they have no place else to go? Has reform in factory conditions come too late?

The Magnate's Diagnosis

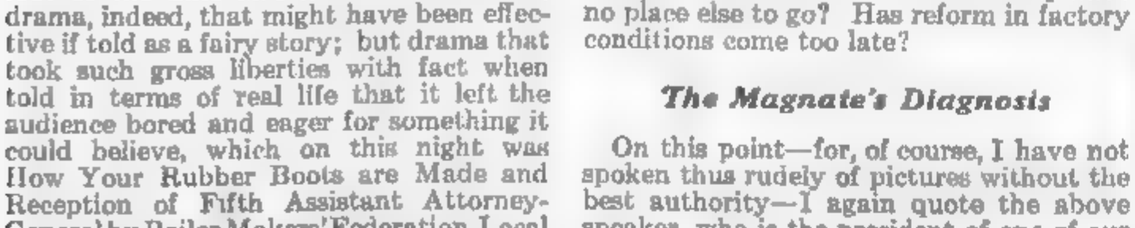
On this point—for, of course, I have not spoken thus rudely of pictures without the best authority—I again quote the above speaker, who is the president of one of our leading film corporations:

"Every day every motion-picture theater in the country loses at least one patron. The thinkers turned away after the novelty of the de luxe film entertainment wore off. The dead level of photo-dramatic mediocrity bored them. From that point the screen theater began to lose gradually but surely—the photoplay of 1919 is a machine-made, cut-and-dried thing, insulting one's intelligence and putting audiences to sleep. You can't turn out photoplays like loaves of bread and have them anything but alike."

So here is a promise of better pictures. But has this president gone to his real trouble? I think not. He may know that only filmed plays—real plays—will make money, drama being even more essential to the film play than to the spoken play; but he seems not to know that plays cannot be had except at a price. It is true that the moving-picture industry has been largely in the hands of gentlemen who are perhaps excusably ignorant—from their past business associations—of the circumstance that nowadays real writers get real money. They seem to believe that only actors get real money. But this is not so. I dare say it would astound the president above quoted to know there are writers who actually receive for a mere drab little prose pastel like this—a day's work—more money than he pays to three or four scenario writers or a director for a month's hard work.

Our town is in a bad way for entertainment. It has about seven thousand mostly prosperous people, and speaking plays ignore us. Five years ago we filled three picture theaters twice a day—overflowed them, in fact. Now we get but one film a day. In that time the business has lost two-thirds of its income from us. And we are desperate. Last night, wishing entertainment, I paused before our picture house and saw billed "The most remarkable production ever made, involving the employment of a fleet of dreadnoughts, two armies and a star cast of principals. The whole gamut of strong human emotion, love, hate, avarice and treachery; with an unexpected dénouement that ends happily—a distressed family reunited, a nation saved and a titled spy caught in his own death trap."

Exciting enough, you'd think. But our people have learned their lesson and our picture house flickered to empty benches that night, for one of those long-banished 10-20-30 companies—banished by the pictures—has come back. And I, and the most of that canny crowd who had read the picture bill, went down to the reopened opera house and saw live actors in a gripping drama of love and hate entitled East Lynne. No more pictures for us when we can get the real thing. And I was perhaps not the only person in that large and thrilled audience to observe that the star and Sir Francis Levison shared the same dress suit—a suit originally built for neither—but I am almost certain that no one took the trouble to write to the manager about it. They don't remember those things when you give them a good show.



There are other Summer fabrics, but only ONE

PALM BEACH

IF all men knew how PALM BEACH Cloth was made—the infinite care and pains invested in its weaving, the more than a score of processes that account for its exclusively beautiful finish, porousness and delightful comfort—then there would be little need for this brief, and you would greet a PALM BEACH-clad world throughout all the dusty days of Summer.

But many inferior suitings—without its body or its durability or its washing qualities—trade on PALM BEACH popularity, and find their way to the backs of the unsuspecting . . . . And so we say:

BE CAUTIOUS! THERE'S BUT ONE GENUINE PALM BEACH CLOTH —AND THE TRADE-MARKED LABEL IN EVERY GARMENT IS YOUR SURE SIGN OF SAFETY.

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GOODALL WORSTED CO., SANFORD, ME.
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REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.
Look for this Label—your safeguard against imitations

Remove Corns with Freezone

A few applications of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus for a few nights. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

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NOKORODE

The Best Soldering Paste in the World

We'll send you a free sample of Nokorode, and for 10¢ extra a folder of Soldering Short Cuts.

THE M. W. DUNTON CO.
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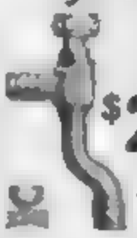
Let a Penberthy Household Ejector Empty the Tubs



Don't lift and carry water on wash day. Fasten a Penberthy Household Ejector to the faucet. $2.00 It will either fill the tub or pump the water out of it as you wish. Cannot wear out. Aluminum throughout. If your faucets are smooth you can convert them into standard threaded faucet with our special adapter.

Send for Circular and Dealer's Name

PENBERTHY INJECTOR CO.
346 Holden Avenue Detroit, Michigan

MONEY? [illegible] at salaries in their spare time. You can, too. Send your inquiry to-day.

TRIMMED WITH RED

(Continued from Page 5)

scandalize me out of the country? I shall write a letter to the papers."

"I shouldn't do that," echoed Emily.

"Why not?" Aunt Carmen's eyes blazed.

"Well, if you signed it people might think that you were——"

She hesitated.

"Jealous?" cut in Aunt Carmen. "Why don't you say it?"

Emily did some rapid calculating ere she came up with the inspiration:

"I might write something to The Times and sign it Pro Bono Publico or Americanus. It would do just as much good, and there wouldn't be any questions as to the motives."

"Do so," commanded the czarina; "and show it to me before you send it."

Emily arose to go. She thought that was all, and the instinct of escape was big within her.

"Emily!"

"Yes, Aunt Carmen."

The old lady had turned again with characteristic suddenness.

"What were those mules doing at my gate this morning?"

It was said in exactly the voice Aunt Carmen used when inquiring about people she did not recognize socially.

"They came that way. You see, they were going to New York and ——"

"They just stopped in, I suppose? Since when has the Plainview Road become a runway for livestock?"

"Well, you see, Oliver ——"

"Oh, I thought I saw this Browning boy's circus chariot by my gate."

This Browning boy had been pigeonholed, apparently, in the same row with That Ballymoore Woman.

"He bought them at a perfectly wonderful bargain"—Emily decided upon a candid course—"and he drove them by just to show me what he'd done."

"He's simply spoiled my winter," scolded Aunt Carmen. "And why in the world did he have to come and live at Esterberry? I know—you needn't tell me."

Emily could not restrain a smile, for being a Ray woman she was not without her vanity.

"Come here, darling." Old Carmen took the girl's fingers in a scrawny, jewel-studded hand and her black eyes softened. "Let's not sentimentalize. You haven't come to any sort of understanding, have you?"

"No."

"Let's look at him for what he is. He hasn't a cent. His family come from heaven knows where."

"He's a Browning of Charlottesville," Emily recited, with a pride she had obviously borrowed from Oliver.

"Where in the world is Charlottesville?"

"In—— I think it's Virginia."

"East or West?"

"I—I'm not sure. But it's a very fine family."

"It must be," drawled Aunt Carmen. "He went to war as a common soldier."

"Oliver would never be common, whatever sort of soldier he was," Emily defended with heat. "He enlisted the first month of the war, and they put him in the remount division because he knew so much about horses. He would have been at least a colonel by now if he hadn't been wounded and invalided home after his first trip on the transport."

"How was he wounded?" asked Carmen scornfully.

Emily paused just a second.

"He was kicked by a mule," she bravely explained.

"Kicked by a mule," repeated Aunt Carmen reflectively as she gazed in the mirror studying her uneradicable wrinkles. "The Ray women, whatever their faults, have always married well. My dear, how would you like to tell your children that their father had been a common soldier kicked by a mule?"

"He did it for his country," declared Emily, the Ray temper coming to the fore, "and it was just as glorious as being shot by a ninety-pound bullet."

"Undoubtedly." Aunt Carmen again turned from her complexion to her family troubles. "Emily, if you've got to marry a soldier why not pick out a rich one? There's Sidney van Lacrens; he was a second lieutenant all during the war."

"Yes, and spent his time with his spurs hooked to a desk in Washington ——"

"Don't be impertinent. Try to get it out of your head that romance and poverty have got to go together. I don't object to your marrying for love. But you can fall in love with a rich man just as easily as with a poor man if you put your mind to it."

Emily said nothing in rebuttal; therefore, Aunt Carmen got time for a full breath:

"This Browning boy is nothing more nor less than an impudent little fortune hunter."

"Aunt Carmen!"

"That may be harsh, but you've compelled me to speak the truth. You haven't learned the ways of our world, my dear, because you've been living from pillar to post in shops and boarding houses. But you're in the position now where every adventurer in the world will regard you as fair game."

"But, Aunt Carmen, Oliver was nice to me before I ever dreamed of coming here. I met him first when I was working at Beltman's."

"Don't mention that vulgar place!" cried the outraged dowager.

"And more than that, Aunt Carmen," declared Emily, on the verge of rebellion; "if I left here to-day and went back to work at Beltman's I know in my heart that Oliver would be just as nice to me ——"

"Would he marry you?"

"Yes, he'd marry me in a minute if I'd let him."

"No doubt." Aunt Carmen fell into a sort of dream, her eyes becoming focused apparently on Emily's mouth. "My dear," she said in the tone of a parent addressing a naughty child, "let me see your teeth."

Emily bared two pearly rows while Aunt Carmen made an earnest inspection.

"You've never had that enamel filling put back," she said at last.

"It didn't show and I've been so busy ——"

"Doesn't it hurt?"

Emily was about to say "No," when a small sinful thought intervened and truth came to the rescue.

"Sometimes," she admitted innocently.

"You must go right in to the dentist," commanded Carmen. "This very afternoon. O'Brien will take you in the car. I'll telephone Rosamonde you're coming—heaven knows she'll be glad of your company."

"If you think it's necessary, Aunt Carmen," complied her dutiful niece.

"Quite necessary. And now, my dear, please go and write that letter for The Times."

"Yes, Aunt Carmen."

In the sun room of the old Shallope frame house Emily sat chewing the end of a pen. How the fairies of good fortune were conspiring in her behalf! Quite obviously Aunt Carmen was sending her to town to get her away from Oliver—and Oliver had been transferred to New York this very morning. At last she concentrated her thought and attacked the letter to The Times.

"Of course, when the very rich are tired of all the new dances and the opera season is drawing to a close," she began her inspired diatribe against parlor Bolshevism, "then is the time for society to turn to a new, expensive and picturesque vice."

Emily paused and considered her literary style. Aunt Carmen so wanted something said to embarrass Mrs. Ballymoore; and Emily so wanted to please Aunt Carmen, who had just—however unconsciously—made her very happy.

II

MRS. MERLIN VALLANT lived and quarreled with her middle-aged, devoted, choleric husband in a large ornate apartment just off Fifth Avenue. The Vallants were not occupying an apartment for purposes of economy—old Merlin, had his wishes been consulted, would have voted for a white front on the Avenue; but poor little Rosamonde's inability to keep house or keep a secret or keep anything of value had caused them to compromise upon what, in the argot of Manhattan real estate, is termed a Modern Fireproof.

Rosamonde Vallant was now twenty-one—two years younger than her cousin Emily—and had married the nitrate millionaire two years ago under Aunt Carmen's worldly duress. One could hardly have called it a loveless match, because Rosamonde, although never a Juliet, had seen the love-stricken, thick-bodied Romeo in a glamour of gold. That faded, fashionable old wretch, Aunt Carmen, had almost literally stood behind the altar, inspiring the childish bride with thought waves to the effect that Rosamonde was a well-connected Ray, that the Rays were all poor, that the Ray women were all beautiful and had never failed to make a good match. And into one of the small crises in poor, silly, beautiful Rosamonde's life came Emily Ray on a Wednesday afternoon; and far too cheerful she was for a young lady about to see a dentist.

The high hall into which Emily stepped, to be told that Mrs. Vallant would be out immediately, was splendid to the superficial eye. In style it was Flemish, rich with the sort of carven panels, spires and gargoyles that the quaint artisans have learned to fashion so cunningly by machinery and by the mile. From here the visitor entered into a thirty-foot living room, a kingly space whose nationality, like that of kings, was most decidedly mixed. Interior decorators had furnished the place with articles of imitation magnificence at a price which would have completed state capital buildings in Victorian days.

But the thing that startled Emily upon her entrance this morning was the noise. Squeaks, squawks, jabberings, whistlings issued from every corner, from over florid balustrades, from behind an Italian *prie-dieu*, through the woof of Brussels tapestries. A menagerie! Centered tastefully against the leaded panes of the long bay window hung a great Chinese bird cage, clamorous with small green love birds. Somewhere a parrot squawked. Then came an unearthly squeaking gibber right over her head.

Horrors! Something impish, human, furry hurtled from its high perch and landed square on Emily's cringing shoulder, where it crouched bright-eyed and, raising a little mummified hand, began affectionately to stroke her on the cheek. Emily took one disgusted look. Ugh! A marmoset! With a gesture of instinctive aversion she had brushed the pathetic monster to the floor and watched it scamper away when Rosamonde Vallant entered, extending her white helpless hands in welcome.

"My dear Emmy!" she cried, and in the midst of the cousinly kiss Emily saw how Aunt Carmen must have looked at the age of twenty-one. Rosamonde's eyes were brilliant, black and shallow, her mouth self-indulgent, her forehead low. She was graceful with the slim, flat-chested grace of the mode.

"I'm so glad you've come," she chatted on, mad apparently for a confidante. "Merlin left me this morning in a frightful rage. What in the world possessed Aunt Carmen to send you into town? Not your teeth, of course."

"Oliver Browning," confessed Emily, eager to clarify the situation.

"I see!" Rosamonde rolled her black eyes wickedly.

"Aunt Carmen thinks he's staying at Esterberry, so she's sent me into town to get out of his clutches."

"Isn't that romantic!"

"But, as a matter of fact, he was sent back to New York to-day. Rosa, dear, you're going to be a good fellow and let me see him, aren't you?"

"Rath-urr!" agreed Rosamonde; and: "Mustn't it be wonderful to be in love. Oh, Emmy, I'm so unhappy!"

Rosamonde's chin did an unexpected thing. It lost its contour and began to pucker like a little withered peach. Apparently she was struggling with her tears.

"Rosa! What has happened?"

"I'm so unhappy!" Rosamonde threw herself upon several thousand dollars' worth of upholstery and gave way to grief. "It's Merlin—Merlin's fault. He never gives me anything."

Emily smiled and glanced round the carven vistas of the apartment.

"Poor starved thing!" cried Emily, her voice rich with emotion.

"I'm not starved—only half starved. When I married him I thought he was really rich, and he's just sort of. People are laughing at my car because it's nearly a year out of date—have you seen Vera Ballymoore's with the Louis XIV finishings inside? Merlin says it's gaudy and

(Continued on Page 141)

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keeps complaining about the income tax. And look at that ring!"

Emily looked. It was a solitaire of about five carats, cut with innumerable facets and water-pure in color. Merlin was about a five-carat millionaire, thought Emily, and Rosamonde had expected ten!

"It's your engagement ring," said Emily, telling something which Rosamonde undoubtedly knew.

"Nobody's wearing those old-fashioned things any more," mourned the half-starved Rosamonde. "I saw an emerald-cut diamond in Twillaway's window last week. It's wonderful. Everybody's wearing them, you know. And Merlin's acting like a pig and—and ——"

The normally handsome chin was again twisted to the aspect of a withered peach. Emily saw at a glance the condition of her cousin, a child with too many toys, a child with nothing to do but ask for more.

"Awk, awk!" exclaimed a parrot, above Rosamonde's surge of grief.

"He certainly doesn't stint you on animals," suggested Emily.

"He's even complaining about them. He says the place is getting to be a regular animal store. He's so materialistic he doesn't want me to have any human companionship."

"Do you refer to these?" asked Emily, casting her eyes round the menagerie.

"Well, aren't they? Don't you realize that they all contain the souls of dead people and great geniuses?"

"Whew!" Emily whistled. "Who's been getting at you, Rosa?"

"Mrs. Finnessey," said the foolish cousin.

"Mrs. Finnessey!"

Emily uttered the name of an industrious lady whom the papers once satirized under the soubriquet of Fad Finder for the Rich. Upon such idle minds as Rosamonde's this professional entertainer and interior decorator of the soul had practiced for several seasons, supplying one fad as soon as another showed signs of wear, substituting Aztec Dancing for Chinese Palmistry, never lacking some new form of spiritual vaudeville with which to dazzle her prey.

"She calls it Neotheology," Rosamonde went on mournfully. "It's really a wonderful religion. You buy a great number of birds, fishes, reptiles and things, and every morning you say a prayer that puts you *en rapport* with their souls."

"It sounds inspiring. Of course you believe every word of it."

"I did until this morning," lamented the child wife. "But the way Merlin acted seemed to shatter all my faith. I'm getting tired of this darned menagerie. I don't know what's come over me. They're more trouble than an insane asylum. The goldfish cost twelve dollars apiece and they're always dying. And Eustace is getting so fussy about his food ——"

"Who's Eustace?"

"He's an alligator—at least he looks like one in this earth plane. Really he's the soul of a priest of Egypt. I only got him last week, and he's so big that I had to put him in a bathtub in the spare room."

At this point Agnes, the parlor maid, entered and stood as one who would be heard.

"Mrs. Finnessey is callin', madam," she explained upon inquiry.

"Have her sent up," commanded Rosamonde, then turned to Emily with brightened eyes. "Really, she's very charming."

"Don't you think she owns an interest in a bird and animal store?" asked Emily, being ever practical-minded.

"What an idea! Emmy, Mrs. Finnessey never even thinks of anything that isn't spiritual."

Mrs. Finnessey came in with the dimples of her forty years showing becomingly as they always did in the presence of the socially prominent. She was a small lady, rather quail-like in her plumpness, and her face would have been pleasant to look upon had it not been for the coldly studious expression with which she sometimes regarded her clients; for Mrs. Finnessey was undoubtedly a professional woman.

"My dear!" she exclaimed, advancing rapidly with just a suggestion of Rosamonde's pet alligator in her eye, "you're out of key. I hope you haven't been neglecting the Ritual."

"This is my cousin, Miss Ray," explained Rosamonde, ignoring the question.

"How do you do, Miss Ray?" Mrs. Finnessey's sidelong glance intimated that Miss Ray might be responsible for the loss of the mystic key.

"Sit down," implored Rosamonde, and when her wish had been complied with: "Mrs. Finnessey, I know you'll think me horrid, but I just can't get along with these animals and things any more. The birds scream all the time, the goldfish die, and Eustace just lies in his tub and refuses to take a bite of anything."

"He must be worried," Mrs. Finnessey suggested. "In his previous existence he had a great deal of unhappiness ——"

"I'll bet he was the sort of person one never meets," declared Rosamonde, whereupon Emily supplemented:

"There are lots of human beings I shouldn't care to feed in a bathtub."

"I just can't bear this old Neotheology any more," insisted Rosamonde, apparently heartened by the presence of her cousin.

"Oh!" Mrs. Finnessey pursed her lips. "They're cluttering the apartment all up. I can't keep my servants in this zoo, and my husband can't stand 'em."

It was not made plain whether Merlin couldn't stand animals or servants, but the statement threw Mrs. Finnessey into a brown study. Emily, being years cleverer than Rosamonde, sensed something of the mental process acting at that moment within the Fad Finder's busy brain.

"Then you've decided to give it up?" Mrs. Finnessey asked after a pause.

"I think so." Then with a sort of moan: "But what shall I do for a religion?"

"That's it," agreed Mrs. Finnessey, coming nimbly back to her profession. "The higher side of our nature requires nourishment just as our bodies crave food. Without its stimulus the spirit dies."

"It certainly does," wailed the child wife. "But I can't stand those animals any longer. I don't believe they've got any souls or anything much."

She waited for an attack upon this impiety, but to her surprise Mrs. Finnessey said in the smoothest possible tone:

"After all, the true message is not borne by the lower forms of life. While there is unhappiness in the world—oceans of social injustice inundating countless millions of fellow mortals all round us—the great work of mankind must consist in the upraising of comrades from the mire of capitalistic slavery."

Rosamonde came out of her misery long enough to consider this premise.

"Oh!"

"In the revolutionary masses lies the great soul of the future."

"Is that so?" Rosamonde was beginning to take an interest again. "I thought that souls were inside of dogs and horses and alligators ——"

But Mrs. Finnessey was not to be interrupted.

"I have seen a new light." Then she cast a quick, appraising glance toward Emily ere lowering her voice to a conversational level. "My dear, I think you'll be thrilled."

Rosamonde hesitated again.

"I don't know what's come over Merlin," she confessed. "He objects to almost everything I do. Maybe he'll like this, whatever it is."

"No, my dear. He'll detest it. Of course you mustn't say a word to him about it—not until we can work on him and show him the light. But Mrs. Ballymoore and Mrs. Fauntleroy Howt and almost everybody in the Antigone Club are holding meetings. It's all over town."

Emily fought down an Olympian giggle in her foreknowledge of what was coming.

"Please don't keep me waiting any longer." Rosamonde fidgeted in her chair. "I'm sure it's just what I need. Hasn't it got a name?"

Mrs. Finnessey looked again at Emily.

"Miss Ray," she said, "might ——"

"Tell?" chirped Rosamonde. "Oh, no, she's my dearest friend. Do tell us what it is!"

"Bolshevism," whispered Mrs. Finnessey.

Emily bit through an expensive handkerchief.

"Bolshevism!" Rosamonde sat back, her black eyes wide with excitement. "That's rather horrid, isn't it? Aren't they people who—you know—speak Russian and don't wash and all that sort of thing?"

"Look at me," smiled Mrs. Finnessey. Indeed she seemed not only washed but quite fastidiously cared for.

"Then you're really one of them?" gasped Rosamonde. "How thrilling!"

Mrs. Finnessey had now come down from the rather pedantic vein in which she had begun and was talking chattily on:

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"I go to the most wonderful meetings—Washington Square and the Pilsen School of Radical Culture. My dear, until you've heard some of them talk you don't know how delightful it is to really think. It's wonderful, associating with the lower classes and exchanging ideas. We go by our first names and call one another Comrade. I've been buying revolutionary books for Comrade Patrick—he's a coal shoveler out of work because his capitalistic employer falsely swore that he drank—and we're planning a general revolution in November."

"Won't you let us come!" pleaded Rosamonde, kindly including Emily in the program. "It would be so inspiring, and it would make Merlin furious."

"Poor Mr. Vallant is a reactionary, I am afraid," came Mrs. Finnessey's kindly comment.

"Oh, is he?" Merlin's wife brought her hands together with a renewed enthusiasm. "Isn't it splendid to have a really good name to call him when he's cross? What's a reactionary?"

"It's one of the Pilsen School words——" Apparently Mrs. Finnessey hadn't got that far. "It's one of Professor Walter Syle's favorite words."

"Walter who?"

"My dear! You haven't heard of Walter Syle?" Mrs. Finnessey addressed the rebuke to her two listeners, and Emily refrained from announcing that she had just posted a letter to The Times in the matter of Walter Syle.

"My dears! My dears!" Mrs. Finnessey chided on. "He's positively the last word in ——"

"Bolshevism?" The naughty Rosamonde whispered that deliciously forbidden word. Mrs. Finnessey nodded.

"He's editor of the Raw Deal—a frightfully I. W. W. publication, you know—not dignified and college-bred like the Young Progressive. But society is going in for stronger and stronger opinions."

"One does," agreed Emily, thinking of what she had heard about alcoholism.

"The free soul requires it," argued Mrs. Finnessey, her view quite concurring with what Emily had been thinking on the subject of drink.

"Walter Syle was teacher of something dreadfully profound until he was investigated by the Department of Justice for encouraging conscientious objectors—imagine the outrage!"

Mrs. Finnessey was already delving into her capacious hand bag, wherefrom she brought a square of folded newspaper.

"This is a copy of the Raw Deal—it's fascinatingly awful. I thought you might like to study the movement."

Emily took a peep over her cousin's shoulder. She had often seen the politely disloyal Young Progressive, but the sheet she now beheld was, as Mrs. Finnessey had hinted, fascinatingly awful.

The front page contained a cartoon that had been drawn apparently with a stove poker. It represented numerous soldiers, Americans on one side, Germans on the other, being driven to battle by silk-hatted gentlemen who flourished whips and were distinctly labeled "Trusts." The leading editorial was headlined "American Atrocities vs. German," and on the second page there was the portrait of a workingman, stripped to the waist and apparently quite insane, bellowing "Join the Big Union" under an I. W. W. banner.

"When are you going to take us?" Rosamonde was clapping her hands, dancing up and down like the impatient child she was.

"You must be sure that you are approaching it in a proper spirit of seriousness," Mrs. Finnessey warned.

"Oh, we are—aren't we, Emmy? And think how mad it will make Merlin."

"The Pilsen School would be rather advanced for you, I think," Mrs. Finnessey demurred. "There are some very nice lecture circles being formed for those who wish to be enlightened. There's the Comradeship Sisterhood meeting at Mrs. van Laerens' to-morrow at three——"

"Will that perfectly dreadful professor be there?" shrilled Rosamonde.

"Professor Syle? Yes, he talks for half an hour."

"Oh, goody! And you'll let us meet him?"

"I shall take pains to arrange it."

"I thought Mrs. van Laerens and Mrs. Ballymoore were at outs," said Emily, having heard the common talk.

"Oh, Mrs. Ballymoore has nothing to do with the sisterhood. She has quarreled with Professor Syle, I understand—they disagree on the subject of community bargaining." Mrs. Finnessey was now arising to depart. "Will you pick me up at ten minutes before three?" she asked, never losing an opportunity to use someone else's car.

"You're such a dear!" cried Rosamonde, and kissed her on both cheeks.

"And you'll come too, I hope?" Mrs. Finnessey addressed this invitation to Emily.

"I'm afraid I can't," Miss Ray smiled pleasantly. "I have an engagement for another meeting."

"Radical, I hope." Mrs. Finnessey smiled sweetly.

"No, dental." Emily smiled sweeter still.

Mrs. Finnessey had no sooner departed than Rosamonde went capering round the room like a child out of school.

"Come on!" she cried. "Let's turn 'em all loose."

"The animals?" asked her cousin, guessing Rosamonde's relief.

"Uh-huh! I'll bet they're as bored with me as I am with them."

Already she had rushed to the window and lifted in her arms a large goldfish bowl wherein swam two specimens of the pop-eyed, plumy little monsters known to fanciers as "five-tailed." A third specimen floated belly up, quite dead.

"You can't pour them out of the window," declared Emily, seeing that this was exactly what her wild cousin was planning to do.

"Why not?"

"Were you ever hit in the ear by a goldfish flying out of a sixth-story window?"

Rosamonde seemed to feel the force of that argument, for she hesitated, the bowl still in her graceful arms. It was Agnes, the parlor maid, who arrived just in time to offer a valuable suggestion. She stood dismally at attention and it was plain to see that something lay heavy on her mind.

"What is it, Agnes?" asked Rosamonde over her fish bowl.

"The ally-gaitor, Mrs. Vallant."

"Is he dead?" This rather hopefully.

"No, madam, but he do seem to be very angry, and he won't take nothin' in the way o' food without fightin' for ut. I been in service eleven years, Mrs. Vallant, and I ain't never before been called on to wait on snakes an' reptiles ——"

"That will do, Agnes."

"Yes, madam."

"Oh, Emmy darling," cried Rosamonde, splashing much water from the bowl in the violence of her inspiration, "I'll tell you what let's do. Let's feed Eustace!"

What could Emily do but follow into a spare room and into the elaborate bathroom. Upon the edge of its porcelain tub Rosamonde set the bowl clankingly and peered into the depths.

"Isn't he a sweetheart!" she challenged.

Emily gazed and saw what she saw. In the tepid waters which half covered his horrid body Eustace the alligator lay at ease, his flat brain torpid with dreams of warm Miami which had spawned him, despite his Egyptian pretensions. From tip to tip he measured four feet six.

"You're not going to make me sleep here!" gasped Emily, measuring the distance from the bed to the tub.

"No, darling. This is the second-best guest room. Eustace doesn't know it or he'd complain about that too."

Emily looked again upon Eustace, who, for one who harbored the soul of a priest of Ra, was certainly an unlovable object. Two cold, froglike eyes, set well to the top of his head, glared up at her as though calculating the day when he would be of sufficient size to swallow her whole.

"Hungry, old dear?" asked Rosamonde, striving to remain polite to the ecclesiastical gentleman whom Eustace held in thrall. The ugly creature never stirred; therefore, Rosamonde, acting entirely upon impulse, inverted the bowl and poured thirty-six dollars' worth of goldfish into the water where Eustace so serenely floated. There at once developed in him the activity of a bass. With one tremendous flip of the tail and an unpleasant snapping of teeth he had frothed the waters of the tub into a little tempest. It was all over in a scrambling second. Anon Eustace lay again loglike, stupid and indifferent to fate. One goldfish—the dead one—was floating stomach up. The others had disappeared.

Quite gingerly at last Rosamonde leaned over the tub and plucked out the dead fish

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But Stafford's "Commercial" is not alone more satisfactory to use. It comes to you in convenient bottles equipped with a patented Dripless Pour Regulator, enabling you to fill your inkwell without spilling a drop—without waste—without soiling your fingers.

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Remains moist in the pen, flowing freely. Because it also has the moisture-absorbing quality

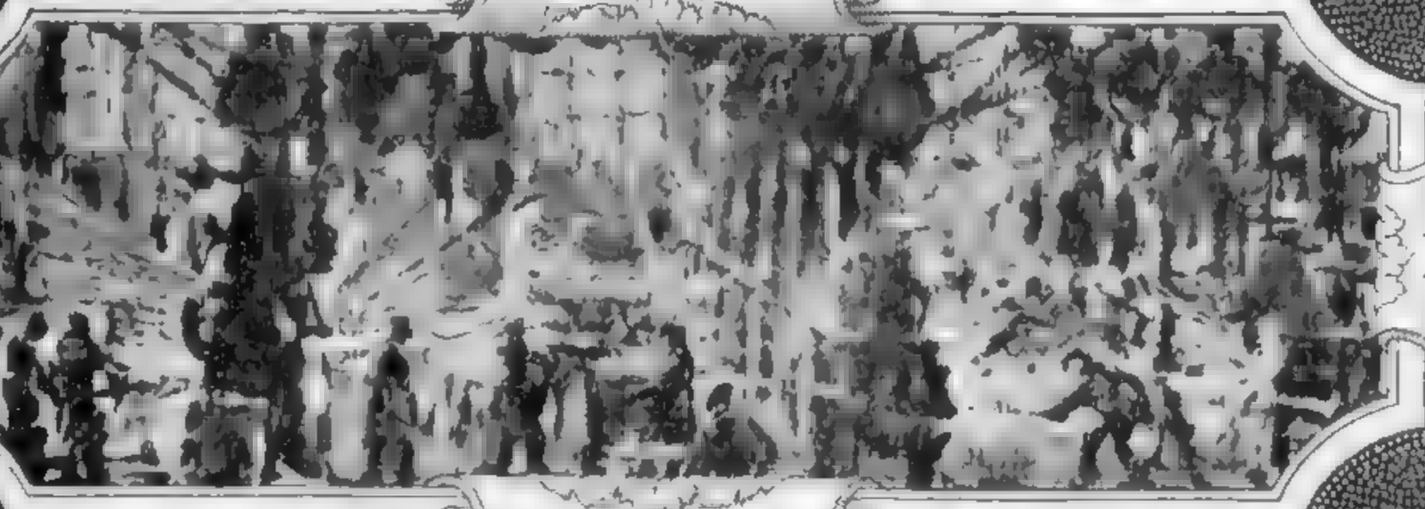
STAFFORD'S TYPEWRITER RIBBONS
For all standard machines

STAFFORD'S PHASTA LIQUID PASTE
A white paste in flowing, liquid form. Doesn't harden in the paste-pot. Adheres strongly

STAFFORD'S CARBON PAPERS
For every purpose

RELY B ON ME

ONCE upon a time there was only one drop forging plant in all the United States of America. That was BILLINGS & SPENCER, of Hartford. Since that far past time (it was in Civil War days, and Lincoln knew Billings) other great plants have, of course, grown up and dotted the industrial map. But to many a keen buyer of drop forgings, of machinery, of hand tools, there is *still* only one drop forging plant in the United States of America.



WADE

(Continued from Page 142)

by one of his feathery streamers. She held the little corpse temptingly an inch above the serrated snout. Eustace lay perfectly still, his cold eyes regarding her with a calculating stare.

"Mustn't leave anything on your plate," Emily coaxed. "Mr. Hoover wouldn't like it."

Still no response. At last—for the game proved quite amusing—Rosamonde lowered the golden sacrifice and tickled Eustace on the end of his nose. Emily never knew how he did it.

There had been an awful lizard movement in the tub, and when with a small scream Rosamonde had jerked her forefinger away it was crimson with blood. It was horrid even to think of.

"He's bitten me!" said Rosamonde very quietly; then as though that were not enough she began to sob and to repeat: "He's bitten me!"

"I see he has," agreed Emily, looking at the wound and finding to her relief that it was only a scratch.

"Now come into your room and tell me where the iodine is."

At the conclusion of the performance, when Emily had administered first aid to the foolish, Rosamonde returned to the latticed window with the air of one whose work is still unfinished. Calmly and sweetly she slipped up a sash until the springlike air—somewhat gasolinous from innumerable motors below—sifted in and suggested an infinite freedom.

"What are you going to do?" asked Emily, preparing to go to her dentist.

"Let them out," declared Rosamonde.

The green birds battered their tender wings against the slats. Impulsively Merlin Vallant's expensive wife took the cage in her two hands and carried it to the open window where she swung wide the prison gate and saw the frivolous, tropical things flutter away, one at a time, to join the sparrows in Central Park.

"They're free!" declared Rosamonde with a grandiose gesture. "Free as all the world should be."

"Yes. They'll either starve or freeze," replied the practical Miss Ray, closing the door softly behind her.

Apparently her week in town was destined to be one of ever-changing incident.

III

HER nerves agog after an hour of combat with one of those stern scientific dentists who daily demonstrate the theory that no good can be accomplished without pain, Emily got herself back to the Vallant apartment. In the pretty homelike sitting room where she had awaited the electric drill she had found time to telephone to the office of Green & Plevort, Mules, and to be informed that Mr. Browning had been sent to Trenton in quest of more interesting specimens. This knowledge had its uses, since it acted as a counterirritant against the dentist's burr. Oliver wouldn't be back until to-morrow afternoon—ouch! That was a nerve!

And something might happen so that she would get never a sight of him during her stay in New York.

It was a quarter past six when she again entered the Gothic hall of the Vallant apartment. There she paused a space and listened; for another sound had taken the place of the strident menagerie call. It was a deep, thirsty chuck-chuck-chuckle, delivered in a castinet tempo above a rich masculine bray. Could it be that Merlin—known in his office as the Turribul Tempered Mr. Vallant—had returned in a forgiving mood?

It would seem so, for the first sight that greeted her eyes upon entering the large room was that of a rubicund gentleman wielding a cocktail shaker and being worshiped by two aproned assistants. Rosamonde, her pretty face wreathed in excited smiles, stood at attention by the empty bird cage.

"Hello, Emmy!" cried old Merlin, changing the shaker to his left hand in order to greet his guest.

"Excuse my cold palm—a cold hand a warm heart, you know."

"Hello, Merlin!" cried Emily with equal enthusiasm, as she returned his energetic clasp. She always wanted to call him Uncle Merlin or Mr. Vallant out of respect for his superior age.

"Certainly mighty glad to see you aboard. Agnes, bring a glass for Miss Ray—oh, yes, you'll have one, Emmy—just a little one. No place seems like home to me unless I can have my cocktail."

"He's had two already," remarked Rosamonde more in praise than censure.

"Shut up, Puggy! You're talking like the Band of Hope that's running the country—into the ground." Mr. Vallant, it might be stated here, was of the breed who associate all calamities, natural or artificial, to the fact that the League of Nations covenant was not drawn up by the Republican Party. "As if it wasn't bad enough with gin at two and a quarter, wholesale, and having to hide it at that to keep the Holy Willies from taking it away from you. By George, if they try to monkey with my wine cellar I'll start a revolution ——"

"Tut, Merlin!" cried Emily. "Leave revolution to the Bolsheviks."

"Bolsheviks!" he growled, his complexion reddening from American Beauty to Bermuda beet as his little gray mustache bristled and his prominent chin obtruded. "Don't mention those cutthroats!"

"He hates 'em!" parroted Rosamonde from her bird cage.

"Mum"

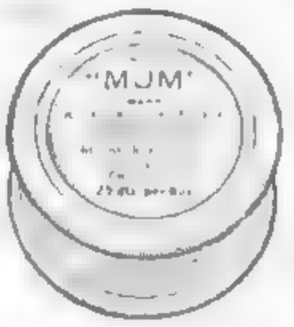
as easy to use as to say

takes all the odor out of perspiration

After the morning or afternoon bath, apply a little "Mum" and the fresh soap-and-water cleanness of the bath will remain all day and evening.

The day may be hot, or the gathering crowded; but you will be entirely free from the odor of perspiration and all other body odors.

Only a little needed at a time. "Mum" is harmless to skin and clothes.



25 cents at Drug- and Department-Stores, or by mail from us, postage and war tax paid, on receipt of 26 cents.

"Mum" is a trade-mark registered in U. S. Patent Office

"Mum" Manufacturing Company
1106 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

DOLLARS APLENTY

There is money enough to go round: are you getting your share of it? Subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* have discovered that there is one sure way to do it.

BUILD A BUSINESS

These representatives build up a permanent prosperous business, with handsome returns that grow richer every year. There is no limit to their opportunity—they have a hundred million prospects; they are selling publications with universal appeal. And *their* opportunity is *yours*. If you have only an hour a day to spare, clip the coupon below. It will pay you well!

HERE ARE FOUR TYPICAL WORKERS

Raymond Starr
$100 a week

Mr. Raymond Starr established a permanent business that was waiting for him, with $100 a week profits, on his discharge from the Navy.

Mr. Hall established a Curtis business that paid for his college education. He is now employed by us as a Supervisor of other workers.

Mr. Lloyd Hall
$350 a month

Charles R. Morris
$270 a month

Mr. C. R. Morris has used two spare hours every evening to establish a permanent source of profit that pays him as high as $270 in 1 month.

Miss Helen Barnes
$150 a month

"Could I support myself if necessary?" is the question that prompted Miss Helen Barnes to write us. She found Curtis work an affirmative answer.

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Miss Mildred Anderson

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And Earned $276.80 in Her First Month

Hilding Anderson went to war. So Mildred Anderson, his sister, took his place as our representative.

She found it easy to make money from the very start, for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are universally known and liked by nearly everybody.

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We've a Place for YOU

We need more men and women to act for us locally. If you want money, we want you. The field opportunity is growing faster than we can recruit field workers. You can give us—

Spare Hours or Full Time

In either case, we'll pay you on an "overtime" scale. Scores of our workers average *$1.00 an hour profit*—$5.00, $10.00, $30.00 a week. For full time, an energetic worker can earn $50.00 a week from the start; $100.00 later.

The business you secure will be permanently yours. Moreover, as renewals pay you the same profit as new orders, your income will increase each year.

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Address _____

City_____ State _____

Merlin growled as he filled three glasses which stood on the tray of a little drink wagon.

"Just try that, Emmy. A sip won't hurt you after a hard day at the dentist's."

At the mention of the dentist Merlin winked one of his little gray eyes. Had Rosamonde told him that the needs of Emily's teeth had been but an expedient whereby to satisfy the needs of her heart? It seemed so, for as she took a displeasing swallow of the drink, which she loathed with all the energy that Merlin extended toward radical agitators, he smacked his seamy lips and went on:

"Puggy and I have been arranging a little dinner party for to-morrow night—a Romeo and Juliet party. If Romeo's in town ask him up. It serves old Carmen right—she always was a stubborn old fool."

"Ungrateful monster!" laughed Emily, taking occasion to hide her cocktail behind a silver-framed photograph.

"Oh, I haven't forgotten the way she brought me and Puggy together," he cried, slipping an arm round his adored one's slender waist. "But we'd have come together some way, wouldn't we, Puggy? You can't keep two natural pals apart, can you, Puggy?"

"Look at my poor sore finger!" lisped Rosamonde in a baby voice, as she uplifted the rag-bound digit.

"Did bad old Eustace bite my dollkins?" he gurgled. Then, to Emily's relief, he unclasped his heart's desire and stood a pace away.

"Emmy," he said, "you're certainly a saving influence in my home. This morning I was nothing but the keeper of a zoölogical garden, to-night I come in and find that every bird has flown out of the window and Eustace has eaten the goldfish. Good work! I really believe Puggy is beginning to grow up."

Emily was about to protest her innocence of the whole reform when Rosamonde interrupted, pouting:

"I don't want any more birds or monkeys or things."

"Just listen to her!" he jubilated. "I knew she'd get out of this fad business. It's a sort of young disease like measles."

Again she held up her sore finger.

"And old Eustace bit me!" she cooed. "Kiss it and make it well."

"Um—ah!" Old Merlin looked ever so sly as he delved into a pocket of his swelling waistcoat. "I've got something better than kisses for sore fingers."

With a dramatic flourish he brought out the magic finger cure and held it up so that it glittered wonderfully in the north light. It was square and flat with an icy surface; to the unsympathetic eye it might have looked like a small rectangle of plate glass but that rays of electric brilliancy shot the smooth surface as it turned slowly between Merlin's fat fingers.

"You darling!" Rosamonde fairly shrieked, rushing to him and striving to pull the treasure down from its place aloft.

"You haven't gone and bought it, that wonderful, that adorable diamond!"

Again she tried to snatch it from him.

"That's the one you saw in Twillaway's window," he teased. "Only it's eleven carats instead of ten."

"Give it to me before I die!"

"Just a minute. You promise not to have any more fads or animals or trained religions or ——"

This covenant might have gone the full fourteen points had not Merlin Vallant walked over to the long seat before the bay window as though to gain a more intimate view of the gem. In resting his knee on the cushions something crackled shallow and papery and the impertinent headlines of the Raw Deal doubled up and stared him in the face. Emily bit her lip in anticipation of the scene that was to follow poor Rosamonde's silly carelessness.

"What's this?" he asked suddenly, leaning down.

"It's a paper ——"

"I see it is. It's a rotten paper, too. Who brought this sheet into the house?"

"Mrs. Finnessey gave it to me. She ——"

"Have you been reading it?"

"Well, I just looked over some of the editorials ——"

"Do you know that this paper is preaching anarchy, socialism, free love and destruction of property?"

His face had grown deep purple. With the new ring clenched in his fist he was brandishing the paper above his head as Liberty brandishes her torch of freedom.

"It seemed to me to be mild enough," she whimpered. "It just wanted the government to wake up and not to be tyrannical to people. That's what you believe, isn't it?"

"Do you know," he ranted on, "that Syle, who calls himself the editor, is being watched by the authorities, that he ought to be shot and would be if this country was any good?"

"No, I didn't know it."

"Well, I'll tell you one thing, Rosamonde. Neither Mrs. Finnessey nor any other of that tribe is going to bring seditious literature into my house. Understand? For that's where I draw the line."

Emily stood frozen in the circumambient frost. She had long sought the place where Merlin drew the line, and now she had found it.

With an impatient gesture and an apoplectic growl Merlin Vallant threw open a leaded sash of the bay window. Then he tore the Raw Deal twice across its accursed face and permitted the scraps to flutter away through the same space where Rosamonde's aristocratic birds had winged this morning to freeze or be free among the sparrows of the park.

When he turned again his face had grown calmer. He stood a moment considering the new diamond, then slipped it back into his waistcoat pocket.

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How the Carter's Ink Co. saved $3562.08

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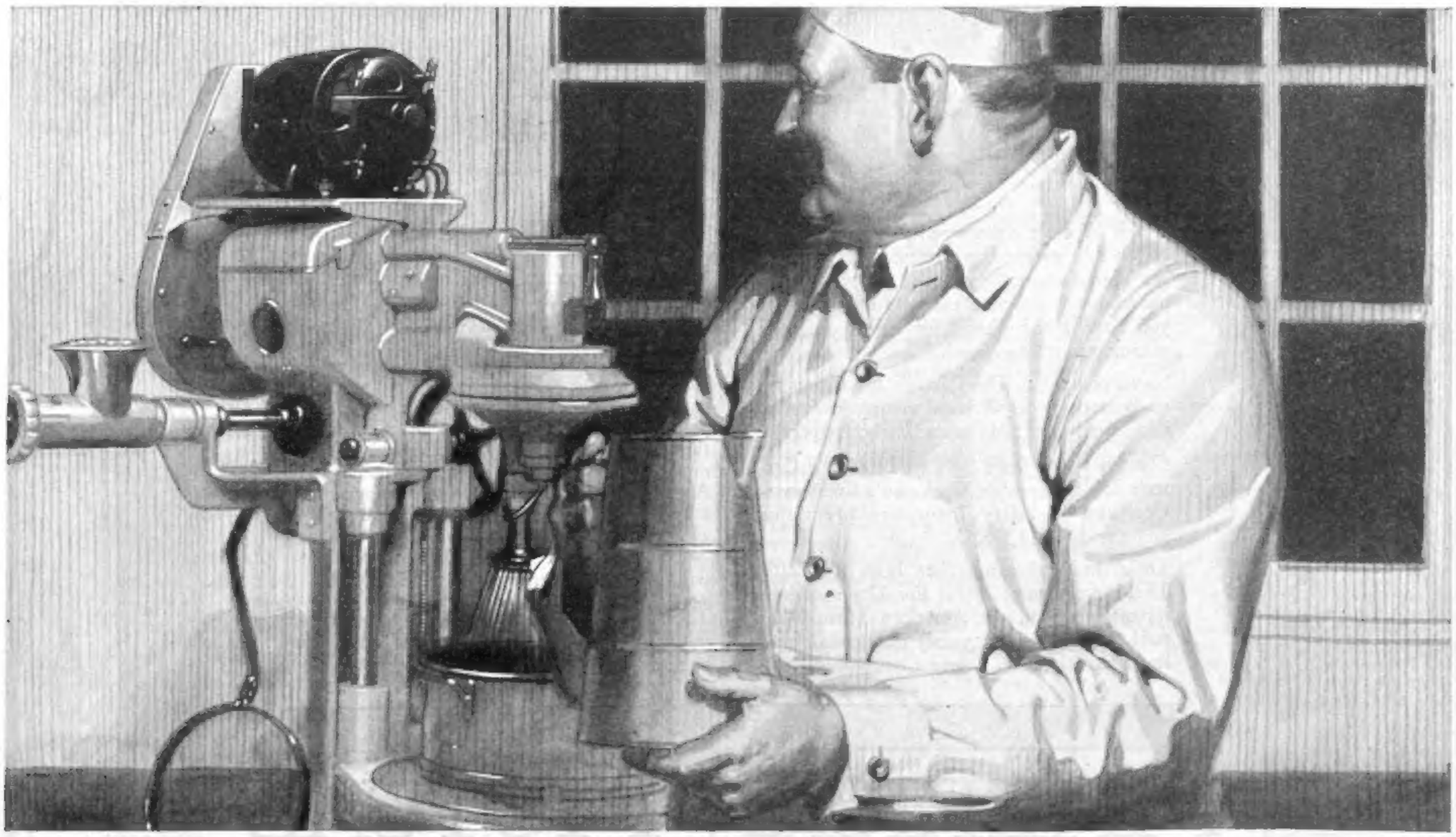

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A Robbins & Myers Motor is many an extra pair of hands—hands that never err and never tire.

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